PRICE FIVE CENTS.

# KHARTOUM CAPTURED.

General Gordon's Fate Yet a Mystery.

The Gates Opened by Treachery Of Two Officers.

Fears Entertained for the Safety of Detached Troops.

Re-enforcements for a Vigorous Campaign.

Press Comments—Italy Acting in Line with England.

London, February 5 .- This city was thrown Into a terrible state of excitement by rumors that the city of Khartoum had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi, and that General Gordon was killed. The report was confirmed by the publication of despatches received at the war office from General Lora Wolseley, in which he stated that Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, who had succeeded to the command of Stewart's forces when that general was wounded, had started for Khartoum on board one of the steamers found at that place occupied by the British troops, which General Gordon had previously sent for the purpose of meeting the advance of the rescuing army. The news had been brought by couriers across the desert, and the information given shows that Colonel Wilson found on arrival at Khartoum that the place was in the hands of the enemy, and that General Gordon, it was rumored, was a prisoner of war. It is stated that the city fell on January

The Mahdi had 60,000 men in the vicinity of Khartoum, and had introduced a number of his emissaries in the city. These emissaries mingled freely with the native troops under General Gordon, and, by bribes, threats and working on their religious feelings, induced them to mutiny. Seven thousand of the garrison deserted to the rebels, leaving General Gordon only 2500 faithful soldiers. With this small force he attempted to hold the city against the Mahdi's great army, but after severe fighting, in which a large number of the rebels were killed, he was

On his way from Gabut to Khartoum, on January 26, Colonel Wilson was told by natives along the Nile that General Gordon had been fighting hard for fifteen days. January 27 a native reported that General Gordon was dead. On the return from Khartoum to Gabut, several natives reported to Colonel Wilson's party that General Gordon and all the Coptic troops who had stood by him had been captured by El Mahdi's men and put to death. Later on, during the journey, several Shagryeh men came on board Colonel Wilson's boat and declared that it was the intention of their tribe to join the Mahdi. These men said that General Gordon, Consul Nicoli, fifty Greeks and some soldiers, when pressed to desperation, shut themselves up in a Catholic church, whither they had removed a quantity of ammunition and

Natives who were present at the surrender of Khartoum declare that the rebels admitted the treachery of two pachas, who had been formerly punished by General Gordon. It is reported that the officers commanding the three steamers which remained at Khartoum took the Mahdi's troops to the main gate of the city, where they were admitted under the darkness of the night. Some of the natives declare that General Gordon has been killed, while others are equally positive that he took refuge in the fort with the faithful. There is no doubt whatever that the main portion of Khartoum is occupied by the rebels. Colonel Wilson saw them thronging the streets. Countless flags were flying, and there were many signs of rejoicing. On the route down the river by the English steamers

At the sixth cataract they were compelled to parley with the enemy under the pretence of an Intention to surrender. A message has been received from the Mahdi stating that Gordon has

ceived from the Mahdi stating that Gordon has become a Mussulman, and that all the English officers had better follow his example. The Mahdi said he had no desire to fight the English, but, unless they embraced the true faith, he would not leave one in the Soudan.

Colonel Wilson stated that all along his retreat he was constantly harassed by a heavy fire maintained from the enemy. Several of the shots struck the steamer, but she sustained no damage of importance until within a few miles of Metemen, when, owing to the night retreat and the

struck the steamer, but she sustained no damage of importance until within a few miles of Metemmeh, when, owing to the night retreat and the altered current of the river, which had fallen two feet in one day, the steamer stranded and became a total wreck. All of Colonel Wilson's stores, ammunition and guns are in deep water and beyond recovery, but no lives were lost. The party entrenched themselves on the sandy islet, and waited for assistance.

At last accounts Lord Charles Beresford, with twenty picked marksmen of the Rifles, had started for Wilson to attempt to relieve him. A number of refugees from Khartoum were with him.

Later despatches confirming in all essential particulars the news already given add reports that Faraz Pasha, being in charge of the ramparts, opened the gates of the citadel to the enemy. Other reports have it that the city was always open to the Mahd's followers, who mixed freely with the populace, and used their opportunity to incite the soldiers to munity. It is said that Gordon, left with only a few troops to contend against the Mahd's army, which he placed at from 60,000 to 100,000 men, made a desperate defence and died fighting. Other reports claim that Khartoum fell without a shot being fired; that General Gordon is alive and a prisoner of war; and an absurd rumor had been added that "he wore the Mahd's uniform."

Those Stranded in the Nile. The most serious result of the capture of Kharoum to be feared is that General Stewart's army is in a position of peculiar danger, owing to the increased confidence of the enemy and the large re-enforcements received by the Mahai's army in possession of Metemmeh, but the latest despatches from Wolesley indicate that he considers the little army in no immediate danger, and that meantime re-enforcements are being pressed forward. General Sir Redvers Buller, command-ing at Gabut, states that since the news of the capture of Khartoum by the Mahdi's forces the enemy has become very bold Mahdl's forces the enemy has become very bold and defiant. At intervals they approach in large bodies to within a few hundred rods of the British position, and he expresses the fear that, should they combine for another attack, they may overwheim and annihilate his small force. "Of course," adds the general, "I can embark my forces on the steamers here, but I have determined not to abandon the position, which was so gallantly obtained by my predecessor, while one of us is left alive, unless otherwise commanded by you."

The enemy at Metermmeh has been entirely inactive since January 28. The rebel forces there are estimated at between 2000 and 3000 men, of whom 250 are horsemen and 500 heavy rifles. Our men are in good bealth. The wounded are doing well. The Kabbaish tribes are still carrying messages and supplies for us to Gakdul wells. A messenger has been sent to ascertain the fate of General Gordon.

A messenger has been sent to ascertain the face of General Gordon.

It is reported that General Wolseley commenced an advance for Korti for the relief of the troops near Metemmeh, and that he sent orders to General Earl to hasten his advance against Berber in order to assist in the relief of Metemmeh. The objective point of all of General Wolseley's movements is now Metemmeh.

between Berber, Snendy and Metammeh, and that the force at the latter place is daily receiving re-inforcements.

ACTION OF THE GOVERNMENT. Re-enforcements to be Sent to the Soudan-Rumored Offers of Assistance fron

Immediately on receipt of the news of the fall of

Khartoum a cabinet council was held, and it was decided at that and subsequent meetings to send re-enforcements to the army under Wolseley. He was directed to state his needs "without reserve." It is understood that a large force of Indian troops will be sent to Suakin, from which place an attempt will be made to reach Berber, and thence joining Wolseley's army push on to Khartoum.

Orders have been sent to Gibraltar and Malta to Orders have been sent to Gibraltar and Malta to prepare for the immediate despatch of all available troops to the Soudan. General Woiseley has adopted General Stephenson's advice to send a strong force to Suakin. It is reported that Indian troops will garrison Suakin, while a force of 6000 British will advance upon Berber. The expedition will be composed of drafts from the Indian regiments and the active British troops now in Egypt, who will be replaced by drafts from England and the Mediterranean. The government has decided to maintain the full strength of the garrisons in Egypt. The Indian government has expressed a willingness to embarkfrom Bombay a force of Goorkin infantry and Sikh lancers within a fortnight.

Goorkna infautry and Sikh lancers within a fortnight.

An Italian expedition, consisting of 1500 men, has been ordered to proceed at once to Suakin, and it is reported that 12,000 more troops are being mobilized for scryler in Egypt.

Signor Depretis, minister of the interior, and Signor Recottl, minister of war, are fully resolved that Italy shall enter upon a course of energetic action in Egypt in concert with England. The opinion expressed on all sides is that the measure will undoubtedly redound to the advantage of Italy. There is no qoubt but that Parliament and public opinion would heartily sanction a vigorous Egyptian policy.

The universal opinion in the Chamber of Deputies among all parties is that Italy ought at once to send a large force to support the English in Egypt. Mancini, the premier, hesitates to indorse this view, but Ministers Depretis and Ricotti fully concur therein. Signor Mancini, minister of foreign affairs, will tomorrow fix the day for the answer to the questions of the deputies in relation to the agreement with England.

### EUROPEAN PRESS COMMENTS.

What is Thought of the Disaster by the

English, French and Italian Papers. LONDON, February 6 .- The Times this morning commenting upon the fall of Khartoum and the probable fate of General Gordon, says: "The news of the fall of that solitary figure, the gallant General Gordon, who so long kept the flag of England aloft, defying the fanatical hordes of the followers of Islam, will reverberate throughout every bazaar and mosque in both Cairo and Calcutta. No other result could be looked for in the face of his long and deliberate abandonment by the government. But England will save him if alive, or avenge his death. Woe to his murderers.'

The Morning Post, after encomiums on Gordon says: "This catastrophe is stupendous and its consequences far-reaching. What it means in the Soudan is only too apparent. What it may mean in Egypt, Asia, and even in Europe, no Englishin Egypt, Asia, and even in Europe, no Englishman can contemplate without serious apprehension. We can hardly believe it possible that the present administration will remain in office a gweek after Parliament meets. Immediate steps must be taken to strengthen our forces for a terrible emergency. Thirty thousand men must be sent to India without waste of time. The reserves must be called and the militia must be prepared in time to fulfil arduous duties, which may soon be incumbent. It is literally inconceivable what may be the effect of the Mahdi's victory upon the turbulent millions of Indian Mahommedanism. There is not a quarter of the globe in which Britain has a foe that will not give evidence of the calamitous effect of the fall of Khartoum."

The Daily Telegraph, which printed nine editions yesterday, gives editorially a concise sketch of the situation: "A great calamity has befallen affairs in Egypt. It says victory will multiply swarms of the desert Arabs, who will accept victory as a new indorsement of the Mahdi's divine appointment. We may expect them to assume the aggressive, possibly throng down the Nile, and inflame tribe after tribe until Lord Wolseley may find his supplies cut off, and have to think of saving his advanced troops rather than of striking any offensive blow.

The Rassegna(Italian)says; "Nobody doubts that a larger force than has been prepared must be sent to the Red sea." If England asks, our assistance we must give it in a manly manner."

The Diritto says: "Italy's friendship for England is not governed by the accidents of fortune, man can contemplate without serious apprehen-

where he could obtain the support of friendly tribes.

The Kepublique Francaise says that gold was the only power in the world that ever could have saved Gordon, and believes that when it was not forthcoming Gordon was killed long ago. It also expresses the belief that all the letters and messages purporting to have been from General Gordon were fabrications issued by the wily Mandi for the purpose of ensnaring the English.

La Paix and Le National are of the opinion that England has secured a valuable ally in Italy. Apart from those quoted, the majority of the French papers make unfavorable comments upon England's condition in Egypt, but without exception they all concur in the statement that the gallantry of the British troops deserves nothing but praise, and that Gordon's herolsm has been of the and that Gordon's heroism has been of the

### O'DONOVAN ROSSA SHOT.

The Irish Agitator Wounded by a Revolver Shot Fired by a Woman.

Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, the Irish agitator, was shot by a woman who gave her name as Lucille Yscult Dudley, on Monday afternoon, on Chambers street. New York. The woman had she was interested in the dynamite cause, and asked leave to subscribe to the skirmishing fund. Her visit was made on Saturday, and an appoint-ment then arranged for a second meeting on Monday afternoon. On keeping this appointment, Mrs. Dudley and O'Donovan Rossa walked down the street for a short distance, when the woman suddenly turned and fired at him four times with a revolver. One of the shots entered Rossa's back. The woman was promptly arrested and O'Donovan Rossa taken to the Chambers Street Hospital.

Hospital.

Considerable excitement was created, and many hysterical theories and rumors were affoat as to the shooting. Mrs. Dudley claimed that she did it for the purpose of ridding the earth of the author of the dynamite outrages in England. In that country the news created considerable excitement, popular opinion being generally a regret that the shot had not proved effectual, and some that the shot had not proved effectual, and some enthusiastic folks engaged themselves in starting a fund for her defence. Later inquiries showed that Mrs. Dudley was of unsound mind, and it was generally believed that the excitement caused by the London dynamite explosions had unsettled her reason. It was shown that she had been an inmate of an English insane asylum, and that she several times attempted to take her own life.

On examination at the hospital Rossa's wound was found to be not in any way dangerous, scarcely serious, and he is rapidly recovering.

On Tuesday morning Mrs. Dudley was arraigned in the Tombs Police Court, and, after a formal examination, remanded to jail to await the result of Rossa's injuries.

## POISONED BY A CENTIPEDE.

An Insect in the Coffee Creates Havoc in a

Camp of Woodchoppers. DALLAS, Tex., February 4.-George Starling brings news to the city that seven woodchoppers were poisoned at dinner yesterday on Bois d'Arc Island, about twelve miles from this city, and that William Stroud, John Haynes, George Tripp and Bob McCall were in a dying condition when he left. Three others, James meed. Thomas Lawrence and William Bell, were suffering violently. The poison was in the coffee, and on investigation a worm was found in the dregs which was pronotneed by the men in the camp to be a centipede. It is presumed it had been dipped up in a water vessel from the creek near the camp. Physicians have hastened to the unfortunates.

Did He Go Over Niagara Falls?

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y, February 7 .- A mys terious disappearance is causing some excitement here. E. W. Skinner came here last Friday evening and registered at the Niagara House. ing and registered at the Niagara House. He spent the night in writing letters to his father and friends in Michigan, in all of which he mentioned that he would commit suicide by going over the falls in the morning. The next morning he disappeared, but attracted no attention, as he was a stranger. Yesterday a letter was received at the Niagara House from his father in Hadley, Mich., making inquired.

BANGOR, February 5.—Daniel Harrington of Carmel, a well-known farmer, started to go into the woods to work last Monday. He did not return, and the neighbors turned out to hunt for him. He was found last night buried in the snow frozen to death.

### WASHINGTON NEWS.

Representative Hitt on the Mexican Treaty.

The Trade of the United States Across the Rio Grande.

The Cumbersome Rules of the House Obstructing Legislation.

WASHINGTON, February 7.—Representative Hitt of Illinois, who is a member of the House ommittee on foreign affairs, and was formerly assistant secretary of state, is warmly in favor of the enactment of laws at this session to carry into effect the Mexican treaty which ratified by the Senate last summer. Mr. Hitt says that the provisions of this treaty are really not fully understood. It certainly costs more to the Mexican revenues by its free admission than to the American import duties. By the terms of the treaty about twelve articles now dutiable will be admitted from Mexico free, and this reduction in duties upon goods imported into the United States last year would have amounted to only about \$500,000 and over nine-tenths of this amount, or \$400,000, is upon one article, pisal grass, which we do not raise and cannot raise. In fact, nearly all the articles admitted free from Mexico under the treaty are already on the free list. They were enumerated in the convention because a treaty is a more stable law than an ordinary act of Congress, and commercial houses can engage in trade with more confidence if assured that the duties upon the commodities in which they had are not to be changed upon the shifting policy of the dominant political party.

"The articles we might under this treaty send untaxed into Mexico are many of them of unision than to the American import duties. By the

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hobnobbed with statesmen and presidents, but he will borrow \$1 of you if you will let him, and is far from adverse to drinking without asking the pedigree of the man who treats. Last night I asked him how he liked the climate of the country in which he was located as minister. I was sitting on the sofa beside him, and though I was not much acquainted with him we dropped into conversation. In reply to the above he said with the most winning sinile imaginable: "Ah, the climate? It was delightful. I am not very particular about the climate. I can live in any country, and I always enjoy myself. There are many pleasant things everywhere. I always find them. I enjoy life. I can do anything, in fact"—and here he looked me straight in the eye—"I can take a drink."

BOSTON, TUESDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 10, 1885.

here he looked me straight in the eye—"I can take a drink."

I received his gaze without flinching, and my eye did not give a response, and after full thirty seconds he said, in a sad tone: "Ah, but you don't drink?"

"No," I replied; "it does not agree with me."
There was an awkward pause, and then the talk went on as though nothing had happened.

Grant's Trophies and Mrs. Thomas.

WASHINGTON, February 7.—In the Senate today Mr. Sherman, from the committee on library, presented a joint resolution accepting in the name of the United States from W. H. Vanderbilt and Mrs. Grant, and tendering thanks therefor, the trophies presented to General Grant by the different nations of Europe. The resolution provided that the trophies should be placed in charge of the librarian of Congress for exhibition, but should be retained in the custody of the secretary of war until a suitable library building was pro-

## TARIFF TINKERING.

tection and Free Trade

In the Columns of a Paper that Writes to Get Their Opinions.

Capitalist, Too.

NEW YORK, February 8 .- The coming number of the American Machinist will contain an interesting statement, supported by many letters from congressmen, concerning the complexion of the tariff question of the next House. The Machinist will say:

Congressmen Talk About Pro-

Facts for the Workingman and the

ist will say:

There has been more or less apprehension among manufacturers and business men since the election last fall about a possible majority in the next House of Representatives hostile to a protective tariff and anxious to take determined action in the direction of a general and sweeping reduction. One hundred and eighty-seven members of the present House were re-elected (one of whom has since died, leaving a vacancy) and all but one or two are on record as having favored or supported the Morrison bill. Starting with this record as a basis, we determined if possible to ascertain the general position of the new House on the tariff by sending letters of inquiry to each of the 130 new members-elect. We sent each of them the following questions: First—Do you favor a protective tariff? Second—Do you favor a general and substantial reduction of the present tariff? Each member of the majority party was asked this additional question: Third—Which do you most favor, the Randall or the Morrison view of the tariff?

We have thus far received replies from ninety-one of the new members. They represent thirty-one different States, and express a variety of in-

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versal use, such as carriages and other vehicles, agricultural implements, petroleum, sewing machines, stoves, tools and machinery. They are how subjected to very heavy import taxes by adopted without a division.

versal use, such as carriages and other vehicles, agricultural implements, petroleum, sewing machines, stoves, tools and machinery. They are now subjected to very heavy import taxes by Mexico, yet we soid them last year over \$3,000,000 worth of such articles. If freed from duty and lowered in price, the demand would multiply among the 10,000,000 of Mexican people and we should soon sell three, yes, ten times as much. It would be a good thing if the treaty also included breadstuffs and cotton and woollen goods, but it is good as far as it goes, and woollen goods, but it is good as far as it goes, and goes further in the way of advantages to us than to them.

to them.

"I think that the treaty would give greater advantages to this country than to Mexico. Of the seventy-nine articles admitted free from the United States into Mexico, nearly every one now pays heavy duties, in some cases as much as 20 per cent. The treaty would virtually give us such an advantage in Mexico that we could soon control nearly, or quite the entire trade in all the articles admitted under the treaty, as the contiguity of American territory and the railroad feellities which we enjoy give us full and rapid means of communication, which no other country enjoys."

THE TROUBLE WITH CONGRESS. Legislation-The Professional Objectors

Washington, February 8.—President-elect Eleveland and the majority of the Democratic senators and representatives are opposed to an extra session of the Forty-ninth Congress. It is likely an extra session will be necessary to provide the requisite supply for the maintenance of the government. With possibly the exception of the navy bill, over which a dispute may arise between the houses as to the wisdom of completing the monitors and continuing the construction of new ships of war, there is no good reason why all the money required for the government's needs should not be voted before March 4.

The tailure of Congress to provide a national bankrupt law and to prevent the further colnage of the standard silver dollar will be the real reasons for calling an extra session of Congress, if one is called. A large majority of the representatives and senators favor both bills, but the rules of the House and a stubborn minority prevent either being disposed of. Had Mr. Randall last Monday, when arrangements were made to move the passage of the bankruptcy bill under suspension of the rules, held back his amenament to the rules the bankruptcy bill under suspension of the rules, held back his amenament to the rules the bankruptcy bill under suspension of the rules, held back his amenament to the rules the bankruptcy bill under suspension of the rules, held back his amenament to the rules the bankruptcy bill under suspension of the rules, held back his amenament to the rules the bankruptcy bill under suspension of the rules, held back his amenament to the rules the bankruptcy bill under suspension of the rules, held back his amenament to the rules the passage of the members would have supported the measure, and one, at least, of the arguments urged in favor of an extra session would have been removed. For many years past the propriety of changing the present system of legislation beyond passing rules little, if anything, can be accomplished in the way of legislation beyond passing appropriation bills except by unanimous consent. If it were not absolutely necessary for the support of the government that appropriations should be made, some method would doubtless be found by a handful of professional obstructionists tolprevent the passage of these measures. There are not a score of members of Congress today who can teil what the rules of the House of Representations should be made, some method would doubtless be found by a handful of p ing the monitors and continuing the construction of new ships of war, there is no good reason why

tney can practically dictate national business. Second, there are a very large number of members of both houses of Congress who believe that the best legislative policy is that which accomplishes least. They think the less legislation given the country the better, reasoning that while a few changes may be beneficial many changes will be injurious. It is only when called upon to deal with great questions for which there is a universal public demand that this theory works badly, it is then found that there is no means of satisfying the requirements of the people. There is no prospect that the rules will be changed this session, but if an extra session must be held a revision of the rules will be one of the most prominent questions which Congress must consider. DEADBEATS AT THE CAPITAL. Great Men's Sons Leading the Lives of

[Washington Letter in Cleveland Leader.]
It is wonderful how many respectable dead beats one meets in Washington. The leading liveryman of the city told me the other day that he been asked for twenty-five cents to buy a drink by the son of a former president not long ago, and every day I see about the hotels here great men's sons, whose fathers are dead, leading the lives of five-cent adventurers. One had a father lives of five-cent adventurers. One had a father who long stood at the head of the bar of the country, and another's father was in the Senate and held a place in Zach Taylor's cablnet. The little old man there, who goes about with his shoulders stooping and his form clad in the mustlest of threadbare clothes, was at the beginning of the war one of the beaux of Washington, and he has been the scoond in duels in which senators fought senators. Once fortunate and wealthy, he was a necessity at any big social gathering. Now he is glad to take a drink with a messenger, and, like Beau Hickman, lives by his wits. There, on the opposite seat in the hotel lobby, is a well-dressed man who has the title of judge, and who once held an important office in our diplomatic service. He has

Washington, February 7.—Senators Hoar and Pendleton were today appointed tellers on the part of the Senate to count the presidential vote on Wednesday next.

Representative Collins presented in the House today the petition of the Walworth Manufacturing Company of Boston urging legislation to carry into effect the treaty with Mexico.

MANAGING EDITOR OF THE SIOUX. Remarkable Advancement of an Eastern Newspaper Man-Chief of the Teton

special from Standing Rock agency, stating that by the death of Young Antelope, Stanley Huntley, an Eastern newspaper man, at one time connected with the Dakota press, becomes the chief of the Teton nation and king of all the Sioux tripes. Some time before the surrender of Sitting Bull,

Teton nation and king of all the Sioux tripes. Some time before the surrender of Sitting Bull, Huntley was sent into northern Montana by the Chicago Tribune to interview him.

He crossed the plains and joined Major Walsh at Wood mountain, in the British northwest territory. Camped around the major's post were the men and squaws of the Sioux hation, and among them Little Knife, the hereditary chieftain of the Tetons, who had grown too old for war. The family of Little Knife then consisted of his wife, two sons (Mountain Bull and Young Antelope) and two daughters. In getting off his horse, one day, Little knife sprained his ankle. It kept growing worse. The medicine men set up an alarming beating of druns, Hearing the noise, Huntley went down into the camp. On learning the difficulty he bound the old man's ankle in old and leaves and cured him.

To show his gratitude, Little Knife adopted Huntley as his son and presented him with several ponies and a tepee, and made much of him while he remained. When Sitting Bull and party were in the East the past season Huntley was taken to them, identified one of his sisters, and through her he sent a letter to Young Antelope. Little Knife and his eldest son, Mountain Bull, had died, and Young Antelope had become chief of the nation. Under Indian laws, relation by adoption is as strong as consanguality, and thus, by the death of Young Antelope, Stalley Huntley becomes the king of all the Sioux tribes. There is some stir among the Indians at standing Rock, and the situation is cauvassed eagerly. It is the first time in Indian history that a white man has succeeded to the chieftainship of a nation, but the Sioux are of the opinion that the new king will be able to do a great deal for them with the government, and are anxiously was some currosity among the whites there to know what Huntley proposes to do, and his installation some curiosity among the whites there to know what Huntley proposes to do, and his installation will be one of the grandest festivals ever known along that frontier.

Miss Rebecca Kearsley, a Young Heiress. Loses Her Heart to a Professor of Roller Skating.

BUCYRUS, O., February 9.—This place during the week has been the scene of a domestic sensation growing out of the clandestine marriage of the wealthiest young heiress in this section, which resembles the Morosini-Hulskamp affaff in many ways, The heroine is Miss Rebecca Kearsley, the only child of Mr. E. R. Kearsley, ex-auditor of Crawford county, and one of the wealthlest and best respected citizens in it. Miss Kearsley is a large, well-formed and rather handsome girl, who passed her eighteenth birthday last November, attaining her majority, and at the same time coming into possession of \$80,000 left her in the will of her grandfather, a well-known, highly-connected and respected citizen of Detroit. Her father had succeeded remarkably well here, accummulating a handsome fortune, which, in addition to the bequest of the grandfather, would make the young lady's entire inneritance, \$150,000, if not more, the greater; part of it being in her own right. The young woman has been splendidly educated, has been abroad, has always been surrounded with every luxury, and on Tuesday last was to have gone to Boston to finish her studies in art and music, having as a companion Miss Gormley, daughter of Mr. Gormley of the First National Bank. The Kearsley residence here is by far the finest in the city, and the title of it is vested in the young lady. Three weeks ago a dudlsh-looking fellow, about 23 or 24 years of age, came here and registered as J. Clarence Osborne, with an alias or two as to his first name according to the several places where he registered. He obtained employment at the Bucyrns skating rink, where he, like all the rest of his present numerons guild, was ornamented with the title of "professor." The couple became engaged, and on Thursday night were secretly married at a neighboring town. The heress returned home and Osborne has disappeared. It is said he was paid \$20,000 to clear the country. tion, which resembles the Morosini-Huls-kamp affair in many ways, The heroine is

Dropped Dead as His Brother Did Before Him.

ESSEX, Mass., February 5.—Andrew Strong, an eccentric old gentleman, dropped dead yesterday of heart disease. He was 66 years of age. His brother Abel dropped dead of the same disease just three weeks ago today.

[Louisville Courier-Journal.]
Some of the married members of Parliament pooh-poon the dynamiters, attempts to blow them pp. "It is really nothing to w'at we get at 'ome." ay these statesmen.

teresting ideas about the proper policy to pursue in tariff legislation. Five (three of one party and two of the other) rest placidly upon their party platforms, without advancing any views of their own. Of the sixty-five new Republican representatives, replies have been received from fifty-three, all of whom declare for a protective tariff except two, who only mention adherence to the Chicago platform. It is safe enough in view of the unanimity of these replies to count the whole sixty-five in favor of protection, and we feel confident that the opponents of protection will not dispute the count. Of the seventy-three new Democratic representatives, replies have been received from thirty-eight, or a majority of that number. Twelve of them are for protection, or for the Randall view, as opposed to the Morrison view of the tariff. The twelve are distributed as follows: Five from New York, one from Pennsylvania, one from Virginia, one from Florida, one from Louisiana, and one from Iowa. Thus, seventy-seven of the new members-elect may be relied upon to favor protection in tariff legislation. To these may may be relied upon to favor protection in tariff legislation. To these may safely be added the member hereafter to be elected in the nineteenth Pennsylvania district to fill the vacancy caused by the death of William A. Duncan (Democrat); also the new member (Democrat) elect in the twenty-seventh Pennsylvania, from whom we have not received a reply. The Pennsylvania representatives from both parties are always for protection. There were eighty-nine members of the present Congress re-elected who voted to strike out the enacting clause of the Morrison bill. One has died since the election.

The classification then is as follows: New members for protection....... Re-elected members for protection...

A majority of nine for protection is thus assured. No doubt the majority is really much larger.

Many of the letters received by the Machinist contain theories on the policy of a national pro-tective tariff which are somewhat new to students of political economy and unique in the treatment of the subject. The following are a few brief ab-

of the subject. The following are a few order abstracts:
James Buchanan (Republican) from Trenton, N.
J., second district, says:
In my judgment we are not suffering so rauch from over-production as from over-importation. Had but a fraction of the \$600,000,000 of articles imported into this country for the year ending June 30, 1884, been made instead in our own mills and factories, our labor here would have been employed. Further to reduce the tariff is simply further to open our shelves to foreign-inade goods, and further to close our own mills and factories. As an American citizen, I can be a party to no such policy.

Truman A. Merriman (Democrat), eleventh New York district, writes:

New York district, writes:

I declare myself in favor of a protective tariff. I believe that every patriotic American should at all times be ready to vote for protection to American industry and to American labor. I am opposed to a general and substantial reduction of the present tariff, although I believe that the tariff needs some revision. I agree with Mr. Randall's views on the tariff and am greatly opposed to Mr. Morrison's ideas on that subject.

Renjamb. Butterworth.

Benjamin Butterworth (Republican), first Ohio

an that subject.

Benjamin Butterworth (Republican), first Ohio district, says:

First, I am in favor of a protective tariff; second, I do not doubt that the present tariff needs some revision, but at the same time I am firm in the conviction that the great industrial interest of this country will suffer vastly more by constant and persistent tariff tinkering than by permitting acknowledged irregularities in the tariff to exist. What is done should be done deliberately; that is, after careful consideration and when it is done it should not be disturbed until the industries of our country render it indispensably necessary.

C. H. Grosvenor (Ren.) fourteenth Ohio district, is solld for protection, especially to wool. J. B. Weaver, Greenback and Democrat, sixth lowa district, favors the Morrison rather than the Randall view.

B. T. Frederick (Dem.) fifth Iowa district, believes that American labor should be protected. He adds:

Then I wish to see a law that will compet every individual company or corparation manufacturing goods covered by a tariff to hire none but American clizens to work in such manufactories, and to do away with this importation of so called free trade labor—citizens, I mean by birth and adoption—and if need be tax our luxuries higher. Our producing classes get but little benefit from a high tariff, and should be released of all taxtshon that is possible. If we have protection, let all be protected or none. We cannot let this great republic become a nation of lords and serfs, nor can we afford to enact laws to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

Edward J. Gay, (Democrat), third Louisana district, believes that the greatest possible encouragement should be offered to every American industry requiring protection, but adds, that his general views will be subject to modification if protection is not accorded to the products to Louisiana, indispensable to their existence. Joseph Pulitzer (Dem.), ninth NewYork district, says: "Inasmuch as any views I may care to express on the subject are print

[Brooklyn Eagle.]

A Berlin school contains at present a scientific novelty of particular attention, namely, a monster blind clock-maker, on the construction of which blind clock-maker, on the construction of which the energetic man spent seventeen years of his life. The globe, which represents earth, turns on its own axis by means of mechanism. An artificial moon moves round the globe in twenty-eight days and six hours, while a movable metal band, on which the hours are marked, indicates the mean time in the different parts of the earth. Round the upper

part of this immense globe, which weighs a ton and a half, and whose surface measures 126 feet in diameter, spins a railroad car (capable of holding six persons), which serves to give a better view of the regions of the North Pole. The painting of the globe is done in oil, and necessitated the employment of two men during one entire year. The sun is represented by an apparation lighted by an immense Drummond calcium light, which enables the spectator to catch the origin and change of the different portions of the day and early dawn, the twilight, eclipses of the sun and moon, etc.

Startling Story of O'Connor, a Self-Accused Conspirator-London Explosions Said to Have Been Planned by American Socie

DYNAMITE PLOTTERS.

PITTSBURG, Pa., February 5.—There arrived in New York last Saturday Martin O'Connor, an Irish-American, who is at present stopping in this city, who, according to his own confession, was in a manner indirectly connected with the great dynamite explosion on January 24. He left London three days before it occurred, but the follow ing statement will show that he was fully aware that it would take place:

ting statement will show that he was fully aware that it would take place:

"At a meeting of a certain organization which has the cause of Ireland at heart, held in Newark, N. J., on the night of Tuesday, September 16 1884, a resolution was passed authorizing the corresponding secretary to communicate with other organizations in Boston, Philadelphia, Jersey City and Scranton, to ask them if their members would be willing to send two of their number for work, expenses paid. All except Jersey City assented and furnished the men. I was sent from the Newark lodge. After being fully instructed we proceeded to England on different vessels. We met in London October 22. Our place of rendezvous was a tavern under the Charing Cross Hotel. There we were net by a fellow patriot, also acting under instructions. Our chemist, Louis Soutelli, prepared the explosives. Our first work was the partially successful demolition of the London bridge. After that we were compelled to remain in concealment. After several secret meetings, finally, on January 3, our society held a grand meeting, when it was determined to do the biggest job ever attempted, viz.: Both Houses of Parliament, Westminster abbey, the Tower, British Museum and Westminster bridge. At a subsequent meeting it was decided that Windsor Castle and Crystal Palace should be also included."

The day fixed to blow up the d—d English institutions was fixed for January 20. Twenty men were designated to do the work, several disguised as women. Our plans were frustrated by a most singular accident. One of our "female" companions, in jumping from a vehicle, fell to the ground, causing the vell to come off and the skirts to tilt up, disclosing both masculine features and dress. Greatly alarmed we hastily withdrew and informed the other parties of the occurrence and also that the police were on the alert. It was decided that, as we were under police surveillance, it would be impolitic to attempt the work ourselves. We were ordered home, and on the 22d of January was alled from Liv

YOUNG ENO IN QUEBEC.

Sleighing, Playing Billiards and Carclessly Exposing Himself to Arrest.

(New York World.)
QUEBEC, February 4.—John C. Eno is apparently becoming acclimated. Clad in a heavy driving coat of raccoon fur, with sealskin cap, the ex-president of the Second National Bank of New York is to be seen daily on St. Louis street behind a splendid span of bay mares, on his way to the St. Louis Hotel from his house in the country. The hostelry, which served for some

country. The hostelry, which served for some weeks as John C.'s prison, still possesses for him considerable attraction, for there he ordinarily spends two or three hours a day. There also his daily mail is delivered, and scarcely a day passes that he does not call himself for his letters and papers. Eno expresses himself as charmed with the Canadian winter.

The new residence of the ex-president was for many years the elegant abode of R. R. Dobell, Quebec's leading lumber merchant, who has gone to reside in England for a term of years. Mr. Dobell is son-in-law of Sir David McPherson, president of the Senate, and has leased his property at Beauvoir to Mr. Eno, or rather to Mrs. Wood, his sister, for \$1800 a year. Beauvoir is beautifully situated three miles from the city and in the midst of beautiful grounds laid out in groves and lawns, with conservatories, erc., the whole overlooking the St. Lawrence. He has for near neighbors the licutenant-governor for the province and Mr. J. M. Lemoine, the Canadian naturalist and author and the intimate friend of Mr. Francis Parkman of Boston.

Mrs. Eno appears to go out but little and is seldom met here in society. John C., on the other hand, cannot be very much at home. He has joined what is known as the Merchants' Ciub, in St. Roch's suburbs, an organization composed almost exclusively of Frenci Candians, but he has

St. Roch's suburbs, an organization composed almost exclusively of French Candians, but he has not ventured his name before the committee of the Garrison Club, an up-town and military organization noted for the exceptional exclusiveness of its members. John C. has spent two or three evenings a week for the past few weeks playing a billiard tournament held under the austices of

its members. John C. has spent two or three evenings a week for the past few weeks playing a billiard tournament held under the auspices of the Merchants' Club. Against him were pitted nine of the best players in the city. Eno won every game he played and carried off the prize, a medal valued at \$50. He gave \$20 himself to form a second prize.

Notwitistanding the earnest protestation of friends, who are continually warning him of his danger, but at whose fears he good-naturedly laughs, Eno persists in driving home from the city at all hours of the night. The St. Louis road is very quiet and secluded at all times, and nothing would be easier for a smart detective than to kidnap the ex-president on his way, cross the river with him on the lee and have him driven eacross the American frontier almost before he could be missed. John C's continued carelessness in this respectients color to the report circulated here that his father is about satisfying all demands against him and arranging for his return to New York.

Young Mau from Boston. St. Louis, February 7. -Early yesterday morning there appeared at the office of the Vandalia allway in this city a well-dressed young man, who gave his name as G. H. Smith and his occu pation that of an employe of the Boston & Albany railroad. He presented a letter signed by General Superintendent Griggs of that road and asked for a pass to Indianapolis. He was so gentlemanly in his bearing and so glib of tongue that he was not for a moment suspected of being a swindler, and his request was cheerbeing a swindler, and his request was cheerfully granted. Au hour later he visited the Wabash general passenger agent's office and was given a pass to Kansas City and return. In the same building he called on Vice-President Hoxie of the Missouri Pacific and got a pass to New Orleans and veturn. At each place he showed a different letter with perfectly forged signatures of different officers of the Boston & Albany railroad. When he left Colonel Hoxie's office he went to that of Harry Townsend, passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific, and gave his name as C. O. Shepperd. He presented a letter signed "Joel M. Griggs" Mr. Townsend knew that Mr. Griggs never signed his name "Joel," and his suspicions were aroused. Mr. Griggs was wired, and his answer led to the exposure of the swindler, who, it is believed, has fled the city. He is described as a young man five feet ten or eleven inches high, light hair and small moustache, wearing dark suit, brown overcoat and stiff derby hat.

### BLOWN FROM THE TRACK. Cars Dashed Down an Embankment and

Many Passengers Injured.

DENVER, Col., February 4.—The afternoon train on the Colorado Central railroad, after leaving Georgetown for Denver, was blown off the track half a mile this side of Georgetown, and

ing Georgetown for Denver, was blown on the track half a mile this side of Georgetown, and feil down an embankment on its side. Twenty passengers were on the train and only two escaped injury. The wind was blowing fiercely at the time and it lifted the cars and engine bodily from the track, dropping them with a crash. The injured are: C. L. Furey, Denver, back sprained; S. F. Eldred, Denver, injured internally; J. L. Brown, Denver, ankle sprained and arm bruised; Mrs. M. Dooley, Denver, injured internally; will probably die; Miss Julist Collister, Denver, head bruised; Mrs. Sarah Patterson, Lawson, head and wrist cut; James A. Hoone, Georgetown, scalp wound and badly bruised; Miss Mamie Holland, Red Elephant, badly bruised; Mrs. Fatrick Holland, Red Elephant, scalp wound and internally injured; H. A. Spraunce, State auditor, ribs broken; Miss Hattle Spraunce, body bruised; Major E. Reed, Denver, head and body bruised; W. H. Bryant, Denver, painfully bruised; Al Creighton, brakeman, right arm broken, head bruised; J. H. Falling, baggageman, shoulders bruised; E. Johnson, mail agent, back hurt; Frank Conkrite, news agent, ribs broken, back sprained. The others were only slightly injured. The wounded were taken to the nearest dwellings and are being properly cared for.

Death of a Prominent Citizen of Truro. HIGHLAND LIGHT, Mass., February 5 .- James assessors of the town of Truro, while returning from a friend's nouse last evening, dropped dead of heart disease. His body was discovered in a

## A RIVER OF BURNING OIL

Streets of Flame in the City of New Brunswick.

Frightful Effects of a Railway Collision on the Raritan Bridge.

Factories, Dwellings and Human Life Sacrificed by a Blunder.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., February 7.—It was a little before 3 o'clock in the morning when the long train, made up of half a dozen oil cars and the usual box cars, came to a stop half way across the long iron bridge that leads out of New Brunswick toward Jersey City, over the Raritan river-The engineer had received instructions to run into a siding beyond the fiver and remain there while the southern fast freight, following just behind, went on. The train was backing towards the New Brunswick station in order to run on the siding when the fast freight rounded the curve and crashed into the rear of the backing. train. A flagman had not been sent to the rear to guard the train. As it was going back, and when the east-bound train came at full speed around the curve, it was too late to do anything. The engine crashed into the caboose of the slow freight, splintering it into jagged kindling-wood; four oil cars were hurled over the high bridge, and three other cars dropped down in the general

One of the oil tanks was thrown clear through the ornamental iron fence that guards the bridge and landed upon the three-story roof of a wing of the Consolidated Fruit Jar Company's fac-tory, breaking through three floors and spreading blazing oil all over the building. The rear of the train was on the New Brunswick span of the bridge, so the furthermost tank fell harmlessly through the loe of the Raritan river, where it remains imbedded in the med. The two other oil cars exploded and fell over the bridge into the street that runs along the canal forty feet below. The burning oil ran down the gutters of the street in a great stream of flame

gutters of the street in a great stream of flame and spread all over the flat, frozen ground, under the large factories that rise on either side of the railroad bridge.

Within a stone's throw of the spot where the accident occurred are half a score of large manufacturing establishments. The Consolidated Fruit Jar Company spreads its buildings on both sides of and under the bridge; the Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery Company have large buildings adjoining, and a half a block away is Janeway & Co.'s wall-paper factory. Altogether hearly \$3,000,000 worth of factories are nested together within a radius of three blocks around the iron yladuct.

viaduct.

As the crash came the engineer and breman of the fast freight jumped after the engine had been reversed, and escaped with a few bruises. The conductor and all but one brakeman on the backing freight train were forward near the engine, so they, too, were uninjured, but Frank Dumas of Dennison, the rear brakeman, was caught in the wreck and went

Down With the Flaming Oil and crushed caboose. Two carloads of horses, twenty-two in all, and a box-car filled with dry goods, came down upon him. The oil spread over all and the fire in a few minutes finished the work. licking up all but the iron girders and trucks of

licking up all but the iron girders and trucks of the wreck that lay piled half as high as the great stone piers of the bridge. The wounded horses snorted and screamed with pain, but in five miniutes they, with the brakeman who went ever in the caboose, were silenced.

The oil sped along the woodwork of the bridge, setting fire to the timbers and cross-ties and burning away about 200 feet of the structure.

Down below 20,000 gallons of burning petroleum formed a flaming lake about the factory of the Uonsolidated Fruit Jar Company, flooding the basement of the building and setting fire in every part of it at once. Watchman Pressier heard to the door as the oil tanks fell into the street. He hurried back to the telephone in the next room, to call up the proprietor, but before he reached there escape was cut off by the door, and he made a hasty exit through a window. He did not telephone. In a wing of the building just across the street the fire went all over the house the

for floor only to find the lower flight of stairs on fire. He jumped over the balustrade from the second story and gave the alarm.

The six volunteer companies turned out with their engines and went to work against an acre of fire. There was no hope of saving the two buildings of the Fruit Jar Company, then hearly gutted, so their attention was directed to the hoslery company's factory adjoining, which was all saved, except a \$1000 drying room.

But now the volume of burning oil had flowed down the gutters and into a sewer at the corner of the block. The sewer emptied into the canal just in front of Janeway & Co.'s wall-paper factory, a five-story brick structure, that extends along the canal for over 600 feet. The burning oil bursting from the sewer met a like volume of oil which had run down the lee from the tank that fell into the canal, and as the streams united an explosion took place, and in a few seconds the corner of Janeway's factory was on fire. It seemed as if the five stories caught fire at the same time, from

that shot up after the explosion, and in the high wind it was only a few minutes before the entire

place, covering over a block of ground, was on The firemen said that unless assistance came all the adjoining establishments would have to go, and Newark. Trenton and Elizabeth were telegraphed to for aid. It came early in the morning but too late to do any good. Five buildings across the street from Janeway & Co.'s factory—four dwellings and an inn—caught soon after the factory walls fell and were burned to the ground. The wind was fortunately blowing toward the river, and after two buildings of the Consolidated. Fruit Jar Company and one of Janeway & Co. and five dwellings were entirely consumed the fire was pronounced under control. The night was bitterly cold and the clothes of the firemen were frozen stiff.

Pat Dougherty, his brother, and another fireman went into the wail-paper factory shortly after the fire started to save what they could. In the smoke-laden atmosphere Dougherty is supposed to have lost his way, for when his companions came out they were alone. They called to their friend and he shouted back some unintelligible answer, but did not return. All day workmen were laboring among the ruins searching for his body, but when darkness came the remains had not been found.

The charred and blackened body of Frank The firemen said that unless assistance came all

body, but when darkness came the remains had not been found.

The charred and blackened body of Frank Dumas, the brakeman, was found at daylight in the middle of the street under a mass of wreckage. He was burned to a cinder. The remains were collected and placed in a box to await the finding of Dougherty's body, when a double inquest will be held.

All of New Brunswick and half the population of the neighboring villages went to the scene of the disaster, and all day long groups of spectators hung listlessly about the ruins waiting for the finding of the body. Most of the walls were down. Three engines played upon the smoking ruins, and beneath the bridge a gang of workmen struggled with a great heap of twisted iron, roasted horses and jagged sheets of iron from the oil tanks. Little

Scraps of Gayly-Colored Silks

Scraps of Gayly-Colored Silks and calicos, with burned ends, stuck out from the heap here and there, and one fortunate colored man secured half a bale of silk only slightly charred.

charred.

Trucks were backed up to the heap, and in a little pool of blood laborers were at work with axe and saw, cutting up the roasted carcasses of the horses and loading them upon wagons. There was a horrible smell of burning flesh in the air, and the village inaidens put their handkerchiefs to their dainty noses as they picked their way. Two of the animals were fast trotters, worth \$1000, and travelled in a special car, while the twenty others occupied only one car.

The largest losses fail upon the Consolidated Fruit Jar Company, who lose two buildings and their contents. H. C. Wisner, the president, estimates the lors at \$450,000, with insurance in 100 companies of \$460,000. The machinery alone was worth \$200,000. New machinery has been telegraphed for, and the company will renew operations within two weeks in the old carpet works, a building near by, which they had recently purchased. The works were running on short time, and only 325 persons are thrown temporarily out of employment.

Mr. Janeway says the loss on his wall-paper

and only 325 persons are thrown temporarily out of employment.

Mr. Janeway says the loss on his wall-paper works will reach \$175,000, while the insurance is only \$61,000. The work of rebuilding will go on at once, and the 140 persons out of employment will soon be at work again. He expects to recover from the Pennsylvania company will soon. The nosiery company's loss is \$1000.

The nosiery company's loss is \$1000.

The five dwellings burned were worth \$1200 each, and were partially insured.

The railway company's loss on the bridge is \$1000 and on rolling stock about \$20,000.

Until noon trains ran by the Perth Amboy and by the Bound Brook division, but shortly after 11 o'clock one track across the bridge was repaired, and by 6 o'clock both were in order, and trains running regularly.

## AROUND THE FARM

FROM OUR AGRICULTURAL EDITOR

## THE FARMER'S DEPENDENCE.

Notwithstanding the assertion that tillage is manure, there is nothing upon which the farmer can place such full reliance for success, other things being equal, that he can upon manure. That tillage is important cannot be denied, but that tillage will fully supply the want of manure can hardly be admitted. Where a soil is already in a state of good average fertility, tillage alone will undoubtedly produce fair results; but, upon an almost wholly sterile soil, it could hardly be expected that tillage would be at all satisfactory as a single agency in the production of crops.

Manure may be supplemented by various artificial compounds or by certain chemicals alone, but it is not in the nature of things that anything in those lines should produce so satisfactory results as manure itself, for the reason that manure not only produces a chemical but a mechanical effect upon the soil, which a chemical or commercial fertilizer does not produce. For this reason it is of the highest importance that every farmer should be extremely vigilant in the matter of saving everything that can be given to the soil and add to its fertility. It must, in the first place, be remembered that all farmers are not circumstanced alike. The number of those who are able to do and have everything just as they want it, compared with the number who are compelled to take things as they can afford them is comparatively small, therefore a con-sideration of the subject with reference to the large class will be more profitable than as. applied to the lesser class. In nearly every direction of farm industry labor is required, and in saving manure there is no exception. Commencing with the stables, it is not supposed even that they are provided with urine gutters to carry those evacuations to a cistern or receptacle for future use, but the cattle stand upon a floor through the cracks of which the urine finds its escape. If this ents it will be saved; but if this is not so, then there should be a sufficient excavation under the floor to contain such an amount of absorbent material as will be ample for accumulations of urine for a year, which should be annually removed and replaced for further use. In this way a very large proportion of all the urine of animals will be saved in a form best adapted to use in the growth

The same rule also applies to the saving and use of human urine. Even in the country a large proportion of all the urine evacuations are lost, so far as availability for fertilizing purposes are concerhed. Baron Liebig at one time stated that the solid and liquid evacuations of a single individual in the entire year were sufficient to fertilize an acre of corn if carefully preserved; and yet how many families there are living upon small farms and having live stock, that hardly make, or, rather, have manure enough to fertilize an acre as it should be. A farmer who is in the practice of growing onions each year, almost wholly fertilizes a patch of one-fourth of an acre that is near the residence, by scattering the urine and chamber slops of the family over it during winter. This shows the possibilities in that direction.

The saving of human excrement need not be attended with any very great trouble; what is wanted is some good deodorizer to keep the vault supplied, and then it can be handled almost as pleasantly as common earth. Any dry earth, chip dirt, or even sand or sawdust, may be employed as a deodorizer. In the saving of urine, if no other way is suggested, take old barrels and fill them with dry earth, chip dirt, charcoal dust or other dry absorbing material, and pour the urine upon them until they are completely saturated, and there will be provided a fertilizer that for strength will compare with the very best; in fact, it will require care in its use, or else the seed be pursued in all directions, in every one of which there is more or less of material exactly suited for the purposes of fertilization, and which are allowed to go in a way that they are unavailable, just because they are considered of but little account in themse ves.

The Culture of Crapes. There is no fruit in America which is grown

with more ease, certainty and profit, or over a wider area of country, than the grape. And yet farmers generally do not set out grapevines because they fear that they cannot manage them or at least do not, manage apple trees or even a current bush so as to reap much advantage from them. Such, of course, would succeed very little better with grapevines. There are but two real difficulties in growing grapes anywhere in New difficulties in growing grapes anywhere in New England. The grape is a native of the country, growing wild almost everywhere. The soil suits it, the climate suits it. There is nothing that grows any better than the grape, or has fewer diseases or fewer insectenemies. What are the two difficulties? The first is that our warm season is not quite long enough, so that only a few kinds of grapes will ripen periectly in an average season. Of these few kinds only p-rt are of good enough quality to be desirable for eating out of hand, although even the poorer sorts make excellent sauce. It is a fact that the majority of larmers read enough about fruit to know what sorts they ought to buy for their locality. The second difficulty is that the grape is a very rampant grower, and tends to run to wood at the expense of the fruit. In short, the grapevines must be pruned and trained in

SELECTION OF VARIETIES.

Some farmers depend upon the pediers for the fruit trees, bushes and vines that they set out. Some of these are honest men, but even such very rarely know what they are selling. A man out of a job sees an advertisement of a nurseryman for agents, in which it is stated that "no previous knowledge of the business is necessary." He goes at it, but when the man whose custom he is seeking wants advice about varieties he is stumped. Of course he must not admit ignorance, so he advises gibbly, and of course he advises the purchase of the kinds he can make the most on. In this way the Concord grape has been discennated all over northern New England, where it will not ripen oftener than once in five years, if ever. Lately the pediers have been hawking the still later variety, called the golden Pocklington. At another time they have forced off shy bearers and weak growers like the Iowa and the Adirondack: or grapes of the very poorest quality, like the Tolman, otherwise called Champiou and Beaconsheld. So little satisfaction is got out of these purchases that buyers are still more discontaged about grape growing. SELECTION OF VARIETIES.

The following is a list of varieties that will ripen in most seasons clear up to the Canaoa line: The earliest of all is the Toiman, just named; but this and the Hartford, almost as early, cannot be called dessert grapes. They are, in fact, only a very slight improvement on the wild "Bull Grape" from which they are derived. Yet the vines are very hardy and productive, and the fruit makes excellent sauce or jelly. Among the really good early grapes the Brighton stands at the head in quality, combined with early ripening. The vine is also healthy and productive. Moore's Early is another sort nearly as early. This is simply an early Concord, being a seedling of the Concord, and almost exactly like it in looks and quality. Neither of the sorts keep very long after they ripen. For keeping, we must plant the Israella, the Eumelan and the Salem. These are a little later, but yet they ripen well almost every year. The Delaware is a small but very delicious grape, which ripens in most seasons. The above are for the most difficult places in northern New England. As we work southward we come where the Concord ripens more frequently, but even in southern New England the Worden, which is much like it, but earlier, is being planted in preference. The Merrimack and the Massasoti are early and very Couraged about grape growing.

The following is a list of varieties that will but earlier, is being planted in preference. The Merrimack and the Massasoit are early and very desirable; and as a grape that will keep all winter

the Tergennes, which is about as late as the Con-sord, is becoming a favorite. CHOOSING AND PLANTING THE VINES.

Whether you buy of an agent or, what is the better way, send to well-established and respectable hurseryman, you should order strong two-year-old vines. Choose a warm, sunny, sheltered place to plant them. If only two or three vines are ordered, they should be set in the shelter of a building and trained upon a trellis. In this way the vines grow large and spread over a larger surface, producing in time large quantities of fruit. But such vines require considerable degree of skill in pruning, which is apt to be neglected or improperly done, so that the vine becomes bushy and unproductive! Hardly any inexperienced person has the nerve to cut back and brune out a large grapevine as it ought to be in order to get a full crop. To a novice it hooks as though it was being all cut away and reckiessly destroyed. But there is another way, which may be called the vineyard system, in which a much larger number of vines are planted, about eight the system the vines are not allowed to bear more than from ten to iverty rounds of fruit each, but CHOOSING AND PLANTING THE VINES.

Whether you buy of an agent or, what is the better way, send to well-established and respectable durseryman, you should order strong space may them be used for transplanting the tends of the plant them. The sunny sheltered place to plant them. The sunny sheltered place to plant them. The sunny sheltered place to plant them. The sunny sheltered of a building and trained upon a trelia. In this way the vines grow large and spread over a larger surface, producing in time large quantile. In this way, the vines grow large and spread over a larger surface, producing in time large quantile. In this way, the vines grow large and spread over a larger surface, producing in time large quantile. In this way, the vines grow large and spread over a larger surface, producing in time large quantile. In this way, the vines grow large and spread over a larger surface, producing in time large quantile. In this way, the vines grow large and spread over a larger surface, producing in time large quantile and the spring the conversion of the interesting work should always be encouraged, especially in the young. If a lad business of fruit. Eut such vines require considerable degree of skill in pruntage, which is apt to be neglected or improperly done, so that the vine becomes busing and unproductive. Hardly any in experienced person has the nerve to cut back and prune out a large grapeytine as it ought to be neglected or improperly done, so that the vine becomes busing and unproductive. Hardly any in experienced person has the nerve to cut back and prune out a large grapeytine as it ought to be neglected or improperly done, so that the vine becomes busing and unproductive. Hardly any in experienced person has the nerve to cut back and prune out a large grapeytine as it ought to be neglected or improperly done, so that the vine becomes did not the mind and the production of the vine and silvent produ

should begin about eighteen inches from the ground, and be piaced a foot apart to the top of the posts. The vine should be set, half way between the two inner posts, and a single shoot trained straight upward to the top of the wires. A strong root will often give such a shoot the first year, all other shoots being kept off. The main shoot will send off side branches, and of these, two lower ones must be taken the second season to make arms that are to be trained along the lower wire. The main shoot is cut off just above where these two lower branches come out. These arms are to be the only permanent part of the vine. When they have grown each to the end of the trellis, they are to be pinched off and never allowed to grow any longer. At the end of the second year from planting, these arms will have got about half their ultimate length, or six feet each. During the winter the vine is to be released from the trellis, bent down and covered with earth, litter or evergreen boughs. In the spring it is to be tied up again, the arms being fastened at intervals to the lower wire, and an upward shoot is allowed to grow from every eye and tied to the wires as it grows until it reaches the top, when it is to be plached off. Only one shoot must be allowed to grow from each joint. Many will start, but all must be pinched off, and all side branches from the upward shoots must also be restrained in the same way; otherwise you will have an unproductive tangle, and not a trained, productive vine. It is, then, upward shoots that are to bear the fruit. The first year of their growth, the vine being young, these shoots ought not to allow down and all side branches from the upward shoot must also be restrained in the same way; otherwise you will have an unproductive vine. It is, then, upward shoots that are to bear the fruit. The first year of their growth, the vine being young, these shoots ought not to be allowed to very down the set upright shoots off about an inch first, year, but nip them in at three or four feet in length. In t

Professor J. T. Burrill of the Illinois Industrial University replies for Prairie Farmer as follows: There are two kinds of smut on wheat. For one there is a very efficient and, in every case, practical remedy; for the other, no preventive has been discovered. They are both species of vegetable parasites of the great group of fungi. Both kinds are propagated by seed-like granules, called spores, which, indeed, constitute the most of the sooty material known as the smut. The spores are exceedingly small, and only to be seen by the aid of a good microscope. Of course there are millions of them in the black stuff produced on one head of wheat; yet, small as they are, each one may germinate under the proper conditions, and reproduce another year the whole amount found on one wheat plant. The tissues of the latter become more or less filled with the fine white thread which makes up the vegetative structure of the smut plant, and these threads (mycellum), absorb nutriment from the wheat stem, etc.; then penetrate the wheat grain and produce there the spores. There is thus one crop of smut each year, as there is one generation of the wheat.

THE DEFERENCE.

Both kinds develop their sooty spores in the are propagated by seed-like granules, called

year, as there is one generation of the wheat.

THE DEFERENCE.

Both kinds develon their sooty spores in the young wheat kernel, but with one the latter retains pretty nearly its proper shape, though, perhaps, somewhat swollen. It may, however, be crushed between the thumb and finger, and is then found to be of a greasy or putty-like consistence, and possessed of an offensive odor. The head of wheat scarcely shows externally the serious change that has taken place in the kernels. This disease is often called bunt, and perhaps should be so named generally to distinguish it from the next. The second kind of smut, and very likely the one referred to by Mr. McGuire, is distinguished from the foregoing at once by the appearance of the affected heads, which can readily be discerned among the maturing healthy ones. These first are slender, the chaff open, and the protruding mass of black material, occupying the place of the wheat grain, is soon powdery, and is readily carried in the air as a fine dust. There is nothing to be seen or this in the threshed wheat, unless one examines with a microscope for the scattered spores. For this last kind of smut there is, unfortunately, no leasible remedy. There is still need of careful scientific investigation as to the life process of the fungus, and methods of destroying it.

FOR PREVYENTING BUNT,

FOR PREVENTING BUNT,
the kind first described, we have only to treat the
seed grain with a solution of blue virtiol (copper
sulphate) or, as often called, blue stone. For this
purpose, dissolve the bluestone, one pound for
every four bushels of wheat, in sufficient water to where successive wheat crops are to be rat by application of unfermented manure from cattle led infected food.

This whole question of remedies for parasitic fungi imperatively demands skilled experiments and researches; and no better use could be made of public money than to set competent men at work under pay of the State or nation, or may be in offering brizes for competitive results of investigations. The work is necessarily slow and expensive, but certainly is promise of vast pecuniary saving to those directly it trested in the harvests, as the outcome of such investigations.

How to Make a Hotbed.

It seems strange that this device for giving a month or six week's advance to many kinds of early vegetable plants is not more commonly found on the farm. The sash, ready glazed, may be had for about \$2 each, and the lumber required is simply one board for the back, about twelve inches wide: another, for the front, about nine Inches wide; another, for the front, about nine inches, with the end pieces sawed to fit. If only one sash is used, a strip is required at each side of the box, projecting two inches, to keep the sash in place. But a better size is made with two sashes. Two boards are cut to suit the dimensions of the sash, which, at the usual size of three feet six inches by six feet, will make the boards seven feet one inch. Let the end boards project about two inches above the sides. This forms the two outside boundaries to the sash. In the middle of the box sink an inch sirlp into the tack and front boards, on which is nailed another strip two inches wide. This is the middle division of the sash, and leaves a channel one and one-half inches wide for each sash to slide in. Such a bed will give room for the growth of all the vegetables likely to be wanted for early transplanting. It may contain two divisions, if desired; the cabbage, cathiflower and lettuce growing in one sash, and tomatoes, melons, cucumbers, egg-plants and other tender plants may occupy the other, not forgetting a small space for the raising of flower seeds for early planting.

Where the facilities will warrant it, the bed may be made of four sash, which will require two sixteen-foot boards with end pieces, and three strips for the sash to run on. This size will give one compartment for early lettuce, two for cabbage and eauliflower, one for tomatoes, peppers, eggplant and similar tender things, while the other may be devoted to furnishing annuals for the flower garden.

The time for starting inches, with the end pieces sawed to fit. If only

THE TIME FOR STARTING.

The tox, or frame, as it is called by gardeners, being ready, the next consideration is the notbed itself, and the time of starting. This, of course, will vary largely with the locality, the season beginning at the South in January, and ending as late as the middle of March in the extreme North. Where the object is simply to raise plants for outside bedding, it is useless to begin earlier than two months in advance; six weeks will often do. In this latitude the planting season for outdoors is, for such hardy vegetables as cabbage, from the first to the middle of April, while such tender vegetables as tomatoes, from the middle to the end of May. If started too early the neat becomes exhausted before freezing weather leaves us, and to replenish the heat of an exhausted hotbed requires much trouble. Besides this disadvantage the plants have become too large before the time for planting out of doors. The 1st of March may be safely assumed as the proper time here; and, if the crop of the hardler vegetables are planted out the middle of April, the space may then be used for transplanting the tender ones, to give them a chance to attain a good size. Each box may be used to bring forward two hills of cucumbers, that will finally occupy the entire space and give a cutting by the end of June.

puts into the soil a monstrous quantity of manure. To grow a crop of early cabbages, or early cauliflowers, it is almost impossible to make the land rich enough. At any rate, we find that the richer the land is made, the earlier and better are the cabbages, and the more profit. We have to furnish three or four times as much manure as the crop needs. Why? Because the soil is cold and no nitrates are formed. We try to turnish the plants with all needed nitrates by an excessive application of manure—better apply the nitrates direct. This is not theory. I have been trying for years to grow good celery plants in the open ground. I could succeed only where the ground had been excessively manured for some years past. I have ploughed in the previous autumn seventy-five to 100 tons of the richest, well-rotted manure, and had "fair to good" celery plants. Now, by the use of nitrate of soda, I get celery plants earlier, larger, and every way better at less than one-quarier of the cost. There is no mystery about this. I presume we apply more nitrates than 300 tons of manure per acre would furnish early in the segson. Later, of course, when the manure commences to decompose, an abundance of pitrates would be formed, but then early garearly in the sesson. Later, of course, when the manure commences to decompose, an abundance of ultrates would be formed, but then early garden crops want the nitrates, while the soil is so

cold that nitrification cannot take place. Bee Notes of 1884.

That bees can change worker larvæ to those of frones is entirely beyond the possibilities even of the very skilful workers; yet I doubt not, if our editors will publish such statements, we shall read them yearly in our apiarian papers. The presence of the spermatozoa or sperm cells in the eggs enof the spermatozoa or sperm cells in the eggs ensures a female bee. These sperm cells are so exceedingly minute that it takes a most excellent magnifier to see them at all. We must believe, then, that as good and wonderful a manipulator as the worker bee is, to remove these infinitesimal sperm cells is quite beyond its powers. It is possible for unfecundated eggs to be interspersed among fecundated ones in the cells, and to be placed in the small(worker)cells, and such must be the explanation when we find drone-broad among worker broad, even if in the worker-cells. Even more absurd is the notion that crushed cissue of a drone larve may fecundate a queen bee. Surely such statements are quite unworthy a place in any of our bee periodicals.

such statements are quite unworthy a place in any of our bee periodicals.

The new facts, if they be facts, recently developed by Mr. Frank Cheshire of England, in reference to foul brood, are certainly very interesting. Mr. Cheshire claims to have found the specific cause of foul brood in a kind of bacterium which he calls Bacillus aivel. He thinks that these are not confined to the brood, but swarm everywhere in the adult bees, queen, drones and workers, and even in the sperm cells of the drones and ova of the queen. He thus objects to the term "foul brood" as he believes old bees die from this fungoid, affection. He thinks that honey probably does not contain the spores, but that they—the spores—are conveyed on the feet and antennæ of the bees. Lastly, he suggests phenol as a specific to be used as a cure for the malady. He is not the first to suggest phenol, nor is the idea of the

the bees. Lastiy, he suggests phenol as a specific to be used as a cure for the inalady. He is not the first to suggest phenol, nor is the idea of the moulting of the lining of the alimentary canal with the skin of the larvæ original with him, as it is a fact we I known to every entomologist.

Now, while we should be very glad of this elabo rate investigation by Mr. Cheshire, we may well pause before we join in his cry of "Eureka!" If the adult bees are attacked with the bacilius alvel, why do we get none of the characteristic odor from them, and how are we to explain the cure by partial starvation, which has been so successful in the hands of Messrs. Jones, Mason and many others? These well-authenticated cases of cure can be explained only on the ground that the adult bees are not victims of the maiady, and can only convey it in the honey. Again, why is it so many fail with phenol? While we miga all hope much from such careful research, we must yet wonder whether the bottom facts are reached in this matter of "foul brood." The pollen controversy still rages. There can be very little doubt but that bees are better off with no pollen during winter, especially if they are to be confined in their hives for long periods. The argument that bees are likely to be the best judges of a proper diet counts for nothing in these days of intemperance. I once heard a prominent physiologist as-

whitely, especially in they are to be combined in their hives for long periods. The argument that bees are likely to be the best judges of a proper duet counts for nothing in these days of intemperance. I once heard a prominent physiologist assert that no small amount of sickness and disease was caused by hearty dinners on Sunday. How much more likely to suffer would bees be if they took full rations of hearty nitrogenous food during the enforced quiescence of our long, rigorous winters.

In their native climate bees can fly every month of the year; here they are forced to very different labits, and it is not at all unlikely that these new conditions demand new food-habits. I fully believe that, with just the right temperature, bees will eat very utitle, will remain very quiet, and be very sure to winter well. I also think that if this temperature is not maintained, in which case the bees will become more or less active, then it were far better to have no pollen in the nive. For many years we have g ven pollen to some colonles and withheld it from others. Nearly every year has sustained in the sequel the opinion expressed above. The present winter we have given one-third of our colonies large quantities of pollen, the remainder almost none. Should our cellar become unduly warm, or very chilly, I shall surely expect the colonies having the pollen to suffer. Such hearty food and rest are not safe companions. The pollen theory is not unscientific, but is just what our physiological knowledge in reference to food would lead us to propose. If beecan fly often, pollen will not affect them filly; if they can be kept very quiet, I think that the same is true, as in this case they would eat little or no pollen. But as it is very difficult to so gauge the temperature as to secure either of these conditions, I am sure that we are safer with no pollen in the fall, and return the frames contain in the hives. I would remove all polen in the fall, and return the frames containing it to the hive as soon as I wished breeding to commence in the spring—about April 10.

The coming bee has been often d scussed, and if we are all to reach after it, we must know what it is to be. As I have shown in an article which

is to be. As I have shown in an article which recently appeared in the American Bee Journal, the coming bee will have all the good points, and many of these improved, possessed by each of our separate races, and so, of course, some of the blood of all our races that have superior merits. There is no objection to cross-breeding bees, such as is met in cross-breeding cattle, horses and sheep. Nor is the difficulty of selecting the males in mating any practical estoppe; though it may be a hindrance to the quick securing of the "bee of the future." With our present knowledge and machinery we can secure drones for mating from our choicest colonies, and while we might reach results sooner, could we know the very best dron s in any hive and use them, we shall do nearly as well by precluding the flight of all drones from any but the best colonies. That even the best families of any colony give an occasional weaking among its male offspring, only shows that we must work longer for the coming bee. That we have anything like perfection now is very doubtful. By judicious crossing and careful selection we shall surely reach results that sonthorn is to the lean Texan kine of the Western, plains.

plains.

I might speak of separators, of small sections, and reversible frames, but they will each and albe discussed by abler and more experienced persons. So I will close this paper by some remarks on a very important topic. I refer to the securing of correct statistics. It is probable that no one thing will so aid us in marketing our honey product, as accurate, reliable statistics. I expect that Mr. Hewit will show us how we can secure, through the crop reports of the secretary of state, twice each year, just such facts as each be-keeper desires to know. Now, while I am in layor of our pushing venemently such action as he may advise looking towards needed legislation to accomplish the most, I am not in favor of stopping there. Why can we not use such funds as we shall obtain at this meeting in securing a kind of independent report of our own? Why may not the secretary of this society secure a reporter in each county, an able bee-keeper, who will promise to report the probable crop each October? He can prepare blanks so that this can be made as easy as possible. Then, as soon as he gets the reports, let him compile them, and send his report to the bee periodicals. At present this could, only give us the probable crop as compared with an average, but soon we might hope that it would grow into a knowledge of the amount of honey and number of colonies of bees. From these two efforts I feel great hopes that Michigan may be one of the first States to prepare such statistical facts as we all desire.—[American Bee Journal. ains.
I might speak of separators, of small sections

Originating New Varieties. One of the most fascinating operations of horti culture is the work of producing new varieties from seedlings, or by cross-fertialization. Dealing with chances is always more or less amusing, and especially so when we bring into operation laws of which the workings are enveloped in mystery. Very little is known of the causes that influence though we are able to set these mystic laws into

operation, we can never prophecy the result.

It is very well known that in most of our improved fruits the seeds do not reproduce the variety. In a certain sense this is true of all plants, but is especially noticeable in those that are propagated by grafts or cuttlogs. To gain new varieties of such plants we have only to propagate them from the seeds. Sometimes the seeds grow by from the seeds. Sometimes the seeds grow by chance, without having been intentionally planted, and some of our best varieties have resulted from

up the young plants. This pest seems to have a special liking for the tender leaves of seedling plants, and, unless carefully picked off, he is very apt to destroy them. Where the beetles are numerous, it will be necessary to pick them off two or three times a day until the plants secure a good start. The size that the tubers will attain the first year will depend much upon the care given the plants. If the soil is fertile and is kept well cultivated, they will sometimes grow large enough for table use. The past season, in spite of very dry weather, and a very hard fight with the beetles, I secured a few tubers four inches long. Under more favorable circumstances I have grown them nearly double that length the first scason.

grown them nearly double that length the first scason.

The tubers will not often vary much in form or color if the seed balls are taken from only one variety that is growing by itself. Indeed, my own experience goes to show that the color of the seedling tubers will not vary much unbess the blossoms are artificially cross-fertilized. I once gathered a quantity of seed from the old Prince Albert poiato. The tubers grown from it were all white, and all of the form of that variety. In another trial I crossed the Tyrian purple, a deep purple variety, with the Chicago market, which is nearly white. The potatoes grown from this seed were of every color and shade that I have ever seen in a potato. Some were almost black, while others varied through all shades of purple, red and rose to pure white. The cross was effected by placing the pollen from the Tyrian purple upon the stigma of the Chicago market. Few varieties of potatoes grown at present bear seed-balls. The white Whipple and the Tyrian purple, however, yield them abundantly.

grown at present bear seed-balls. The winter Whipple and the Tyrian purple, however, yield them abundantly.

The strawberry is very easily grown from seed. The ripe berries may be mashed up in sand, or they may be dried by exposure to the sun and the seeds removed by rubbing the fruit between the thumb and forefinger. The seed may be sown at once in boxes containing soil, composed of fine loam mixed with sand or muck. The boxes should be placed in a shaay place, as under a tree, to prevent too rapid drying, and should be frequently watered if the weather is dry, using a water-pot with a fine rose. The seed be sown very shallow, and hence care should be taken to keep the surface soil moist. The plants will appear in a few days, and may remain in the boxes until the following spring. It is well to sow the seed rather thinly, in order that the plants may not crowd each other. As cold weather approaches, set the loxes into the ground as far as the surface of the soil inside, and cover slightly with leaves. Uncover early in spring, and transplant the young plants to a well-prepared bed. Sometimes, though I think not often, the plants will bear fruit the first season.

Seeds of the rashberry may be planted in the

son. Seeds of the raspberry may be planted in the Son.

Seeds of the raspberry may be planted in the same manner as just recommended for the strawberry, but they will not germinate until the following spring. It is not important whether the soil in the boxes is kept moist or not, until the next spring, when it should be kept carefully watered. The young plants may be left in the boxes until fail, when they may be transplanted into rows about five feet apart and the plants set two feet apart in the row. They will bear when three years old. For growing currants from seed, mash up the berries in sand, and bury the latter in the soil, in a cool, dry place, as on the north side of a building, in a well-drained spot. Very early in spring, or as soon as the soil can be worked, dig up and plant the seeds, sowing the sand with them in boxes, as above described. The young plants should be treated as directed for raspberry seedings, except that when transplanted they may be set closer together. Currant seedlings may also be expected to bear the third year.—[The Husbandman.]

To Make Good Milkers To the average farmer the strong arguments used by the breeders of the different breeds of cattle, regarding their extra milking qualities, have comparatively little weight. It makes but little difference whether the cow is of the snorthorn, Ayrshire, Jersey, Devon or other full blood, a grade of any of these breeds, or a native, even, if good milking qualities lie at the foundation. A simple name of breed does not of necessity make simple name of breed does not of necessity make an extra-milch cow. Very much depends upon the bringing up. A good cow cannot be expected to be found in the development of a helfer that in the rearing from a calf has been but half tended. As soon as the calf is dropped it should be taken from the cow and given all the milk that it desires without overleeding. Its feeding should be regular and calculated to promote a steady growth. Accustom the calf to be handled to such an extent as to create in it a fondness for its keeper. Kindness aids in creating a quiet disposition, which is essential in the full grown cow, and is an educacation which should be commenced with the calf. The development of the animal should be properly maintained and continued without interruption until full maturity. The period for coming in is believed by many to be at the age of two years, although it is questionable whether it would not be better to wait will obtain the party of are. until full maturity. The period for coming in is believed by many to be at the age of two years, although it is questionable whether it would not be better to wait until or three years of age.

It is advisable to continue a cow in milk to within a few weeks of calving, even if but little milk is obtained. The training thus given tends to improve good miking qualities and a habit of giving milk for a longer period, which becomes a sort of second nature, but now comes a second and equally as important a matter concerning milk production, and that is the feed, and therein rests an important secret touching that point. Feeding should be regular and liberal. Good clover hay is one of the best kinds of food that can be given in that line; but in order to insure a large supply of milk there must be supplemental feed. This is found in corn meal, provender, of meal or wheat shorts. Corn meal should be fed with care if fed aione, and is better fed with wheat shorts. In getting the latter, do not purchase the bran, which is simply the light husk left from the grain and of little value, but take that which still has some flour remaining with it. Aftermath is also a good feed, but few farms produce enough for continued feeding. In feeding hay, especially where meal is fed, bettar results will be obtained from cutting the hay and mixing. Great judgment is necessary in feeding, for mode forcing, with have cutting the hav and mixing. Great judgment is necessary in feeding, for undue forcing will have a tendency to shorten the usefulness of the cow. [Germantown Telegraph.

One of the most important questions affecting the future welfare of the farmer is the question of keeping up the fertility of the soil. If farming is so conducted that the farmer is continually exhausting his capital, the soil, bankruptcy can only be a question of time. If the farmers should grow the ordinary rotation of crops, selling off the farm all the fruits, vegetables, grass, straw and grain grown, it is evident that, while he would be selling his products in their cheapest, least valuable forms, he would be reducing constantly the amount of food for crops in his solt, diminishing its capacity for producing future crops. The farmer who consumes on the farm only what is necessary to feed his family and such animals as are needed to work the farm and supply the family with such meat, milk, etc., as it needs, selling the remainder, is reducing the farm's lertility a little less rapid, but none the less certainly. The farmer who keeps enough stock to consume all the hay, straw, corn, oats and barley, converting all of those products into beef, mutton, wool, milk, pork, eggs, etc., and selling them in such forms, generally receives more money for his products and retains a larger percentage on the farm to feed future crops, than by any other disposition he can make of his farm's products.

There is still another way: The farmer who converts his products into animal forms, seiling in their crude state only his wheat, potatoes, beans and fruits, purchasing and feeding enough meal, middings, oil meal, etc., to equal the plant food sold, and carefully saves and judiciously applies the manure to growing crops, may accumulate propers and farents as products. selling his products in their cheapest, least valu

middings, oil meal, etc., to equal the plant food sold, and carefully saves and judiciously applies the manure to growing crops, may accumulate money and keep his principal, the ingredients of crops in his soil, unimpaired. After having done all of this, many farmers really increase the tertility of their soil, under crops, by a judicious purchase and use of commercial fertilizers, some forms of nitrogen, phosphoric acid and pot sin. When a farmer is able to do all of this he is a successful farmer.

Next to the question of making all the manure consistent with true—conomy, it becomes a question of harding less importance how cest to save and use the manure. Forty or fifty years ago, while the farmer understood something of the value of the soil excrements of animals, but hittle effort was made to save the liquid excrements. Since then chemistry has taught him the value of the latter, and considerable effort is made to save them by using litter under the animals to absorb their fliquids, or by draining them into guters supplied with absorbents. Doubtless few farmers make all necessary efforts to save the urine voided by their domestic animals, but progress has been made in this direction.

But how shall the manure be saved from loss through decomposition, evaporation, solution, etc.? Forty years ago much was sain about com-

But how shall the manure be saved from loss through decombostion, evaporation, solution etc.? Forty years ago much was said about composting manures, mixing them with absorbents so that decomposition would be slow, and the volatile parts, the ammona especially, would be taken up by the absorbents. Practical farmers found that this involved too much labor, handling over the manure and absorbents too many times Finally, practical farmers conceived the idea of conserving manure by applying it to the soil a fast as made, and allowing the soil to act as an absorbent. The greater bulk of the manure made on the farm is when the animals are up from pasture, from the first of November to the first of May, and a large proportion of farmers apply the manure to sod hand for corn. Considerable experience has satisfied them that if this manure it drawn out daily or weekly, and spread upon the sod, more beneficial effects will be visible in the next season's crop of corn than by keeping it is the barvaged and analying it in the spread.

to be used to best advantage as a top-dressing for wheat. It is generally applied after ploughing and harrowed in. Perhaps, if applied upon the surface just before drilling, it would be quite as beneficial, if it would not interfere with the drilling. Commercial fertilizers have generally been found most useful when drilled in with the seed. That, with a great many farmers, they have added very much to the yields of wheat, barley, oats, corn, beans, etc., we have had abundant evidence during the last twenty-five years. On some soils they do not appear to be effective. What soils they will benefit and what not can only be determined by experiment,—[Rural Home.

There is more in chestnut culture than most farmers suppose, says Samuel C. Moon. No fruit tree is more profitable than the chestnut that bears large nuts. A grafted European chestnut tree 25 years old will yield from two to three bushels of nuts, and the nuts sell at from \$8 t bushels of nuts, and the nuts sell at from \$8 to \$10 per bushel. The only practical way of getting hardy trees of the European chestnuts is by propagating from the seed of trees which have been acclimatized here and then grafting these seedlings with the best varieties. They do not succeed as well when worked on stocks of the American species. Seedling chestnuts vary in the valuable qualities of productiveness, size and flavor of the nuts, etc., about as much as natural apple trees, consequently it is equally necessary to graft them in order to secure profitable trees. Grafting also induces much earlier fruitfulness. Natural trees usually commence to bear at from tweive to fifteen years of age; grafted trees of the best varieties bear in from four to seven years after graftfifteen years of age; grafted trees of the best variceles bear in from four to seven years after grafting, and become profitable in about ter years, or
about as soon as the most prolific apples. The
best large chestnut that we know of is the
"Numbo," a hardy variety of the European
species. The tree is an early and regular bearer,
enormously productive, and perfectly hardy in
Peunsylvania, having stood uninjured a temperature of 20 degrees below zero. The nuts are of
large size, fine color and good quality. Mr. Moon
propagates the "Numbo," and offers it to our
readers. The chesinut is a rather difficult tree to
transplant, and requires careful handling. The
roots must not be allowed to get dry, and the tops
should be pruned severely when planted.

About Raising Ducks. Or all the breeds, we prefer the Pekins. We think they lay more eggs than any other duck, and we know from experience that they grow up quickly and to a large size, and their feathers

quickly and to a large size, and their feathers being white, they dress up well for market. In conversing recently with a farmer who kept last year for the first time a flock of this breed, he remarked that "they beat anything he had ever owned in the shape of a duck." They were imported from China in 1873, and have been very popular ever since.

Yes, it pays to pick them, especially Pekins. Their feathers are white and downy and come very near in quality to geese feathers. They may be picked three or four times a year. The right time to perform the operation may be learned by catching one or two and pulling a few feathers here and there. If they pull easy and the quills are clear they are "ripe," and if not plucked will be shed and wasted. If they pull hard and the quills are filled with a bloody matter, they should not be plucked. There is a tuft on the side under each wing that supports the wing. This should always remain untouched. In picking, take a few feathers in the thumb and fingers and give a short, quick jerk downward. Practice in this, as in other operations, will make perfect.

Ponds and streams are not necessary; by some they are considered objectionable. There are, however, two sides to this question, as we think. The frogs, fish, worms and such things as ducks pick up about ponds and streams reduce the leed bill quite materially; and, as is well known, ducks are voraclous eaters, and a saving in this direction is no small gain. On the other hand, where there are ponds and streams, there are many enemies to ducks both in the water and out of it. Eggs, too, are apt to be dropped promiscuously along the streams and lost. A small inland pond surrounded by a meadow is an ideal location for duck-raising; but, in the absence of such a place, a large shallow box can be sunk near the barn-yard pump and kept filled with water. It is well to have, also, a trough in the house or yard where they are kept at night. They need water close by them at all times, as they are in the habit of drinking frequently, es

Starting Cuttings. Professor Budd, in the lowa Homestead, condemns the storing of cuttings in the cellar as ordinarily practised, "in sand or earth just moist enough to preserve them in condition suitable for grafting, as thus they will fail to absorb the requisite moisture needed for changing the starch site moisture needed for changing the starch stored in the cell structure into sugar water, and the base of the cuttings, instead of callousing, will be found a little blackened, and the bark cambium layer at the extreme base dead, or nearly so. If these cuttings are put out the upper buss will start when the requisite heat is furnished by the sun, and exhaust alt the stored nutriment in the cutting before a show of callousing is exhibited at the base. On the other hand, if the same cuttings were packed in sand in the corner of the cellar, or in shallow boxes, with the base of the cuttings "upward, and screened from the air by not more than two inches of sand kept all the time moderately moist by sprinkling, every cutting will callous. When planted in the open air such cuttings will emit roots before the top buss make much of a start, and with few failures will make nice plants before fall. But the commercial grower should not fall. But the commercial grower should not bother with keeping ligneous cuttings in the celar. It is far better to put them in the open air. lar. It is far better to put them in the open air. Set the bundles upside down in a shallow pit on dry ground, as tightly together as they can be crowded. Cover over the top about five inches of earth, and ast grows cold cover the hole with fresh horse manure to mainly keep out frost. As the sun gains strength in the spring, take off the manure and rake the earth fine and even. The sun heat will finish the callousing of the butts of the cutting by the time the ground is ready to receive them. Treated in this way, the farmer can root the grape, the weigelia, the tree honeysuckle, several of the spireas, the catalla, and a greater number of trees than he might suppose possible.

How I Raise Early Celery and Keep It Till Spring.

An experienced gardener of Detroit, Mich. gives some valuable experience: I sow my seed in hotbeds about the 1st of March. The bed must be in good condition, that the seed may germinate quickly, for celery seed takes thirty days, generilly, in open ground, to germinate. Seed must not be sown too thickly, as the plants should not be stocky. I have tried to germinate the seeds by keeping them moist and warm before the 1st of March, but I found the above date safest; for, it keeping them moist and warm before the 1st of Maren, but I found the above date safest; for, if sown earlier, there is danger of the celery running to seed. About the 15th to 20th of May, if the ground is in order and the weather suits, plant out in diches six inches deep, on the richest spot you have. The only things wanted to grow celery successfully are plenty of cow or log manure and moist land. The soil must be good down to at least twelve inches. About July I we commence to bank up, slowly if really dry weather, so that the soil is too dry to stick if drawn up to the plants, I use footboards sixteen feet long, pressed on each side against the celery, and sticks driven in to keep in place. This mode bleaches the celery best, but if soil be used, the stocks or heads are a great deal heavier. I have tried to keep celery in the following way and kept till spring. Pitted in hotbeds the same as if pitted in the old fashion. After the bed is filled the sash are put on; give air once or twice a week; if so cold that the boards are not sufficient straw or mats can be put on. Looked after in this way, it can be kept till spring. or mats can be put on. Looked after in this way, it can be kept till spring.

Flax Seed.

The following are some of the advantages of First-It yields nearly as much per acre as wheat, and brings a higher price.
Second—It costs less for seed, only requiring

sixteen to twenty quarts per acre, and when sown early it is ready to harvest from a week to ten days before wheat.

Third—It is the best preparation for a wheat crop, ensuring from three to six bushels more per acre "following flax" than in succession. The same is true of "oats and barley" and this affords a good relief from the "one-crop" system that is running this western country.

Fourth—If the crop is properly stacked and secured from rain, the straw and chaff are eagerly eaten by stock, and worth as much as ordinary hav.

eaten by stock, and worth as much as ordinary hay.

While the above applies to the American seed, sown in any of our Western States and Territories, the large Russian seed is especially adapted to the Northwest, enabling the tarmer to sow late, even after all other small grain is sown, and harvest after other small grain is secured, requiring only ten to sixteen quarts of seed to the acre, and often yielding from twelve to eighteen bushels per acre on new breaking, leaving the ground in much better condition for wheat the next spring than it otherwise would be.

It has been sown on new breaking in western Minnesota and Dakota as late as July 10, and returned fifteen bushels per acre.

hands. They will be very white and handsome' suitable for a door or carriage mat. They also make good mittens. Lamb skins, or even sheep-skins, if the wool be trimmed off evenly to a half or three-fourths of an heh long, make beautiful and warm mittens for ladies or gentlemen, and the girls, with a little practice, can make them.

The demand for this well-known and popular condiment is such as to encourage its culture, the size of a pipe-stem, are packed away in sand during winter, and in spring are planted in furduring winter, and in spring are planted in furrows with the top end just beneath the surface. The plant will grow with very common cultivation, similar to ordinary full crops, and may be harvested with the plough and potato-digger. It is remarkably tenacious of life, and spreads itself without artificial aid. The preparation for market is the most difficult part; the roots must be washed and scraped clean and white, and grated and immediately bottled with vinegar. It is desirable that the grating be done by machinery and bottled as speedily as possible, or it loses its peculiar flavor which makes it desirable. The addition of a little sugar when bottled is more pleasing to some. It is most desirable in spring.

The Best Bacon.

The best bacon is made from pigs which will not weigh more than 125 pounds when dressed. The rashers or strips for the bacon are cut lengthwise of the pig, and about half of the sides are used. The portion next to the backbone is fatter and lacks in muscle, and is not so good on this used. The portion next to the backbone is fatter and lacks in muscle, and is not so good on this account. When bacon is made from small pigs—those weighing less than 100 pounds—the whole of the sides are used. Red and black Berkshire pigs make the best bacon, because they have the largest proportion of lean meat. Six pounds of salt and four ounces of saltpetre should be used for 100 pounds of meat. Five pounds of brown sugar may also be used, or two quarts of molasses. If the bacon is cured in a barrel, the salt, saltipate and sweetening should be mixed, and a portion sprinkled on the bottom of the barrel, and some also between the layers of meat and on the top, and water enough, after the meat is packed closely, put on to cover it. In a month the meat will be ready to smoke. Too much smoke will color the meat and give it a rank taste. Another way to cure bacon is to rub the above mixture on the flesh side of the strips of bacon and then pile it up one piece above another, and let it strike in. After three days rub again and pile up as before. A week after rub again and pile up as before. A week after rub again and pile it up, putting the flesh side of pready for smoking, or before if the salt has all struck in and the surface has become comparatively dry, which is an indication. After smoking, the rashers should be sowed up in bags made of cotton cloth, and hung up in a dry, dark place. If the bags are whitewashed on the outside, all the better, and this will keep the worms out.

The box being made and the time arrived for starting, the heating material must be provided. For this nothing is better than horse manure, and lasting heat, except where the manure has been thoroughly prepared. This is done by placing it in a heap to partially ferment, turning it over once or twice in the meantime. This allows the rank and violent heat to pass off, after which the mass will maintain a more equable and lasting warmth. The bed may be formed either above or partially below the ground. Where there is no danger of water standing in the soil, the better way is to sink a pit the size of the frame, about eighteen inches deep. This partially protects the bed from the cold, plereing whids of departing winter. If the hot bed has to be built on the level, make it two feet larger all around than the frame. Use, if possible, a portion of the manure that has heat in it already, or it will sometimes, during a cold time, be very difficult to get the heat started. In making the bed do not throw in the manure in heaps, but break it up and spread evenly, or it will heat and sink unevenly, and so disturb the seed bed. Press down the manure firmly with the fork, and, when finished, it may be, for the purposes here mentioned, about two and one-half feet deep. Place the frame and sash, and pack a little manure all around the outside to keep out the wind; keep closed until the heat has arisen.

Select any good friable soil at hand and spread evenly over the whole surface to the depth of about inte inches. Unless it is made with very green manure, the seed may be sown as soon as the soil is warm. To make sure of this thrust a stick in the centre, and when fairly warm to the touch, it may be considered as in a fit condition. We will hereafter give directions as to the best varieties of seed and the quantity of each kind.—[Prairie Farmer. and lasting heat, except where the manure has been thoroughly prepared. This is done by placing it

Heating Material.

Things Worth Knowing. Dr. Sturtevant, in a late bulletin, calls attention to the fact that the small-cobbed, early-ripening corn will furnish more merchantable corn to the 100 pounds of parvest ears than will a large-100 pounds of narvest ears than will a large-cobbed, late-ripening variety. In comparing the yields of different varieties, grown under equivalent circumstances, the harvest must necessarily differ in weight according as the corn is more or less ripe. Therefore, in comparative tests, we must expect oftentimes to find our tests, unless ration-dily made, more insleading than useful. In most seasons, such as we have in this region, dent corns, ripening later than fint corn, will contain more water at harvest; and, therefore, in comparing the amount of crop yielded upon two adjacent areas, even if both sorts yield precisely the same amount of me chantable corn, yet the dent corn

Professor J. W. Sanborn, who easily ranks among the best practical experimenters, reports the results of seven years' experimenting with potatoes, with special reference to the size of the cuttings, and gives a table of averages for the seven years from measured ground and weighed potatoes.

otatoes. PRODUCT PER ACRE.

In the Eastern States yellow corn is preferred, supposing, as feeders generally do, that the yellow is more fattening than the white, that is, that it contains more oil. Chemical analyses have shown the yellow to contain from ½ to 1½ per cent, more oil than the white, but the white often contains about 1 per cent, more allowed the per centains about 1 per centains. shown the yellow to contain from \(^1\)2 to 14\(^2\) per cent, more oil than the white, but the white often contains about 1 per cent, more albuminoids or muscle-forming matter. The value, when figured up, is slightly in favor of the yellow—not more than five cents per 100 pounds in any case that we have seen. To feed growing animals white is as valuable as the yellow, but for rapid fattening the yellow is preferred. As house meal, many prefer the white, and in some markets it sells the nighest. When used for feeding street railroad or omitious horses, in cities, the white is quite as valuable, as it usually contains a little more muscle-sustaining food. But, in this case, it is ground with an equal weight of oats. As pig food the yellow is generally preferred, and brings a few cents more per bushel.

A correspondent says that having a sheep which was too old to sellor fatten profitably, he killed and dressed it, and fed the meat to his hens. He is sure he got at least \$4 worth of eggs over and above what he would have obtained without the meat. It was winter, the meat kept well, and eggs brought good prices.

M. Goffart, the French scientist, and the first man to investigate the ensilage system of preserving fodder, says that he does not hold that butter made from ensilage is as good as when on fresh maize; but while whiter butter is always inferior to that made in summer, that from ensilage is of better quality than that from any other feed.

Experiments at the Maine State College farm

Experiments at the Maine State College farm

town that this invaveed too much labor, handling over the manure and absorben is too many times. Finally, practical farmers conceived the idea of conserving manure by applying it to the soil as fast as made, and allowing the soil to act as an other times, and allowing the soil to act as an other forms and the soil to act as an other forms and the soil to act as an other forms and the soil to act as an other forms and the soil to act as an other farm is when the animals are up from past time, from the first of November to the first of May, and a large proportion of farmers apply this manure to soil that for corn. Considerative expensive the first manure of soil and for corn. Considerative expensive the first manure of soil and for corn. Considerative expensive the first manure of soil and for corn. Considerative expensive the first manure of soil and for corn. Considerative expensive the first manure of soil and for corn than by keeping it in like soil, more beneficial effects will be visible in the next sensor's croop for our than by keeping it in like barnyard and applying it in the spring. We have been assured of affirmers that they have competed their manure on soil, continuing it up to the time of plouding for corn in May, and the best corn in the first manure on soil, continuing it up to the time of plouding for corn in May, and the best corn in the first manure on soil, continuing it up to the time of plouding for corn in May, and the best corn in the first manure on soil, continuing it up to the time of plouding for corn in May, and the best corn in the first manure of the first manure of soil of the first manure of the first manure of soil of the first manure of the fir

United States is \$31 87 per head. There are 13,501,206 milk cows in all the States.

Manure for the garden should be well worked over; the finer it is the better.

If the truck patch doesn't get a coat of manure this winter, it may miss it altogether.

A set of red coder head works will heat a long.

A set of red cedar bean poles will last a long time. It is worth some effort to get them.

Don't put horse manure on the strawberry patch; hog is better, being freer from grass seed. Mind what we have so often said, that the earlier strawberry plants are set out in the spring, after the ground becomes fit, the better.

We rather think that cabbage plants grown under glass, from seed sown about now, will be a little better than those wintered over in cold

Trucking and market gardening, requires skilled and trusty help. If the right sort of a man can be had you can afford to pay him several dollars a month extra.

month extra.

To have a few very early pease plant the earliest kind in a box of sand in a warm place. Keepthe soil moist. When the weather permits plant the sprouted pease in the open ground.

The strawberries may not take much hurt if you have forgotten to mulch them up to this time, but they surely will if left so until a thaw comes. Try finely-cut cornstalks.

If you know of some half-dozen kinds of garden vegetables that give satisfaction to you-such as are particularly nice—write out the list and let us have it to print. It will help others.

We save all our oid tin fruit cans, cut the tons

have it to print. It will help others.

We save all our old tin fruit cans, cut the tops off of some, others we cut in two, punch holes in the bottom and use them in the place of earthen pots for potting a few extra-early plants.

If half the old bean-poles are worthless, cut the other half in two. This will save getting any new ones, and nine chances out of ten the old ones are twice as long as they need be.

To have good lettuce in May, sow the seed in a hotbed bout the middle of this month. About the first week in March spot it out 200 to a sash; the first week in March spot it out 200 to a sash; the first of April spot again fifty to a sash. Keep it well aired until the middle of April, when the glass may be removed and shutters used only during frosty nights. The tennis-ball is the best early lettuce.

The good wife has to plan, as well as execute.

The good wife has to plan, as well as execute, about rieven hundred meals each year. Fresh small fruits, and fresh vegetables, in full variety, and great abundance, will help her wonderfully in this. If not already provided, set about supplying the want as soon as departing winter makes it possible.

Enough early plants can be raised to supply the wants of the average farm and village garden in shallow boxes in the kitchen. Cabbage, cauliflower and other hardy plants should be started this month. Plants will usually be ready to transplant in from six to eight weeks from sowing of the seed.

Hale's Honey the great Cough cure, 25c., 50c. & \$1 Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye—Black & brown, 50c, Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute, 25c, Dean's Rheumatic Pills are a sure cure, 50c.

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THE WEEKLY CLOBE

The Heliotrope in Fashionable Favor-New York Notions.

What the Children Say-Answers to Correspondents-Out Shopping.

Botany is often spoken of in a contemptuous way as a "ladles' science" by those who think it consists principally in pulling poor defenceless flowers to pieces to find out their names. Even those who might be supposed to know better are prone to speak slightingly of it. In a Cambridge horse car the writer was one day looking over a text-book upon the subject, the title of which attracted the attention of two Harvard students, so called, who sat opposite.

"Have you-aw-done anything with botany, Jack?" asked No. 1, with a drawl. "Naw," said No. 2, "but I think I shall, it's such a deuced easy thing to get through with, you know. I shall just cram up for a day or two towards the end of the term and then go up for

examination." They were evidently such very fresh-men that I forgave them the libel on my favorite study; for they had time yet to find out that botany, if pursued into its histological, physiological, morphological and all the other logical branches and ramifications, necessitates a knowledge of most of the modern arts and sciences, beginning with and chemistry, proceeding through

geology and chemistry, proceeding through physics, taking in geography and history in an incidental way, and not stopping by any means at higher mathematics, reading French, German and Latin at slight being also requisite for a proper use of untranslated authorities. In fact almost any little accomplishment that one may have will be found convenient and useful to a successful pursuit of the science, such as microscopy in all its branches, free-hand and instrumental drawing, painting in water colors, etc.

Botany means all this to its enthusiastic devotee and much more. It reaches down as well as upwards, and lays hold upon the most practical details of every-day life. Those dear and conservative souls who believe, because they do not know better, that a college education unfits young women for the usual and proper duties or the sex, would be greatly surprised, no doubt, to hear the practical points on housekeeping given the annex girls in a lecture on termentation given by Dr. Goodale before the class in advanced botany. It would be interesting if reported verbatim, for it took up breadynaking and other useful things.

Goodale before the class in advanced botany. It would be interesting if reported verbalim, for it took up bread-making and other useful things, but only a single point must be given now, and that was about canned food.

Fruits and vegetables, such as corn or peaches, are usually preserved nowadays by being placed in tin cans, and sealed up with solder. Then they are placed in tanks of hot water and boiled. There is no danger of an explosion, because the temperature of the water in which they are boiled cannot be higher than that of the juices inside the can. After being cooked a sufficient length of time a little puncture is made with an awl in the cover of the can, through which there will be a sudden gush of steam. A drop of solder is then placed over the hole. When withdrawn from the fire and allowed to cool, a partial vacuum is formed by the condensation taking place within, which will cause the end of the can to bend down or in. So long as they do this the cans are all right, for if fermentation should take place the ends of the can will buige out and round up from the pressure of the gases formed within by the process of fermentation.

A thorough understanding of this subject is very

A thorough understanding of this subject is very A thorough understanding of this subject is very important to all housekeepers in these days when so much canned food is used by every one. Additional points may be gathered from the following abstract of a paper read before the New York Medico-Legal Society a few months ago, and subsequently published in the Sanitarian. The paper was prepared by Dr. John G. Johnson of Brooklyn, who had had six cases of poisoning from the eating of canned tomatoes. He concludes after a pareful review of the subject that—

1. These were not cases of sickness from spoiled somatoes.

2. They were cases of corrosive poisoning from

2. They were cases of corrosive poisoning from muriate of zine and muriate of tin.
3. This poisonous amalgam must be abandoned.
4. Exemplary damages, "at the discretion of the jury," will be sustained by the courts for this reckless tampering with human life in using a dangerous means when a sale one could be used.
5. The canners have only themselves to thank for the present panic in their business, for they have persisted in the use of this dangerous amalgam, knowing it was dangerous.
6. Every cap should be examined, and if two holes are found in it send it at once to the Health Board, with the contents and the name of the grocer who sold it. The reason the second hole is punched is that the can has been found to be a "swell"; that is, the head has been found to be a "swell"; that is, the head has been bulged out by the gases caused by fermentation, and the can has been "reprocessed," or put in a hot-water bath a second time, and a second opening made to allow these gases to escape.
7. Reject every article of canned food that does

these gases to escape.
7. Reject every article of canned food that does not show the line of resin around the edge of the solder on the cap, the same as is seen on the seam at side of the can. All others the doctor claimed

solder on the cap, the same as is seen on the seam at side of the can. All others the doctor claimed were sealed with muriatic acid.

8. "Standard" or first-class goods have not only the name of the factory, but also that of the wholesale house which sells them, on the label. "Seconds," or doubtful or "reprocessed" goods, have a "stock label" on some mythical canning house, but do not have the name of any wholesale grocer on them. Reject all goods that do not have the name of some wholesale firm on the label.

9. A "swell" or decomposing can of goods can always be detected by pressing in the bottom of the can. A sound can, pressed, will give a solid teel. When gas from the decomposition of the lood is inside the can, the tin will rattle by pressing up the bottom as you displace the gas in the lan, like the bottom of your sewing-machine oiler.

10. Reject every can that shows any rust tround the cap on the inside of the head of the lan. Rust proves that there was air inside and lonsequently fermentation.

onsequently fermentation.

And lastly, never allow any canned article to remain in the can after being opened. Empty the contents at once into an earthen dish. This is especially necessary in the case of fruits or anything at all acid, which, if allowed to stand after the air is admitted, will form a disagreeable and denoration oxide.

The Heliotrope in Favor.

Our self-elected apostle of culture has told us that it is as ridiculous to say that such and such a color is the fashion as it would be to assert that B flat was the fashionable key, writes a correspondent from Paris to the London News. He would probably comment with even greater severity

ent from Paris to the London News. He would probably comment with even greater severity upon the absurdity that makes a perfume the elect of a season, regardless of the fact that human noses are variously constructed, so that the olfactory nerves appertaning thereto are diversely affected by various perfumes. At the present moment heliotrope is the odor in fashion, and, could we but trace this apparently illogical whim and fancy to its source, we should probably find that it is due to some discovery relative to this delicious perfume whereby the flowers may be more fully and effectively rified of their sweets than ever before has been possible.

The classification of perfumes has never yet been attempted, though it may one day develop into a science in itself. Ear-harmonies have their scales and tones and keys; but those of the equally-sensitive nerves of smell are still in chaos. We know what we like, but we know not why we like it. We recognize a kind of sequence or relationship in some odors, while there are others which are alone and apart in our consciousness. We can find no kin for them. As an instance of an imperfect scale of perfumes, we may take the fashionable heliotrope; then the pungent hawthorn or May; then the delicious little unpretending woodruffe, and, lastly, the smell of a hayfield when the sun has dried the cut grass. These will be found to have affinities with each other; but where shall we discover the relationships of such indefinable podors as that of the Gloire de Dijon rose, or the scarcely perceptible fresh sweetness of country primroses? So long as a perfume is good, it is evidently the impression of the fashionable modiste that it is impossible to have too much of it. She sends home a new dress with small sachets tucked into the sleeves, the pocket (if she has condescended to insert such an article of every-day utility), and among the folds of the drapery, so that the whole garment is redolent of the favorite perfume of the flower. Cloth cashmere velvet

The tint of heliotrone is as much in favor as the perfume of the flower. Cloth, cashmere, velvet, satin and muslin are being reproduced in it. A beautiful dinner dress in this shade of velvet is made to open over a skirt of white satin embroidered in gold, and is to be worn with ornaments of Indian gold. Tea gowns in this color are much in vogue, and ball gowns made of heliotrope tuile are trimmed with shaded velvet pansies and brown foliage, into which a few sparkles of gold are introduced in defiance of nature. One of these tulle dresses, in the palest shade of soft mauve of the heliotrope blooms, was trimmed with a long, thick garland of tea-roses with their leaves of ruddy brown. The effect of the pale pink, tempered with the creamy white of the outward-curled petals of the roses, in juxtaposition with the soft and dreamy tint of mauve, was in excellent harmony, and the red-brown leaves with their indistinct suggestions of purple seemed to supply the requisite bass to the composition. The tint of heliotrope is as much in favor as the

NEW YORK NOTIONS. What They are Buying and Wearing in

Dry goods merchants are making reductions on winter goods of all kinds, writes Clara Belle from New York. All of these reduced goods are not "old stock" by any means. From importing and jobbing houses the retail stores renew their sea-

the wholesale dealers making reductions as well the wholesale dealers making reductions as well as the retail merchants. At a leading Broadway house surahs, broche satins, summer silks, and various lighter silk novelties are sold at prices ranging from thirty cents the yard for light pinhead and checked taffeta silks to fifty cents, sixty cents and \$1 per yard for surahs and broche satins. There are exceedingly pretty broche satins in evening and day colors for sixty-nine cents a yard, and similar reductions in silks are found all over the city.

saths in evening and day colors for sixty-line cents a yard, and similar reductions in silks are found all over the city.

Goods for early spring wear are also beginning to come in. Conspicuous among these are the all-wool novelties in dress goods. These consist of new weaves and new colors in plain, jacquard and plaid cloths of light weight, suitable for spring wear, every thread of which is warranted all wool, and in designs of American artists, not copied from anything foreign—French, English or German. The grounds of these cloths are in lovely tones of beige, ecru, fawn, cream, drab and brown; red, blues, greens, with grouped dots in contrasting colors, or whoris, leaf, flower or other figures in one or more colors, contrasting always with that of the ground. The designs are, as a rule, highly artistic, the finish of the goods fine, the quality excellent, the styles admirable and the prices moderate. For instance, for the plain cloth which will form the larger part of the suit, the price is 75 cents per yard. The styll is fifty-four which will form the larger part of the suit, the price is 75 cents per yard. The stuff is fifty-four price is 75 cents per yard. The stuff is nity-four inches wide. The same quality of goods in broche or jacquard effects, of the same width and matching the plain cloth in the color of the ground, is \$1 25 a yard, while the plaids range from 98 cents to \$1 a yard. These goods compare favorably in finish, fineness, color and designs with similar imported stuffs costing from \$2 to \$3 a yard.

To Correspondents. PATCHWORK.—Don't buy any new materials. See next week's issue for editor's views on this subject.

subject.

Rugs of Bagging.—Yes, you can make very pretty rugs of the coarse brown bagging of which you speak. You can book the rug, using the bagging as a foundation, out of soft woolien pleces, very small bits being useful in this way. They are very pretty if the colors are drawn in at haphazard, making a "random" rug with perhaps a border of piain black. Or you can copy the pattern and colors from some old Turkish rug and so make a really artistic and beautiful arrangement. An easier way however of using up bits of cloth into rugs, is to cut and sew them as for carpets, and then knit them in a single breadth on large wooden needless.

and then knit them in a single breadth on large wooden needles.

Another way to use the bagging is to cut a smooth, fair piece of the size needed for the rug, and then work with yarn or zephyr a border and central design on it, just as you would on the canvas used for slippers, only on a larger scale. You can easily make up a design. A Grecian or "Walls of Troy" border is pretty and simple, while in the centre you can put a scroll, large initials, a monogram, or "Welcome," if it is for a door-mat. Fringe out the edges and line the whole with a breadth of stout bed-ticking pasted on with flour starch, not too thick. The drying process can be assisted by the use of hot irons.

FANCY-WORK.

Home-Made Work Basket. Procure a peach basket, remove the centre hoop, paint the basket some light shade, either light yellow, blue or white; with white any bright color may be used for lining and trimming. I have one painted white, with lining of red and drapery of black, decorated with bright flowers cut from cretonne, button-hole stitched on with silk the color of the flowers, and old gold silk to brighten the colors. The effect is lovely. There are two lambrequins, one overlapping the other, cut in deep scallops. The edge is finished with a large,

deep scallops. The edge is finished with a large, red worsted cord and balls on the point of each scallop, and ruching of red fiannel two inches wide, pinked on both edges and box-platted on, fastened down with brass buttons; also a ruching of black at the bottom. The slats are decorated with flowers cut from cretonne.

I have another painted yellow, lined with blue, with a drapery of navy blue flannel in deep scallops. The flowers are cowslips, with other bright colors outlined with old gold. The effect is very bright. The scallops are finished with a large cord of orange worsted and gold cord twisted together, and orange worsted balls finish the points, and a ruching of the blue flannel, box-platted, and each platt fastened with a gilt button. I decorated the slats with forget-me-nots. These baskets are useful as a receptacle for holding work, or valuable in the nursery for holding children's clothing.

Crocheted Edging.

Make a chain the length required. First row-One treble in the first stitch of foundation chain; one chain, miss one stitch, and repeat to end of row; turn.
Second row-One double chain into each of eight

stitches; eleven chain, miss six stitches, and

stitches; eleven chain, miss six stitches, and repeat from beginning of row, turn.

Third row—One double chain into each of the six centre stitches of the eight double chains; five chain; one double chain into the centre of eleven chain; repeat from the beginning; turn.

Fourth row—One double chain into each of the four centre stitches of six double chains of last row; five chain, miss three chain, one double chain into each of the five next stitches; five chain; repeat from the beginning.

Fifth row—One double chain into the centre of four double chains of last row; five chain, miss four stitches, one double chain into each of the seven next stitches; five chains; repeat from the beginning.

beginning.
Sixth row—Five double chains over the double chain of last row; eleven chains, repeat from the

Seventh row-Three double chains over the Seventh row—Three double chains over the double chain of last row; seven chain, one double chain into the centre of eleven chain; seven chain; repeat from the beginning; turn.

Eighth row—Three double chains over the double chains of last row; six chain, one double chain into the fifth loop of seven chain; five chain, one double chain into the fourth loop of next seven chain; six chain; repeat from the beginning.

ginning.

Ninth row—One double chain into the centre of double chains of last row; five chain, one double chain into the fourth loop of six chain; five chain, one double chain into centre of next five chain; five chain; five chain; five chain; five chain; five chain; repeat from the beginning.

Set up one loop, and knit from this 120 stitches. First row-Knit across plain and seam back. Second row—Knit one, thread over, knit three, slip one, narrow and bind the stitch obtained by narrowing with the one slipped off; knit three,

Third row—Same all the way across.
Fourth row—Same as second row.
Fith row—Same as third row.
Sixth row—Same as second.
Seventh row—Knit plain, which will give you a seamed row on right side of work.
Fighth row—Same.

Eighth row—Seam.

Ninth row—Knit plain, and this will give three

Ninth row—Knit plain, and this will give three rows of seam on the right side. Repeat this by beginning with second row, and knit as many rows of this edging as your fancy dictates; finish by knittling as deep as you want the skirt to be long, in garter or ribbed stitch.

For a useful, strong skirt, use Germantown yarn and bone needles about the size of an ordinary slate pencil. For a finer skirt, use Saxony yarn and finer needles. Use cream white, crimson or blue wool. The pattern is just as pretty in fine as coarse wool.

Simple Knitting Pattern. This simple but pretty pattern is well adapted for snawls, clouds and the like:

Cast on any number of stitches that can be divided by three, and add one extra stitch. First row-Knit four, with the left needle throw the second loop over the last two, \*over, knit three and throw the first over the last two; repeat from \*. Second row-Purl; this is the same as seam or

backstitch.
Third row—Knit two, \*over, knit three, throw the first over the last two; repeat from \*.
Fourth row—Like second.
Repeat these four rows as often as may be needed: use light, soft wools, as Saxony or Shetland, and tolerably large bone needles.

Here is an innovation on the mosaic and crazy patchwork. Represent fans with stripes of satin and velvet, with black velvet stripes for the side pieces, and the small sticks at the bottom of black satin, with an alternate row of some very narrow stripes in the faintest tint of color. These fans may have a spray of flowers, or a small landscape, or some quaint figures painted across the front of them. Set four of them together for a square, and set together with plain stripes made of mosaic work. For the border have the fans set diagonally, or facing downward.

Handsome Curtains may be made of cheesecloth by embroidering autumn leaves of red, yellow, green and brown all over them. If you have the least bit of artistic idea you can draw the outline of the leaves your-self on the cloth, and end by having curtains that

Thread Knotting. It is said by an experienced seamstress that if you would only thread your needle from the end farthest from that broken off last, you would never be troubled with the thread knotting.

will rival the expensive Madras curtains.

Ice-Cream Without a Freezer.

We use a two-gallon tin pail, with a cover, and a large butter tub with a hole, and piug at the bottom, to draw off the water. When the cream is cool it is put into the pail, some sait and fine ice are put in the bottom of the tub. The pail of cream is set on this, and filled in around with fine ice and salt. We never put any on the top of the pail for fear of getting brine into the cream. We then twist the pail back and forth by the handle, to keep the cream in motion while it freezes, so as to prevent separation, which would spoil the "grain." In about fifteen minutes it will need scraping off from the sides of the pail; for this we use a bread knife. Put back

the cover, draw off the water, if necessary, put in more tee and sait, and twist the pall as before for a few minutes; scrape down again, and so on. It usually takes about half an hour. Of course, the less the diameter of the pail, the quicker it freezes. We dish it up direct from the pail. What is left is packed in sait and lee, as before, covered up and thus kept frozen over-night. We never use rock sait, but use the common barrel sait, such as we keep for saiting the stock. As the temperature of ice and sait combined may be zero, it can be readily seen that the motion of the cream is not to cause it to freeze, but to keep it from being "coarse-grained." TO CUT ON ICE. Figures for the Supple-Jointed

Skaters. And How They May be Formed by Those

Whe Care to Try.

Brief History of the Origin and Development of Skates.

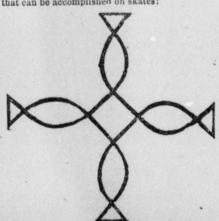
Skates (Dutch "schaats") are believed to have originated in Scandinavia. The earliest skates known were made of bone and fastened to the foot by means of cords. Skates of this description have been discovered in Holland, England, Sweden and Ireland, and history tells us that they were used in London during the reign of Henry II. The origin of skates in their present most common form-wooden shoes with iron runners-can be traced back to the so-called fron age, or about 200 years after the birth of Christ. They were then, without doubt, introduced by the Dutch, who have used them for travel on their canals and rivers for

an unknown period.

Every one will remember the skate of our ancestors: a roughly-finished block of wood, usually painted red, with a runner of iron or steel, channelled at the bottom, ending in a sharp angle at the heel and turning up at the toe, the toe point being decorated with a small brass ball. It was fastened to the foot by a peg or screw entering the heel of the boot, and by straps passing through the body of the skate, and crossing the front part of the foot. They are still occasionally to be seen in parts of New England, though skates of more modern design have nearly supplanted them. The popular skates of the present day are made entirely of iron or steel, and are fastened to the boot by metal clamps, no straps being used. They are commonly called club skates, and it is certainly difficult to imagine anything more conenlent. How well the writer remembers, when a boy, walking four miles to a skating pond, and inding upon reaching there that he had lost his gimlet! It is said that the Frieslanders will travel long distances on skates at the rate of fit-teen miles per hour; and this speed has been greatly exceeded for short distances. It is related that a man once started from Quebec to Montreal. a distance of about 180 miles, in one day, though the truth of this is not vouched for. The best Boston record is said to be nine miles in 27

Skating is a natural gift, there is no doubt about it; and the stupidest boy in school at his books may be the best skater. Many people can be taught to a certain degree of perfection, but stop

right there. The Skaters Congress of New York acknowledge twenty-four distinct movements, and these can be combined in hundreds of different ways. The movements that are considered the most graceful are the single and double grapevine, the long roll with loops on the end, and the Philadelphia double-twist grapevine. The best skaters in this vicinity are Councilman W. H. Thomes of the South End, Ed Wharton, Mr. Hubbard of the Longwood Cricket Club, George Wright and Mr. Tyler of the Longwood Cricket Club and Charles A. Parker of the West End." Following are a few of the remarkable feats that can be accomplished on skates:



In Figure 1 the skater begins at the apex of either one of the triangles with the "inner-edge-forward" movement, sweeping in a graceful crescent to a point almost at right angles with the starting point, when a short backward movement is done on the "outer-edge" to form the base of another triangle; then, going off on the "outer-edge forward," the skater repeats the above movements until the cross-out Maltrea cross to orward," the skater repeats the above ents until the cross-cut Maltese cross is completed.

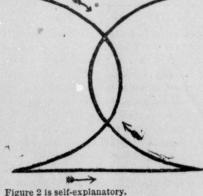


Figure 3 is commenced at the lower apex of the diamond. Skating at an oblique angle, and verg-ing into a curve to right or left, the upper half of the circle is formed, the skater continuing, completes the circle, crossing his first track exactly where he began the curve in the circle, and gliding straight ahead from this point forms the opposite apex of the diamond. Then with a "backward movement" he describes the other circle, finishing

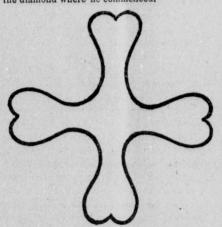
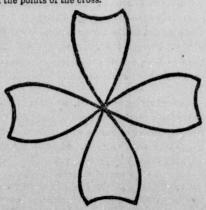
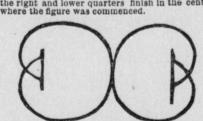


Figure 4 requires both determination and dis erimination as to distances to successfully accom-plish it. It may be commenced with either a "forward" or "backward" movement from either





HINTS TO GOOD HEALTH.

How to Remove Scars-Water to Infants-Inhalation for Phthisis-When to Clean

occasion pain or inconvenience on account of their propensity to contract as they become older. The

Give Water to Infants.

are due to improved nutrition, consequent on better blood circulation—the development of new

sets of blood-vessels in the cicatricial tissue.

A physician of the New York Nursery and Child's Hospital believes, from his practice, that infants generally, whether brought up at the breast or artificially, are not supplied with sufficient water, the fluid portion of their food being quickly taken up, and leaving the solid too thick quickly taken up, and leaving the solid too thick to be easily digested. In warm, dry weather, healthy babies will take water every hour with advantage, and their frequent fretfulness and rise of temperature is often directly due to their not having it. A free supply of water, and restricting the frequency of nursing, has been found at the nursery to be a most effectual check in cases of incipient fever, a diminished rate of mortality and marked reduction in the number of gastric and intestinal complaints being attributed to this cause. In teeth-cutting, water soothes the gums, and frequently stops the fretting and restlessness universal in children at this period.

Oxygen Inhalation for Phthisis. Dr. Albrecht of Neuchatel has been experiment bustion by this means, the bacterium of consump-

When to Clean the Teeth. cavities or interstices between the teeth become the repositories of fragments of food, or traces of some acids in the food are left on the teeth, to cause incipient decay, and hasten it where it has already commenced. It is of course desirable to brush the teeth on rising in the morning and before retiring at night, but it is of infinite more importance that they should be thoroughly cleaned after eating.

According to the novel computation of a German histologist, who has been calculationg the aggregate cell forces of the human brain, the cerebral mass is composed of at least 300,000,000 of nerve ceils, each an independent body, organism and 31..27 microscopic brain, so far as concerns its vitairelations, but subordinated to a nigher purpose in relation to the function of the organ, each living a separate life individually, though socially subject to a higher law of function. The life term of a nerve cell he estimates to be about sixty days, so that 5 000 000 day avery day, shout 200 000 avery day, shout 200 000 avery day. that 5,000,000 die every day, about 200,000 every hour, and nearly 3500 every minute, to be suc-ceeded by an equal number of their progeny, while nce in every sixty days a man has a totally new

Freckles.

It is said that freckles may be thus removed: Put a tablespoonful of chloride of lime in a pint of not water and apply it hot to the face, then rinse off with dilute icmon juice. This should be used with great care, as the chloride is a caustic poison. Hot borax water made in the same proportions will sometimes remove freckles, but con-tinuous bathing for ten minutes at a time and

Eight ounces glycerine, two ounces water, one of armica tincture. Heat the glycerine water and starch until it becomes a transparent mass. When nearly cool add the tincture of arnica, and per-fume with oil of roses. If desired, it can be colored

Viewed in the Abstract and Concrete.

to his conversation—indeed, we admire to listen to his artless prattle as he whips the thin steel deftly around our jugular. \*Neither are we of that class of cynics who rail at the barber's foibles class of cynics who rail at the barber's folbles—
his absolute certainty of nipping a favorite pimple,
his feverish anxiety to anoint our head with
oil that shall run down upon our coatcollar, to its undoubted detriment, his
persistence in giving our face a final
flirt with the towel that shall hopelessly disarrange
the moustache he has with so great exactness
just carefully adjusted—all these shortcomings
and more we can forgive; but we do wish he
would not so studiously avoid the spot upon our
head or face that the light touching of his
hands has set to itching. When the barber
combs our hair, if there be one spot
of all the broad expanse of head that
would be grateful to the soothing touch of
comb or brush, there is something subernatural in
the manner with which the barber avoids it. Similarly with the face. When the bay rum is filling
our nose with cheerful odor and our eyes with
tears, and the barber throws over us the glamor
of the drying towel, is there not always an aggravating spot adjacent to the nose that his swiftlyflying hands utterly fail to reach? With all our
love for the barber, there are times and occasions
when he maddens us.

Marrying Off the Queen's Family. [Pall Mall Gazette.]

married next year, and every one wishes Princess Figure 5 should be commenced at the centre, the skater going to the left, where another quarter is formed. From the upper corner of the latter the skater goes to the lower corner of the latter the skater goes to the lower corner of the latter the skater goes to the lower corner of the light quarter, crossing the atter lines exactly in the centre, then forming the upper corner of the latter then forming the lower corner of the latter the skater goes to the lower corner of the latter the skater goes to the lower corner of the light quarter, crossing the atter lines exactly in the centre, then forming the upper corner of the latter then forming the lower corner of the latter the skater goes to the lower corner of the latter the skater goes Beatrice and her accepted suitor all the joys that

CHECKERS.

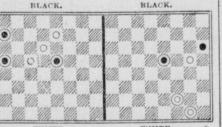
CHARLES F. BARKER..... Boston, February 10, 1885.

All communications for this department must be addressed to Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass. Chess and Checker Players' Headquarters.

> 15 Pemberton Square, Boston. Now Ready,

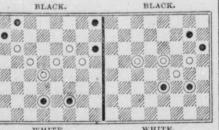
"Barker's American Checker-Player," comprising twenty-two openings, with 534 variations of the best analyzed play, together with thirty-five criti-cal positions, twenty-two of which have been concal positions, twenty-two of which have been con-tributed to this work by the celebrated composers, Messrs. Wardwell and Lyman, containing in all 179 pages, by Charles & Barker, author of the "World's Checker Book," etc. It is handsomely bound in cloth. Price, \$1 (in bills, silver, currency or American postage-stamps), post-paid. All orders promptly attended to. Address Charles F. Barker, No. 8 Houghton street, Cambridgeport, Mass. Any person sending three orders will receive one "American Checker-Player" free.

Position No. 1165. By Isaiah Barker, Cam-bridgeport, Mass. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass.



WHITE.

Position No. 1167. Position No. 1166. End game between H. Shaw and M. Hersey, Haverhill, Mass.



WHITE. White to move and win. White to move and draw.

Came No. 1889-"Old Fourteenth." Played between Messrs, William F. Larkin and C. Morrison, Morrison's move.

C. Morrison, Morrison's mov 11..15 18..22 10..15 23..19 25..18 18..11 8..11 15..22 7..23 22..17 30..26 24..19 4.. 8 11..15 3.. 8 17..13 26..17 19..15 15..18 15..18 2.. 7 24..20 23..14 15..10 11..15 9..18 7..14 28..24 29..25 17...10 8..11 18..23 6..15 26..23 27..18 21...17 10.15 15.18 18.11 17.14 7.23 1.6 24.19 32.28 3.8 8.11 19.15 28.24 2.7 11.15 15.10 14.10 7.14 23.27 17.10 10.1 6.15 27.32 21.17 1.6 Came No. 1890-"New Thirteenth."] Played by correspondence by G. W. Brown of

Warren and J. F. Weaver, La Plata, Mo. Warren and J. F. Weaver, La Flata, Mo. 9.13 11..25 17..26 14..18 22..18 29..22 31..22 22..15 10..15 1...6 6..9 9..14 25..22 22..18 32..28 30..25 6..10 13..17 7..10-B 14..18 18..14 28..24 14.. 7 23..14 10..17 12..16 3..10 16..32 21..14 24..19 18..15-C 25..22 15..19 8..12 10..14 32..27 24..15 26..22-A 15..11 22..18 Notes by G. W. Brown.

Notes by G. W. Brown.

A-In game No. 1858, Walker vs. Wright, Mr.
Wright at this point played 18..15, and Mr.
Walker's reply was 3..8. I think both moves
were weak; 6..9 in reply to 18..15, and I would
prefer black's game. were weak; 6..9 in reply to 18..15, and I would prefer black's game.

B-I doubt if black could draw by any other

C-Losing move; 28..24 better. C-Losing move; 28..24 better.
D-Forms position, No. 10.
E-Giving the game dead away. "What fools we mortals be." Mr. Weaver wrote me afterwards that I could have wen thus: Solution to position No. 10.

16..20 23..19\* 24..27 31..26
3..8 12..8 12..8 11..8 B wins.

2..6\* 20..24 27..31 19..23\*
8..12 8..12 8..11 8..3

Came No. 1891-2d "Double Corner." Played between O. P. Rogers and G. W. Brown

of Warren, Me. 28..24 29..25 24..28 5..1 16..20 23..19 31..24 14..18 24..19 10..15a 28..19 1..6 10.15a
19.10
7.14
12.16
25.22
16.19
22.18
3.8b
14.17
8.11
17.22
19.23
18.14
11.15
22.26e
23.19
26.31
19.24
5.9d 6.. 9 17..13 9..14 12.. 8 14..17 8..4 5..9d 17..21 13..6 4..8 14..10 2..7 15..18 8..12 10..1

Notes by G. W. Brown A-If 25..22, then 13..9. B-If 3..7, then 21..25. C-Now comes a fine illustration of the second position. D-14..17, and the result would be the same.

Came No. 1892-"Clasgow." The two games which follow were played at Leven, Fifeshire, between Messrs. R. Martins and C. Adamson. Martin's move: 

Game No. 1893-"Double Corner." Martins' move. 9.14 11.15 7.11 22.17 26.22 25.22 11.16 15.24 11.16 26.22 28.19 23.18 8.11 8.11 14.23 17.13 22.18 27.11 4.8 11.16 16.23 22.17 18.19 31.27 16.20 0.14 3.7 24.19 29.25 27.18

Came No. 1894, "Switcher." Played between Messrs. Otto Heller and Mat Davellette in '73.

11..15 17..14 14..23 27..24 b19..24 a=21..17 the proper play. b-Solution to Enigma No. 37.

Came No. 1895, "Laird and Lady." a18..2 a18..1 b\*23..27 24..20 27..31 28..24 31..26 14...9 26..22

a-Up to this stage the game is identical with one played between Messrs. Priest and Mead of America.

b—Here Mr. Priest played 2..7, and the game was drawn. I submit the move in the text, as a B won.—J. B.

Solution of Position No. 1156. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport. Mass. The above position should read black to move 32..27 · 16..12 2.. 7 7.. 3 24..15 19..10 8.. 4 4.. 8 23..19 11.. 8

... 6 9 14...17 8...12 2...7 10...14 23...19 (Var. 1.) 7 ...10 10...15 30...25 6... 9 1...15 30...25 6... 9 1...16 Solution of Position No. 1157. By Isaiah Barker, Cambridgeport, Mass. 25..22 2..7..1 9..6 7..14 2.. 7 1... 5 10... 6 5...14 6... 1 3.. 7 1.. 5 2.. 6 5.. 1

By J. H. Harrison, Somerville, Mass. 8..31 10..15 15..18 5.. 9 9..13 W. wins. Solution of Position No. 1159. By William Forsyth, Halifax, N. S. 23..19 31..27 15..10 12.. 8 26..31 19..15 23..18 7.. 2 24..20 27..23 11.. 7 18..15 1 Solution of Position No. 1160.

Solution of Position No. 1158.

By A. Shaefer, M. D., New York.

19..16 10..19 15..18 18..15

12..19 31..26 26..31 8..12

28..24 20..16 18..22 15..19

19..28 26..22 4..8 26..23

13.. 9 19..15 22..18 19..26

5..14 22..26 31..26 12..19 W Solution of Position No. 1161. By James Smith, Spennymoor, England.
23..19\* 30..26\* 15..11 8..24 32..23
26..31 31..22 W. wins.

Solution of Position No. 1162. By William Bowe, New York, 2.. 7 4..11 27..24 11.. 2 15.. 8 2.. 9 Solution of Position No. 1163.

By James McGill, Eddystone, Chester, Penn.
11.15 8.11 23.27 9.14\* 24.20
24.20 24.19 16.11 2... 7 7.11
15.19\* 11.15 27.31 31.27 aDrawn.
23.16 16.11 11... 7 28.24
2... 7 7.23 14... 18\* 11... 7
28... 24 20... 6 7... 2 Draught Items.

The frendly match between Pirie of Aberdeen and Middleton of Kintore resulted in a victory for the latter by three games. Score—Middleton, 5; Pirie, 2; drawn, 3.

The Glasgow Central Club tourney, it is anticipated, will be brought to a close next week. Steel defeated Currie in the senior division, and should the former win from Burus he will be entitled to first prize, the other two playing off for second and third.

titled to first prize, the other two playing off for second and third.

Aberdeen City vs. County.—It has been suggested that this match, which was inaugurated last winter, should take place this season on old New Year's day. There is every indication of a large turnout of county players.

At Swansea, on the 11th and 13th insts., Mr. Strickland gave a couple of exhibitions of his blindfold skill, on each occasion contesting six games at once. He won all the games. In addition, he played thirty-one cross-board games, of which he won no less than twenty-eight, the remaining three being drawn. This week he is playing in Bristol, where, on Tuesday evening, he won four and drew two out of six simultaneous blindfold games.

Last week a meeting was held at St. Giles' Restaurant, Norwich, for the purpose of organizing a draughts club. Mr. R. W. M'Kelvie was voted to the chair. It was decided to name the club the Norfolk and Norwich Draughts Club. Headquarters were fixed at St. Giles' Restaurant, and the following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing season: President, Mr. T. W. Roper; vice-president, Mr. S. Vincent; committee, Mr. T. Hogg, Mr. Harvey, Mr. A. Wharton and Mr. G. Vincent; secretary and treasurer, Mr. W. Tenant. A paper was read by Mr. T. W. Roper, entitled, "The Game of Draughts: Its flistory, Philosophy and Merits." The meeting closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman and to the essayist.

A draught handpap, promoted by the committee of the Workingmen's Club, Alnwick, has

A draught hand)cap, promoted by the committee of the Workingmen's Club, Alnwick, has been making rapid progress during the past few weeks. Twenty of the leading players of the district entered, and some very exciting play has been witnessed by a large company of spectators, it is expected the handicap will be concluded on Saturday, the 20th, and we hope to give the result next week.

result next week.

On Saturday last an enthuslastic and wellattended meeting of the members of the Jarrow
Chess and Draught Club was held in their new
club-room, Albert road, for the purpose of reorganization. The officers were elected as
follows: President, Mr. Lambert; vice-president,
Mr. W. Yeoman; treasurer, Mr. Hughes; secretary, Mr. J. H. Overton; captain, Mr. J. Clayton;
vice-captain, Mr. M. Lumsley. Upwards of
thirty members have already been enrolled, and
the club has every prospect of a successful and
prosperous career. prosperous career.

A draughts handicap promoted by Mr. Henry Ternent of the Black Bull Inn, Bedlington, was commenced on Saturday last; about fifty entries have been obtained and a large number players turned up. One of the heats between R. Paton and T. Morris created considerable amount of interest, and only after three hours' nard play did Mr. Morris vanquish his opponent. The handicab will be resumed on Saturday, 27th, at 3 o'clock, when it is expected the players will muster up in good force.—[Leader. good force .- [Leader.

good force.—[Leader.

Mr. C. F. Barker, through the invitation of Mr. William F. Larkin, the present champion of Essex county, visited Haverhill, Mass., and gave a series of exhibition games at the Academy of Music building. Mr. E. G. Morrison contested twenty-five games with the champion for a small stake on each game. Mr. Morrison receiving as odds the draw games, to count as wins. After four hard sittings, the match resulted as follows: Barker, 15; Morrison, 2; drawn, 8. Mr. U. A. Kiliam then played Mr. Barker two sittings, which terminated in the following score: Barker, 4; Kiliam, 0; drawn, 4.

FROM PAGE TO SENATOR. Successful Career of Dick Townshend, Who

t"Carp" in Cleveland Leader.; Congressman Dick Townshend, who has just announced himself as a candidate for the Illinois senatorship, to succeed General Logan, is one of the handsomest and cleanest looking Democrats in the House. He is 45 years old, straight as a plummet line, and has a modest air which belies his most ambitious nature. He is now serving his fourth term in Congress, and is one of the coming men of his party. Mr. Town-shend was born in Maryland, and at the age of 10 shend was born in Maryland, and at the age of 10 removed to Washington, where he began life as a clerk in Joe Shillington's book store. Mr. Shillington, who is one of the old stagers of the capital, says he was a bright boy, and that he paid great attention to the great men up on the hill. He was also fond of political discussion, and used often to talk politics with an older clerk named Buckingham. Townshend was bright, too, and he often pushed Buckingham to the wall. One day when Buckingham had been so worsted he said to young Townshend: "It makes no difference what you say, Dick Townshend, you are nothing but a boy anyhow!" The boy Townshend replied: "I know I am only a boy now, but I am going to be a congressman some day. Just you walt a few years and I will be getting \$5000 a year in that house on the hill while you are still clerking at a few dollars a week."

week."
"And," continued Mr. Shillington, "he has done "And," continued Mr. Shillington, "he has done so sure enough. He got a position in the Senate not long after this as a page, through some of the senators who used to buy books here, and there formed such a friendship with Judge Marshall of Illinois, that the judge persuaded him to go to Illinois with him. In Illinois he first taught school, and then studied law. Marshall then took him into partnership with him and in due time he was elected to Congress. If he gets to the Senate he will be the second sen tor now in the body who began life as a page there. I refer to Senator Gorman as the other."

RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE. Pathetic Story of the Last Hours of an Eventful Life.

(Carp in Cleveland Leader.)
The last days of John Randolph of Roanoke are
full of pathos. He thought he was dying for years
before he did so, and when he was asked how he before he did so, and when he was asked how he was he would reply, "Dying! dying! dying!" At one time, when he was here at Washington, he was very low, and his friends in Congress thought he could live but a few hours. At one time they left him for a time when he seemed a little better than usual, and went to the Capitol. They had been there but a short time when Raudolph burst into the Senate and made a fiery speech which he supposed would be his last. At another time he came out of his sick chamber into the Senate and made a fiery speech which he supposed would be his last. At another time he came out of his sick chamber into the Senate to hear Clay speak, and shook hands with him at the close testifying his friendship for him notwithstanding the duel which they had formerly fought. Randolph was msane during his last days. He was tyrannical and dictatorial until the last, and he fought with his doctor on his death-bed over the pronunciation of certain words. His death occurred in a Philadelphia hotel. A few minutes before he died the doctor wanted to leave him, but Randolph objected, and his slave took the key, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. With his last words Randolph declared that he wanted his slaves freed, and he kept the doctor there as a witness of his dying declaration. A sceptic through life, he appreciated his condition when on his deathbed, and among his last words were "remorse." He was lying perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed, when he suddenly roused up and screamed out in an agitated voice, "Remorse! remorse!" He hen cried out, "Let me see the word!"

There was no dictionary at hand and he was told so. He exclaimed: "Write it, then; let me see the word!"

There was no dictionary at hand and he was told so. He exclaimed: "Write it, then; let me see the word!" Get a dictionary! Let me see the word." The doctor picked up one of his cards labelled: "Randolph of Roanoke." "Shall I write it on this?" "Yes; nothing more proper," was Randolph's reply. The word "remorse?" was written was he would reply, "Dying! dying! dying!" At

And He Sometimes Finds it Out. A woman never uses her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive a nail with more than once. Not if he knows it.

Gotham.

a generous lump of butter with a teaspoonful of cornstarch rubbed into it. Let the gravy boil up once, then set it off with a cover on the saucepan to keep the contents warm. Put a layer of thinly to keep the contents warm. Put a layer of thinly sliced cold notatoes on the bottom of a baking dish. Have ready a cupful of soaked and shredded sait codfish; put a thin layer of this over the potato. Chop six hard-boiled eggs—they must be cooked fully twelve minutes to ensure their not being sticky. Spread a thin layer of egg over the fish, then begin again with a thick layer of the potato, and so on till the dish is full. Pour the cream gravy on, sprinkle breade crumbs thickly over the top and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes. This dish makes a good substitute for meat at dinner.

Scalloped Codfish.

Season one pint of rich milk with a little salt and

pepper. Put it over the fire, and when heated add

Apple Pudding, Baked.

Cut two or three slices of bread from a stale loaf; cut them not any thicker than a quarter of an inch; pare one pound of good baking apples, cut them in quarters and entirely remove the core; then slice them very thin; butter rather liberally a good-sized pie-dish, and lay at the bottom one of a good-sized pie-dish, and lay at the bottom one of the slices of bread, cut to fit the dish; put upon this a layer of the apples, a good sprinkling of sugar, and a few very thry pieces of butter; next another slice of bread, apples, sugar and butter, and so on until the dish is as full as required; pour over the top one pint of milk, and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a half, or until the apples feel quite soff when a fork is pressed into them. Some persons stew the apples partially before putting them into the pudding; this is rather a good plan, as it ensures their being well is rather a good plan, as it ensures their being well

Worcestershire Sauce.

Who that takes a meal now and then at a restaurant, has not found the inevitable bottle of the above named tongue-blistering concretion staring him in the face almost every time. And how many would pour it over their broiled chop did know the character of the composition. This is what the Druggists' Circular represents it: Vinegar 1 quart; Salt Salt Saltspice, powdered 2 drams. Cloves 1 dram Black pepper, powdered 1 dram Mustard 2 ounces. Ginger 1 dram.

Pumpkin Pudding. Take a pint of pumpkin that has been stewed soft and pressed through a sieve. Melt in half a pint of warm milk a quarter of a pound of butter, and the same quantity of sugar, stirring them well together. If you can conveniently get a pint of rich cream, omit the milk and butter. Beat eight eggs very light and add them gradually to the other ingredients, alternately with the pump-kin. Lastly, stir in a wine glass of rose water and a glass of wine mixed together, a large teaspoon-ful of powdered mace and cinnamon mixed, and a small nutmeg graded. Stir very hard, and bake it in a buttered dish. To be eaten cold.

Spanish Method of Cooking a Rabbit. Skin, dress, cut into small pieces, and let stand an hour in cold water. Peel and thinly slice half a dozen good-sized onions—this quantity is for one rabbit. Put the rabbit and onions in a stew-pan, that has a cover fitting almost air-tight, in alternate layers; season with pepper, salt and a plece of butter the size of an egg. Put on the cover, and let cook gently on the back of the stove in its own gravy. When perfectly tender take up, thicken the gravy with a trifle of cornstarch made smooth in a little water, and add the juice of a lemon if you like it.

Boston Baked Beans. One quart of beans. Soak them over night. In the morning drain, then cover with warm water and add one pound of pork. Boll gently half an hour, then turn them in a collander, and rinse with three quarts of cold water; then put halt of them in the bean pot, then the pork, then the rest of the beans. Pour over them one teaspoonful of mustard, a tablespoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of molasses mixed in a cup of water, then cover with boiling water. Bake slowly for ten hours, adding a little water as it cooks off.

Corn Bread in Cups. Two and a half cups Indian meal; 1 cup flour; three tablespoonfuls cornstarch; three tablespoonfuls shortening; three eggs; 1 teaspoonful soda; and three and a half cups thick sour milk; add salt at discretion. It should be a thin batter. Bake

quickly in small tins or cups. It is best to soak the meal all night, or at least several hours in the sour milk, adding the other ingredients just before Second-Hand Veal. Chop cold roast veal very fine and cook it an our in a gravy made of soup stock thickened with a little flour. Just before taking up add six oysters cut in quarters (canned oysters will do if

fresh ones are not available), put in a generous lump of butter, a grate of nutmeg and a few drops of lemon julce; pepper and salt should have been put in the gravy at the beginning. A Lemon Pudding may be quickly made by taking three tablespoonsful of cornstarch mixed with a little cold water. Pour boiling water into this, stirring until thick. Add one cup of white sugar, juice and pulp of two lemons, and the yolks of two eggs, and bake about half an hour. Beat up the whites and sweeten; brown in the oven.

HIS QUEER THIRST. A Mobile Man Who Says He Can't Live Without Drinking Kerosene Oil.

[Birmingham (Ala.) Age.] Yesterday morning as an Age reporter was passing J. T. Balley's grocery store, on Twentieth street, one of the clerks stopped him and said: 'There is a human curiosity back in the rear of the store. Step in and see it."

There is a human curiosity back in the rear of the store. Step in and see it."

The reporter went in and saw a man in the act of druking a cupful of kerosene oil. He had entered the store and purchased a gallon of the oil, and then asked for a cup, which he filled and hastily drank. This surprised Mr. Bailey, and he questioned the man about the matter.

When the reporter entered the recital was finished and the talker was taking another drink of the oil. The man's story was told the reporter by Mr. Bailey, and was as follows;

"My name is George Eggleston; I was born in Mobile county. Ala., in Angust, 1842. When quite a boy I suffered a great deal with tonsilits and other diseases of the throat. Kerosene oil was recommended as a cure, and consequently I was dosed with kerosene. As long as I took the oil, I was apparently well, and so I continued to take it for a number of years. The first time that I knew that I was the victim of an almost incurable habit was when I was sent off to a boarding school. After three days at the place I felt as it there was something wanting, I became restless, lost my appetite, and could not sleep. I saw a servant filling a lamp, and all at once a terrible thirst for a drink of the oil took possession of me, and I at once obtained it and that night I have taken my dose of kerosene oil as regular as a drunkard takes his whiskey; and I can't do without it."

Mr. Bailey asked Mr. Eggleston what he would

without it."
Mr. Bailey asked Mr. Eggleston what he would do if he was placed so he could not get oil. He

Mr. Bailey asked Mr. Eggleston what he would do if he was placed so ne could not get oil. He replied:

"I would go crazy. I recollect once of being in such a predicament. I started out on a hunt once, expecting to stay only one day, but was detained five days. I was all right until the fourth night, when I felt the thirst on me. The next day I suffered almost death, and reaching home that night, drank a pint of oil at one time."

This was what Mr. Eggleston told Mr. Bailey. This was what Mr. Eggleston told Mr. Bailey. Considered an incurable one, but caused him no inconvenience whatever. He believed he was healthler for the habit.

Mr. Eggleston lives eleven miles north of Birmingham, and is well known by a number of our citizens. The reporter in speaking of the case afterwards asked several physicians what they thought the result would be if a man was addicted to the habit of taking large quantities of kerosene oil. The reply every time was that it would eventually kill. Mr. Eggleston, however, is as healthy a looking man as one would wish to see, and so far as appearances go, his queer taste has caused him no inconvenience.

Gold Ink For Love Letters.

[Detroit Free Press.]

To make gold ink, grind gold leaf with white honey in a slab of porphry or glass, with a muller, honey in a slab of porphry or glass, with a muller, until it is reduced to an impalpable powder in a pasty condition; this golden honey paste is then diffused in water, which dissolves the honey, and the gold falls to the bottom in the form of a very fine powder. When the honey is all washed away mix the gold powder with gum arabic muci-lage. After using it, allow it to dry on the paper, and then it may be made brilliant by burnishing it with an agate burnisher. Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dr. J. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean street. Brooklyn, N. Y., will receive the recipe free of charge.

the right and lower quarters finish in the centre, where the figure was commenced.

Much perseverance will be required to execute Figure 6. It is commenced on the straight line in the left or right circle, with a "backward" movement. Then the skater, going forward, forms a curve similar to the letter S lying on its side. Forming a straight line, by a "backward" stroke he goes to the extreme upper point of the straight line again, and, with a long, backward sweep, forms another S, joining the circles accurately and finishing where he began.

Teeth, Etc. Scars on the face are always unsightly, and may

pressure on the nerves of the neighboring tissues by their constriction is sometimes an occasion of severe pain. Dr. Wark of New York asserts that scars may be removed or much altered by manipulation, which he directs to be made as follows: Place the ends of two or three fingers on a scar, if it be a small one, and on the margin, if it be large, and vibrate the surface on the tissues beneath. The surface itself is not to be subjected to any friction; all the motion must be between the integument and the deeper parts. The location of the vibratile motion should be changed every ten or fifteen seconds until the whole scar has been treated, if it be of moderate size. It the scar be the result of a large scald or burn the margins only should be treated at first; the advances toward the centre should be deferred until the nutrition of the margins has been decidedly improved. Only a little treatment should be applied to any one spot at the same time, but the vibrations should be repeated as many as twenty times a day, but never with sufficient frequency or severity to cause pain. If the scar become irritable, suspend treatment until it subsides. In the course of two or three weeks of faithful treatment, the surfaces of the scars of moderate size become more movable, and will begin to form wrinkles like true skin when pressed from side to side. All these changes are due to improved nutrition, consequent on bet-

ing on consumption patients in a hospital at Berne, Switzerland, with a view of ascertaining its effects upon the development of phthisis, and whether, by increasing the rate of organic combustion by this means, the bacterium of consumption would not be destroyed and eliminated from the system. The subjects were tuberculous patients, in whose expectoration the bacterium of phthisis had been discovered with certainty on several occasions. The patients were first submitted to an appropriate highly nutritious diet, consisting of milk and peptone, and twice a week they were weighed with great care. It was observed that as soon as the oxygen inhalations began the daily loss of weight was checked, and in some cases the weight increased, dyspinga diminished, and the number of bacteria seen under the microscope appeared smaller.

Of all the people who clean their teeth regularly, it is certain that a very large proportion only do so once a day, and that generally at the time of their morning ablutions. A much smaller number also do so at retiring, but the number of those making a practice of regularly brushing their teeth after eating, the most important time of all, is indeed very small. It is while eating that all little cavitles or interstices, between the test become

Chapped Hands.

[Rockland Courier-Gazette.]
Incidentally we love a barber. We do not object

The last of the Queen's family is going to be



HELLO!

HELLO!!

HELLO!!!

INAUGURATION INAUGURATION INAUGURATION

DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT DEMOCRATIC PRESIDENT

WILL TAKE PLACE

WITHIN A FEW DAYS. WITHIN A FEW DAYS. WITHIN A FEW DAYS.

# THEWEEKLYGLOBE

WILL TELL ALL ABOUT IT. WILL TELL ALL ABOUT IT. WILL TELL ALL ABOUT IT.

EVERY DEMOCRAT NEEDS THE GLOBE. EVERY DEMOCRAT NEEDS THE GLOBE. EVERY DEMOCRAT NEEDS THE GLOBE.

# **DEMOCRATS** WHO WANT OFFICE

administration, should read THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE regularly. That paper will give inside pardculars about the different offices all over the country, the post offices, custom houses, clerkships, etc., which are covered by the civil service rules, which are not, what the rules are, etc., etc. THE WEEKLY GLOBE is the leading Democratic newspaper of New England. It supported Cleveland and Hendricks rigorously. It believes in turning the rascals out, and that intelligent, honest and industrious Democrats will and should fill the places of responsibility, power, and emolument. THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE will contain information during the next few months that every applicant for office will want, will appretlate, and will make a mistake if he misses it. No matter how many papers you take now, you need THE BOSTON WEEKLY GLOBE. It is only \$1 per ear to any part of the United States. Address BOS TON WEEKLY GLOBE, 238 Washington street Boston, Mass.

### THE GLOBE AGRICULTURAL EDITOR.

Mr. William H. Yeomans has kindly consented to take the editorship of the Agricul-GLORE.

Mr. Yeomans has been a contributor to the leading agricultural weeklies for several years, and is well known to the farmers of the United States as a reliable authority upon all agricultural subjects.

Mr. Yeomans invites correspondence from THE GLOBE readers, and will answer any questions relating to farming that readers find it for their interest to ask him

### HOW TO REMIT, ETC.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE. is sent everywhere in the United States and Canadas, one year. free of postage, for only \$1: six copies for only \$5. All subscriptions should be sent by nostal order

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All exchange newspapers and magazines should be addressed simply, "Lock Drawer 5220, Boston, Mass." Sample copies are free.

The knowing ones are very sure that General COLLINS of Boston can have a place in the cabinet if he desires it. If anything that the business men of Boston might say would bring about that result there would be no doubt about it. The only question would be with them whether Gencollins would not be too valuable a man to lose from Congress.

Monsignor Capel, in an address before the New York Press Club, the other evening, strongly advocated the establishment of a fund for the relief of destitute newspaper men and their fam ilies. His remarks suggest the advisability of establishing in the fraternity a co-operative association similar to those so successfully conducted paper men in New England to form a large and strong association. Assessments would always dered an important decision at Baltimore, recentsit lightly on the members, for the reason that whenever a loss was paid the members contribut- | colored people against a steamship company

money would go to the support of the widow and children of their own profession, sympathy and

### WHO SHOULD BE SENT TO THE REAR.

The absurd proposition of sending the older members of the Democratic party to the rear has been discussed as though it was likely to be realized. If the Democratic party is stupid enough to seriously consider such a scheme it certainly does not merit the success which it is about to enjoy. If the party fails to honor the men who have carried its standard through a series of defeats for twenty-five years then it does not deserve to longer cumber the earth.

The scheme is simply an attempt to reverse the laws of God and man. It is like trying to make water run up hill and if carried out would cause every young Democrat to commit the sin of ingratitude, an act which would shame him to the last hour of his life. Every thinking man knows that in politics, in business, in religion, in the professions, in every avenue of life, it is the gray-haired men who are respected and honored. They have had time to achieve and succeed. The price of success in this busy world is high enough to prevent its acquisition except by men of brains and industry. Examples of extraordinary luck are rare. Men who have succeeded know the toil it costs. and the high price of success is amply shown by the thousands of failures scattered along the high-

stood the brunt of the battle who have contributed of their time and money to sustain the organization since Lincoln's inauguration in 1861, are entitled to the hearty gratitude of CLEVELAND and HENDRICKS last November. The Democratic party has existed since the foundation of the government, and it has seen the rise and fall of every other party which has been formed in this Republic. It is due to these men of mature years that the Democratic party has this matchless record. But for them and their efforts at any time during the last twenty years.

Now that national success has come these they are justly entitled. And we have no doubt they will. To their credit be it said they are not forcing their claims upon the incoming administration. They are not even disturbed by the idle clatter about the necessity of shelving them. They know that the younger men who have come to the front do not cherish any such desire and resent vigorously any such idea.

We expect for instance that President CLEVE-LAND will naturally select several comparatively young men for his cabinet. We know that he can be trusted to select a cabinet which will give universal satisfaction. We do not believe however, that he can select any one man who will give greater joy to the Democratic party or be subject to less criticism from the Republican party than by naming ALLEN G. THURMAN of Ohio for a cabinet position. The selection of this leading statesmen would be universally acceptable, and the endorsement it would receive would prove how utterly stupid and nonsensical is the allegation that the veterans should be sent

It is not the men who have worked and borne the heat and burden of the day who should be dismissed. It is the bummers who should be

### MORALS FROM CRIME.

If the marrying propensities of WILLIAM WEEKS, a well-to-do farmer of Freeport, L. I., are allowed to go on he will own every farm in the State in a short time. Some two years ago he a young widow, who owned a good farm. They settled down, and he lived like a king. In the course of time a Mrs. RHODES, wife of a farmer in the neighboring town of Norwood, became a widow, and WILLIAM went over and married her.

Here the curtain rises on the second act. Having wedded Mrs. RHODES he lived at her house a while. On returning to his original home, wife number one upbraided him for his absence. Now mark the duplicity of the flattering rogue. He told her that he had been down to a hog-guessing at Freeport, and had won a hog and sold it for \$12. which he considered a good piece of work. The next day he went back and put on the late Mr. RHODES' slippers and told Mr. RHODES' wife the same story. Things went on swimmingly for a few days, and then the hog-guessing business played out and his senior wife began to watch him. He bribed her agents two or three times, but at last she went herself and found him installed as the head of the RHODES' penates. Nothing daunted by the failure of his plot, he went to Brooklyn, married another widow and escaped to

Canada. The above story is capable of being twisted so as to serve as a text for a variety of morals. The first is whether it would not be proper to pass a law prohibiting widows from marrying. Some time ago a coterie of ancient maidens sent a petition to one of our State legislatures asking for such an act, but the lawmakers had many of them been elected by money procured from such alliances, and felt kindly disposed to the class, and would not listen to the maidens' prayer. Others knew how charming a widow can be, and refused their sanction on the plea of gallantry. The petitioners were referred to the next legislature, and that referred them to the next, and so on until the applicants saw that laws were harder to get than husbands, and gave up.

Another view of the tale suggests a new way of coining excuses. Mr. WEEKS was a very clever man at making love, no doubt, but his chief excellence consists in impromptu mendacity. Nobedy but a genius or a poet would speak of a love affair as a "hog guessing." The very simplicity of the term disarmed rebuke, while the story of winning \$12 prompted admiration. Old apologies, like being at the club or the lodge, were ignored by this man. He had studied widows, and knew how to please them. After a brilliant and successful engagement at Freeport and vicinity he went to Brooklyn, made another conquest, and departed for Canada. If he knows his business a brilliant career is open for him in his new home. Genius like his can win money as well as hearts. Under the fostering care of Eno and his associates he may yet develop into a first-class thief.

Judge Morris of the United States Court renly, in the case of MARTHA STEWART and other

modations. The judge decided that the company had no right to refuse such accommodations. Colored people who had feared that the action of the Supreme Court in declaring the civil rights bill anconstitutional would deprive them of all redress. The decision of Judge Morris, therefore, will afford them a great deal of satisfaction.

### JOHN BULL'S LOST HONOR.

With mingled wrath and shame the London Times cries out that the honor lost by England in the Soudan must be avenged. The Arabs must be crushed at whatever cost. The British government, true to its traditions, having picked a quarrel and been worsted, thus thunders from its press that she has been wronged. The assumption is totally unjustifiable, but a pretext of righteousness is sought for, and is thus easily found.

And this illustrates the readiness with which a nation going to war seizes upon an excuse for its course. In the first place, the British government had no business whatever in the Soudan. Nay, it does not claim that it had, but declares-or did declare at the start-that in sending General GORDON into the interior it gave him instructions simply to go there and withdraw the so that they might not be injured by El Mahdi. That was the pretence. England out of philanthropy, desired to aid Egyptians in evacuating the territory, and nothing more! She had no sinister motives, no designs.

But what an excuse! With hundreds of thousands of people in an island but a few miles from England's shores suffering almost every woe imaginable, and ground under the iron heel of despotism, all by the law and sanction of that same England, she informs an innocent world that she has in her great-heartedness sent General GORDON thousands of miles away to warn one set of semi-savages that they are liable to get hurt by another set of semi-savages, and that they would better run right home. Kind England! Philanthropic England!

England sent there for the purpose of evacuating the country. Hum. And now, having been suddenly given a very strong impetus to do what declares that her honor has been insulted, and that she must be avenged. Virtually admitting that she had no right to go there, she complains bitterly that she has been taken at her word, and the blood of untold thousands must flow to satisfy

Let the Egyptians themselves declare how shall low and how heartless was the pretence of England that she feared for the safety of the Egyptian garrisons. Their acts tell the story. Of the 10,000 Egyptian troops with General Gordon at Khartoum, 8000 went over to the enemy. Why? Largely because of sympathy. They never were in any danger from EL MAHDI, and England knew it: for it is notorious that EL MAHDI only too willingly welcomes all grades and ranks to

Then what justification has England, except the right of might, for seeking to be avenged at the expense of the Arabs? None whatever. She has been dishonored, but her own meddlesome dispositio and her own ministry, acting out that disposition, did it. There is no foundation for argument

### NEW YORK HEATHEN.

A few days ago thirty or forty missionaries, mostly New England people, sailed from the port of New York to visit and convert the heathen in Africa. The New York Sun, ever anxious to improve the material, moral and religious condition of that wicked metropolis, discouraged this undertaking by pointing out the dangers and inconveniences that must attend missionary labors in that dark continent. It also held forth, and illumined with that brilliant light that only the Sun can shed the great advantages and most excellent opportunity for Christian work within the precincts of New York City. It says "Look for example at the present state of things in New York. Murder, prompted by motives of political evenge, dogs the footsteps of marked men, or stalks boldly through our public streets."

Whether or not this murderous feeling of "political revenge" was engendered by the defeat of BLAINE or the appointment of a Boston man who writes poetry as commissioner of public works plain what an ample and fruitful field for missionary work the city of New York is, and signified to Christian workers eager and anxious for missionary labors where they can find heathen in

### THE FAITH CURE DELUSION. In the New York Tribune of last week appeared the following telegraphic account of a faith-cure

hospital in St. Louis:

A singular case was developed in the coroner's office. n connection with the death of a child named JOSEPH DURHAM. The testimony showed that a faith-cure ago founded a faith-cure hospital at St. Louis similar were to be cured by prayer. The hospital was sup-As soon as they were admitted, the matron, the minis ter and the attendants began praying. No matter what turn the patient took the praying was kept up. No medical attendance was allowed. The patients grew worse day by day, and many of them were taken away. But nine of them were cured. The child, Joseph Durham, was admitted a week ago, and was then in fair health. He soon became sick, and the faith system was resorted to. The result was that he grew rapidly worse. Appeals were made nightly to as if to drive away the disease, the attendants made use of such expressions as: "The good GoD please make these sufferers whole;" "Our Heavenly Father, look with benevolence on the child," "JESUS, our Saviour, take away the germs of disease." The child, like all other patients, grew worse, and suffered the most intense agony. No physician was called, and it finally died. The institution is filled with children all of whom are dying for want of proper care and

It is not many months since people living near discovered in New York City a little child lying in great suffering from a broken limb, which the father expected God would set or heal in answer to prayer. Complaint was made, and the child was taken in charge by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

It would seem as if a simple statement of facts like the above would be sufficient to cure people of this delusion, but that they do not, a largely attended "faith-cure" meeting held in Boston two What wonders were performed at this latter gathering only the initiated know, for a young disciple stood at the door and admitted only those who wished to be "physically prayed for"-i. e., were aiready believers in the folly. The affair resembled (in this respect only?) a spiritualistic seance, where the spirits are unable to perform in the

If one talks with a believer in faith-cures he is told that CHRIST healed the sick without medicine,

thing now as then. No Christian doubts the truth of these statements. At a time when there was no medical science, when the medical art was almost unknown. CHRIST, according to the Scriptures, healed the sick and raised the dead without what would be called "medical" means. Yet there were means used: there was always something for the sufferer to do: the man with the withered arm was told to stretch it out: the blind man was to bathe in the Pool of Siloam; the leper must go and show himself to the priest; nay, a clay ointment was even made for blind eyes. All these things teach that God evidently intends us to use the means at our command, means which He has given us, for the accomplishment of any end. Medical skill, nursing, obedience to the laws of health, these are the means by which our sick are healed in these days, and if we do not use them we alone are responsible for consequences.

The modern form of the divine command is given by our common sense, and the words are: "Go and call a doctor."

"But this leaves GoD entirely out of the mat ter," is objected. Not at all. The mother who sees her child brought back, by God-given means, to her and to life when she thought her lost to both, has as much reason to give thanks as did the

### WHY NOT THE ANARCHISTS?

During the recent stirring events in London, loud execrations have been indulged in in all parts of England against the Irish people. The dynamite outrages were at once charged upon them without any evidence whatever, except the very negative sort secured by calling to mind the bare fact that the British government had constantly oppressed Ireland, and, therefore, deserved her illwill. No attention was paid to the fact that Irish patriots like PARNELL, who represent the body of Irish sentiment, deprecate dynamite outrages, knowing that, guilty or not guilty, Irishmen would be held responsible and Ireland made to suffer therefor. And to give aid and comfort to Ireland's accusers, Mr. O'Donovan Rossa always arises to make profound and mysterious remarks and winks, and pretend to a knowledge and approval of all that has taken place.

But why is it not more likely that these outrages are committed by some of the numerous Anarchists residing at London? They have shown by their work in Russia and other parts of Europe that they are willing to adopt any means to accomplish their ends. The use of dynamite is right in their line, nor is their hostility confined to any one crowned head, but to all. Their purpose is just as well served by shaking monarchy in England as in Russia. To give to established governments a feeling of insecurity is their chief end and aim. The Irish people, on the other hand, are not given to such methods. One of the faults of the race is that it is too frank and open in the exhibition of its feelings for its own good. The Irishman's resentments are earnest and unconcealed. He meets his enemy face to face; not secretly and behind his back. He does not go about planning injury to innocent women and children. The same impulsive temperament which causes him to give instant battle to a foe, no matter how great the odds against him, makes him as tender as a child toward the weak and defenceless.

Hence the British authorities would probably have much better success in capturing the individuals who blew up the Tower with its troops of visiting children if they should turn their eyes in some other direction than Ireland. The trouble is, over there in her majesty's metropolis, that their police and their newspapers are very slow and stupid in working up a case. As Mr. PAR-NELL remarked, if such an affair were to occur in soon untangle the thread and bring the perpetrators of the deed to justice.

There seems to be considerable difficulty in deciding definitely as to the responsibility of the assassin of O'Donovan Rossa. Some of the circumstances make it appear that she is insane. It so, of course the asylum is the place for her. If Mr. O'REILLY's supposition that she is a British spy is correct, not only should she herself be punished, but her government should receive the utmost condemnation from all sides. Perhaps the most probable supposition is that she undertook the job on her own account out of revenge. If that be the case, the law should see that she receives the same treatment accorded to all other murder-

FREDDIE GEBHARD has just registered his racing colors in England as pink with gold spots. This important fact has been flashed along the wires and carried to the uttermost parts of the United Kingdom. The sweetness and light of this graceful action is depended on to allay excitement and abolish the predudice in English breasts, because dynamiters are thought to come from Amer-

The court that has had General SWAIM's case under consideration has found him guilty on one charge and not guilty on the other. As a punishment it recommends that he be retired for a time on half pay. From this it is inferred that a man who is half guilty gets half pay. Now, how are the other grades regulated? Does a man who is fully guilty receive full pay? If so, what does an innocent man get?

General GRANT seems to be the luckiest man n war and the most unfortunate man in peace that ever figured in our history. Everybody thought his magazine article censured General McCook. General GRANT now tells a reporter that he didn't mean any such thing, and he can't see how his story was so construed. The general's sentences are not as sharp as his sword, or this mistake would never have been made.

There are more beer drinkers in Belgium than in the Fatherland itself. Even England imbibes more of the beverage of King GAMBRINUS than the land ruled by the Kaiser WILHELM and BIS-MARCK. Perhaps the Tentonic thought lightly turns to more potent draughts than Pilsner in these degenerate dynamite days.

The headquarters of the signal office in Washington had a boom in hot weather Saturday, when the thermometer registered some hundreds of degrees above freezing point. How the fire originated is a conundrum for Old Probs.

It was very kind in the British cabinet to offer WOLSELEY the opportunity to shoulder all further responsibility, but he knew when he had got enough.

So long as the Socialists continue to battle each other as they did at the meeting in New York and said, "According to your faith be it unto | Monday night the public need have very little

Until the disciples of the doctrine can discuss its principles without causing a riot among their own number they will be unlikely to have much spare energy to waste on the heretics outside.

### SLINGS AND ARROWS.

O'Donovan Rossa's fate would indicate that the example of the Kilkenny cats is contagious. In going through one of Boston's big bazaars yesterday I was interested in noticing how much prectier were the majority of girls behind the counter than the majority of those in front. From the scientific point of view the fact is most sig-

Caple, the novelist, gave some first-rate advice to the negroes of Madison, Wis., recently, when he said: "Let all colored men patiently, per sistently, and with all possible intellectual skill ignore their African origin, and do, say and seek everything purely, only, and entirely as American citizens equally interested with all other American citizens in all the rights of all." The author of "The Breadwinners" has had all

sorts of hard things said about him, but the latest slander is the worst. It is now said that a female pugilist, "the Cleveland Slasher," matched for a fight with Hattle Lewis, is his sis er.

Several mustard mills have recently been established in San Francisco. Southern California

produces immense crops of mustard seed. The fashion editor of the Beacon calls "the weird, yet delicate blue, which is now shown in evening silks of the first quality," a "ravishing" hue. These adjectives would suggest that the Beacon has corraled the Sweet Singer of Michigan and set her to writing fashion notes.

Fall River Herald: Overwork kills more men than does the want of work, but it is not so easy a

The fact that thirteen members of the New York Police Pepartment Band," suggests many new channels in which policemen may be useful. For instance, the ornamental platoon at the head of a procession can be armed with brass and save the expense of one band. Again musical policemen could be used to awe rioters and even to repel invasions. The only trouble would be that the sensibilities of the members of the band would be hardened and the ultimate effect might be very

Henry M. Stanley is rapidly pushing to its completion the manuscript of another work on his African labors. It will bear the title "Congo; or, The Founding of a State-a Story of Work and Engineer Melville won't be able to find a patron

whose name he can write "across the face of the polar continent" while the weather makes a man's fingers so numb that his handwriting is a shade worse than Horace Greeley's. Not till the springtime comes again will Melville be able to persuade anybody that his chirography encircling the north pole wouldn't look like a barbed wire

The original Thirteen Club of the United States held its fifth annual dinner recently in San Francisco. After a four years' defiance of superstition every one of the original thirteen is still living, and, stranger, every one of them was present. As on previous occasions the club performed various ceremonies, such as walking under the ladder, spliling salt, breaking the mirror, selling the black cat, cutting the nine of diamonds, etc., all popularly supposed to be fatal.

It so happens that a Boston man, who has an impediment in his speech, is a very slow writer. One day he was copying a long document, and sadly trying the patience of a man waiting for it, when a common acquaintance explained: "Why, dont you know? He stutters so badly that he can't

At the boarding-house, Arabella, who just dotes on butter, has been nicknamed "Caterpillar" Jones, because she makes the butter fly. Aimee is said to have bought a new play, en-

titled "Mistaken Identity." Probably she will wear street clothes in it half the time. Now that some statistical chap has discovered that it costs the railroads of this country over

\$1,000,000 annually for links and pins, it is in order to hear from the Odd Fellows on the same A man walked from Campbell county, Ga., to Blairsville, Union county, S. C., says the Abbe

ville Medium, a distance of 100 miles, to pay his tax (four cents) on a lot of wild land. None but a vulgar man, if he stops to think of it, will register his wife at a hotel as his "lady." ashes coal will assay to the ton. He says he bought sixteen tons of coal, and he is sure he has shovelled nineteen tons of ashes out of his fur-

ace so far, and the winter is only half over. Henry Cole, aged 17, of White Stone, Va., was bound to marry Lucy Spier, aged 14. She ran away with him from her home in a neighboring county, but when they applied for a license their united capital reached only fourteen cents. The clerk was inexorable, so the bridegroom with two friends waited till nightfall, then broke into a smokehouse, stole some bacon, sold it the next morning, and got the license with the proceeds. Two hours later the whole party was arrested for

The prevailing style today for all invitation cards and notes as well as in writing naper and business blanks, is severely simple. Plain white and black, without fancy lettering, is the only correct thing.

Justice Foote of Chicago has declared that French flats are a nuisance that should be abated; they are not only cold and uncomfortaable but no two women can live in them and enjoy that peace that should surround every home. The "peace" in this instance was broken by a woman who cut the water pipes and flooded another woman's flat. She replied by singing "Only a Pansy Blossom" and "When the Robins Nest Again." The case was discharged.

In Rouen, France, from the time of death till the funeral a servant stationed at the door for the purpose gives a loaf of bread to each poor person who rings the bell. A Cincinnati hotel man reports Adelaide Neil-

son as having said that it is unlucky to change hotels. He also says that Patti and Nilsson always aim to get the same suite of rooms that Jennie Lind used to occupy.

A resident of Chicago, whose long experience in the examination of irregular accounts gives his opiniou some value, expresses his conviction that there is hardly a large establishment in the city in which dishonest practices do not prevail. The partor of St. Vincent de Paul's Catholic

Church in Mount Vernon, O., public declared the skating rink a nuisance and prohibited any of his flock from attending it. Three girls who disc beyed were on Sunday ordered to do public penance for their disobedience. Two of them responded, and during the services kneeled in from of the chancel rail. The third refused and was excommunicated. Her father and mother were held responsible for her actions and suffered the It does not seem to dawn on Rossa's crowd that

perhaps Mrs. Dudley, instead of being an English emissary, may have known Captain Phelan for a long time, and came on to New York to put a bullet where the captain may think it belongs. Uncle St thinks it right that sighs and groans should always be spoken of in the same breath, "for." says he, "mustn't a thing when it's grown

have some size?" The Diamond Match Company, which before the internal revenue tax on matches was removed had a practical monopoly in the match business, has just bought out the Akron (O.) Match Company, capital \$100,000.

He just stepped into the parlor a minute to get warm after seeing her home from the party. The next morning her mother came down first and found the younger brother's overshoe on top of the gas shade, where he had cunningly placed it before the sister came in. Now the small boy doesn't get any more candy and the parlor is un-

A more novel use than any to which the telephone has yet been put is that devised by an ingenious Frenchman who, by the accident of fate, finds himself the keeper of a Moslem shrine near the holy city of Kairwin. He is about to put a telephone in the shrine which will convey to him in his chamber the questions put to the saint and return his own repties. The combination of science with religion is expected to work wonders on the supers itious Arabs and enlarge the keeper's purse greatly, while saving him lots of bother.

## BEECHER'S WHITE DAYS.

The Atmosphere in Which a Man is a Christian.

Sermon by the Plymouth Pastor on Exalted Religious Experience.

"Wonder Days" Which Cannot be Expressed in Language.

BROOKLYN, February 8 .- Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's sermon this morning was from Colossians, iii., 3, 4: "For ye are dead and your lite is bid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." Mr. Beecher said:

We only know so much of each other as we

possess in ourselves of the qualities known. And

still more true, all that we know of God as to

quality must be that in us which is of God. And

the life of God is the higher, better life of

our own soul, in so far as its substance or quality

is concerned. As Paul says, the man superior

understands and judges everything going on in the man inferior, the physical man; but the physical man cannot understand the thoughts, the emotions, the purposes of the man superior The upper can look down on the lower; the lower cannot look up to understand the upper, and it that same connection he says that a man's real life-the life of the man which is the man distinguished from the animal—that is not to be discerned, that is hid, hid in God through Christ. It is hidden, not from ourselves, but from the observation of men as one man is hidden from A low-born man, organized low, from him is hidden all high-born and nobly-endowed men. Men whose hands are both born thieves wouldn't believe there was ever a man born that could with immunity and large profit steal, and that didn't want to. A reprobate, foul and salacious, could not understand the untouched virginal purity of nobler souls. He don't believe in it; it has no meaning to him. The thoroughly bad, from them the good is hidden, and the thoroughly good and always thoroughly good, to not understand any more the thoroughly bad, and possibly hundreds and thousands cannot believe in wickedness. You tell them the story—"I never can believe any such thing as that." Those that live in the higher realms of experience, from them is hidden the low, gross corruptions of millions, as from these corrupt men are hidden also the radiancy of the inward life of those pure, true and honest. wouldn't believe there was ever a man born that

and honest.

So then men may be so high that evil men refuse to believe in them, and evil men may be so evil that pure men refuse to believe in them. They are hidden from each other. It may suggest itself to some that this is conflicting. Christ says, "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works and glorify your father which is in heaven," and yet this seems framed that the

Goodness of Men Is Hidden.

But all the qualities of the higher life may be hidden, yet they are the fountain out of which come the visible and practical fruits of the godly Your outward demeanor is visible. So live that men may see in your morality that which leads them to glorify God. But, on the other hand, the fountain from which it comes they cannot see.

leads them to glorify God. But, on the other hand, the fountain from which it comes they cannot see. I remark in view of this explanation, first, a full Christian has the helps, as everybody else has, of experience, of his own and of theirs; of custom, and customs are footpaths and generally to be followed; all law; public sentiment; in other words, of those elements that are educatory. They belong to a true Christian life. He has all that every man has who seeks to live by the light of ordinary experience, but he has more—the genius inspired by the divine presence. The average life is to him what the solid earth is to us, but the true spiritual Christian has what the atmosphere above the solid earth brings to us, the clear heaven with its shining glory by day and by night.

There are two ways in which the farm drinks. In most of our mountainous regions and the great aid plains, you can reap harvests only by tirrigation. In more favored lands the clouds wheel and parade and the rains drop from on high and water the farms. Men of ordinary morality are irrigated by custom and mechanical appliances. Christian men have the rain dropping from above.

Now, our good work should be conspicuous, but the real source and inspiration is unknown to those around us. Oftentimes there are disclosures of life, experiences that he cannot account for, cannot recite, because language fals just as fast as we leave animal sensation. Human language was made for the animal man, and then when you want to use it for the unfolded man you have to use it metaphorically. Sometimes, as you shall see it by going through the Latin, and much in the English dictionaries, how meanings have gone on from step to step of words, the same word remains, but expresses perhaps a hundred shades of meaning. Language, in its primary forms, is all physical and for physical uses, and as men become necessitous by unfolding and development, there being no more words on the particular particular and under the particular particular when you have to give double, t thought that he could not express. And if that be true of them, well, it is true, that's all; but a man must be living rather low down who cannot have

any thoughts which he Cannot Put Into Language. For what is art but the unspeakable by language and literature? What is music but those operations of the higher qualities of the soul that will bear no alphabetic interpretation, alphabets them selves. literature the highest and the noblest? Von feel at once that you exhale and rise into a higher state, which you cannot express before you can appreciate it. As Burns used somewhat profanely to say, a man that criticised poetry in any other standard except by the way he felt it, was

other standard except by the way he left it, was an-adjective-fool.

Language is a very poor instrument at best, and when one analyzes closely to see how inexpressibly rapid in us may grow experience, as Paul says he once went up, was caught up in the seventh heaven, and heard or saw things which it is impossible to utter—not inexpedient at all—he could not utter them; there was no physical communication that could. Have you never on wonder days—for everybody, most, has wonder days—have you never walked through realims of thought and feeling that defied all record, yea, that the memory itself was too loose-fingered to hold permanently? You remember that on a given day, on, that you could only bring it back again! But it is gone, it is gone. I remember such days. Notably at Stratfordon-Avon, when I spent a Sunday in nently? You remember that on a given day, on, that you could only bing it back again! But it is gone; it is gone; I remember such days. Notably at Stratford-on-Avon, when I spent a Sunday in the room where Shakespeare was born, and in the Louvre, and in the vallery of the Luxembourg in Paris, and up on the Alps, and up on the White mountains—the white days, and up on the White mountains—the white days, the great days, I could never express them at that time, nor can I now, for they are fading; they are fading out from my memory. And though others come, the first cannot be repeated, never could, twice. So that every man has in himself in some measure, low down or intermediate or high, a consciousness that there is a part of his nature that works up and out and beyond language and into slience. A full Christian, therefore, lives in a higher realm, if he lives according to his privilege; he lives where the best part of his life is hidden, unseen. It is the ream of imagination, or affection, of divine inspiration, where the inshining of God's nature rises a thousand fantastic influences, things which cannot be maned nor reported, he only can say; "I have been in a dream of blessedness; I have lad an hour of bliss, and I can imagine how they felt that wrote hymns, that have experienced these things."

Now into this higher life can all come. Not only can men go into it, but they ought to rise into it. It is that atmosphere in which a man is a Christian. Otherwise he is a man. If you will read the life of Christ with this thought constantly present, how much of His life and speech were above

The Horizon of Ordinary Human Life?

How much of it is mystical because it has refertions belonging to the spirit life? You will perupper sphere. It would almost be audacious to sav upper sphere. It would almost be audacious to say that as Christ took upon him the form of a man that he might make himself a perfect capualin through suffering, and took on himself the nature, the obscured nature of a child, and went through the gradations from childhood and early manhood, and was tried in all points like as one; it is not audacious, if reverently imagined, that He lived in that lower realm in which most men live; that He lived for years with the obscuration of moral faculties and tasted what men taste on the average of human life, that their wisdom is of the earth earthy; still with such outbursts of consciousness as carried Him straight and truly along through life. But as He went on you will see not only that His teaching rose higher, but states of mind that He evinced also rose higher, but states of mind that He evinced also rose higher, but states of mind that He evinced also rose higher, but states of mind that he evinced also rose higher, but which is to all the rest of the synophical gospel, which many men, who judge of the flesh, consider to be not authoritative and not genuine; but which is to all the rest of the synophical gospels what the atmosphere of the earth is to the dirt and the soil, the whole world—the glory. The outspreading heaven of revelation in Jesus Christ is in John's gospel. The others are Christ's bodily gospel and this is the spiritual gospel, and that is the way the old fathers of the church used to say, that the three gospelis, Matthew, Mark and Luke, were the gospels of the body, the outward life of Christ, and St. John was the gospel of the spliit, or the revelation of the interior life and disposition of Jesus.

He, therefore, that is Christike and has come into full sympathy with Him may be expected to have a world of experiences that are so subtle, so radiant, so different in their causation by direct contact with God, that their higher and better and truer life is hid—hid in Christ with God.

Not only men are ignorant of those around us, that as Christ took upon him the form of a man

but when we try to make it plain to them a great

but when we try to make it plain to them a great many do what some of you are doing in your thoughts. You make light of it or even attempt it ridicule it. Men say in regard to these higner in visible experiences that they are dreams. They look at the way a man lives. Mer are so bound up in the practical and lower life that they don't believe it the reality of this higher life. It is poetic, they say, as if poetry was not itself the very highest form of truth, or might be. There are upward bursts of joy that you know, some of you, to be real; you could not tell whence they come of where they go.

Have You No White Days No days when all bodily hindrances seem to have ceased? Have you no days in which you seem to yourself cleaner, nobier, higher? Have you no days like the disciples, hetere whom Christ you no days like the disciples, before whom Christ hung in the heavens transfigured, white as the very clouds of heaven? Have you no days in which time is dead and eternity is begun, in which life seems to you so royal that all the round world is not worth considering for a moment? No days in which the life to come in which you shail be joined to companionships of the saints in glory; in which all your sorrows seem like the sor rows in the apocalyptic neaven: "Whence are these and whence came they?"? "These are they that came out of great affliction, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?"—the victorions, the crowned ones. Have you no such visions? It is wonderful, if you are a Christian, if you have none of these transcendent experiences. Where they come frequently and tend to inger long you are entering that blessed territory of experience in which it may be said, "The best part of me I have never shown, I show much that is good, but people do not know where these things come from; they don't know where it is that my thoughts abide, where is the sanctuary of thought hot which no man entereth, and where silence rules." For every deep soul has within himself a threshold over which no foot may tread, and the deepest and the most sacred reelings are those that are never exhibited, not even to the choicest and dearest.

Are there no such cyernous crystalline haunts within you, no such days of aspiration and hope, no such days of aspiration and hope, no such days of such cyernous crystalline haunts within you, no such days of the properties of the read your salvation sure? No days of tears wiped away, no days of neart bound up with balm and perfume, no days in which you for the world and over all it possesses; no days in which you days of heart bound up with balm and perfume, no days in which you days of the properties of the salver, and the good of the properties are healed? I am sorry for anybody that is so bare in the upper part of his nature. All the silver and the gold on ear hung in the heavens transfigured, white as the very clouds of heaven? Have you no days

A LONG SEARCH FOR A WILL Rescuing an Estate From Chancery-Bones

and Papers Found in a Cave-A Charms

ing Widow's Help.

[New York Tribune.] BRATTLEBORO, February 4 - John Stevens, who arrived here on Saturday night from a threeyears' search through the far West for his father's will, tells a remarkable story. In the early days of the Colorado gold fever his father, Bartholmew Stevens, then living in Montreal, disappeared with his infant daughter. Every effort in the power of money was made to find them. out without success. Prosperous in his business and happy in his domestic relations, the reason for his sudden departure from Canada has never been explained. Ten years afterward, when his wife died, no trace of his will could be found, and as the two sons, Peter and Richmond, could not establish any claim to the estate, it went into chancery. Richmond Stevens died soon afterward, leaving Peter, although the heir to several thousand pounds, compelled to work for his living. For several years he remained in Montreal. working for a small salary and trying in vain to

win a favorable judgment from the courts.

He then began a life of wandering which was He then began a life of wandering which was continued for ten years and in which he worked, berged and "roughed it" in nearly every part of British America and the United States. In California he made the acquaintance of Abram Becket, an old man, who had lived his whole life in the mountains and mining camps. He told Stevens that a man and woman answering the description of of his father and sister had lived in the Wahsatch Mountains, in Utah, for several years, and, out of friendship for Stevens, offered to guide him to the spot. The cabin where they had lived had been burned when they arrived, and no trace of the man or woman remained.

Stevens, whose hopes had been revived by the statements of Becket, was now completely discouraged. He soon turned his face eastward again, arriving at Ottawa in 1879. Two years afterward he came to Brattleboro, where for several months he was a common trackman on the again, arriving at Ottawa in 1879. Iwo years afterward he came to Brattleboro, where for several months he was a common trackman on the railroad and worked for a dollar a day. In 1882 he received a letter from Salt Lake City, which had lain in the Montreal post office unnoticed for many a year. The letter was from a man whom Becket had got to write for him and contained a clew to the missing will. Stevens lacked sufficient money to take him to Utah, and borrowing what he needed of his landlady's daughter, a charming widow to whom he was betrothed, he again started westward. Arriving in Salt Lake City, he found that the man who wrote the letter was dead and that Becket was somewhere near Tucson, Arl. Stevens had but \$6 left, and with half of that amount invested in eatables, he started on foot for Tucson, unarmed and at the mercy of the Indians, whose country he had to cross. It took him two months to reach Tucson and another month to find Becket.

Here another disappointment awaited him, Becket had found the bones and clothing of a man in a cave in the Wahsatch mountains, about ten miles from the burned cablin where Stevens father and sister were supposed to nave lived. A wallet was found in the cave near the dead man, and several papers, more or less mutilated, were strewn about. Becket could not read, but had taken the wallet and papers to Salt Lake City, where a friend of his said that they were the will and private documents of Bartholomew Stevens of Montreal, Canada, Becket's friend wrote an account of the matter to Stevens, which was the letter that was misland so long in Montreal. Becket left the papers with a friend and went to Arizona, where he nad been ever since. Becket and Stevens started at once

friend and went to Arizona, where he nad been ever since. Becket and Stevens started at once for Salt Lake City, where they arrived in October, 1883. It took them a long time to find the papers which Becket had left with his now dead friend, but at last they got them. Stevens had not yet reached the end of his troubles, and had to not yet reached the end of his troubles, and had to stay in the West until he could earn enough money to take him back to Canada. In the midst of his labors he was taken sick, and for a long time his recovery seemed impossible. Once back in Montreal he had ho difficulty in getting possession of his property, and now, comparative y a rich man, he is here after his bride. As soon as they are married they will go West at once to search for the missing sister, and to bring the body of Bartholomew Stevens home for burlal.

He sat in silence on her knee, His hand smoothed soft and lovingly The wrinkles on the aged face. His eager eyes and face so fair. And the rosy glow that the fireside threw Gave lights that a picture never knew. He cried in a loving voice and mood, 'Poor, bony gran'ma, dear and good!" A new light flashed in the faded eyes; It kindled their depths with a rapt surprise And the hidden thoughts of the by-gone days Looked out to answer his steadfast gaze. "Ah, laddie," she cried, "you did not know Gran as she was long years ago, 'A bonnie lass,' were the words they said When they hung the veil o'er the young bride's

head"-A hush fell over the eager tone As she mused awhile on the days long flown And a dream-light shone in the tear-dimmed sigh As she looked afar in the fireside light. He, watching her face with a childish awe, With honest heart the deception saw For, breaking the silence, he spoke again, 'Twas bony, was it? I see! I see! You're not well versed in flattery!"
"I'm very sorry for what I said," She kissed him soft as he lay at rest. With tired head on her loving breast-And while the clock ticked sliently. she murmured low and musingly, Even in age am I still so vain That the words of truth have a touch of pain When in my face less care might be If all I'd loved had been true as he."

A Good Old Story Newly Put in Poor Rhyme

[London Society.]
"Isn't it windy?" says the baby. Pa is busy, therefore rough.
"Let it blow," he answers, sharply,
"Till it's blown and blown enough." Baby's silent for a second: Then she says, "It's raining, pa." Let it rain," he answers, brusquely,

"I was going to, papa."

AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS.

An Injured Brakeman Gets a Verdict for

86200 Damages.

made by a railroad company has this morning after over thirteen years of litigation, probably

reached its final end in the Supreme Court in this city. On November 1, 1871, Joseph Disher of

Niagara Falls, a brakeman on the Falls branch

of the Central road, was precipitated from a

moving train down the steep embankment at

Holley, thirty feet, by the breaking of spokes of

the break wheel. The result was curvature of

the break wheel. The result was curvature of the spine and hernia, and today he is an almost helpiess invailit. The company refused to pay him damages, and suit was brought. The case has been tried three times in the Supreme Court and twice before the Court of Appeals on technicalities. Two lawyers of the Central railroad, Messrs. Laning and Willets, died during the progress of the trial. The first verdict, in 1877, was for \$3000, the second was for \$5500, and after a week's trial here, the jury this morn-rendred; a verdict for \$6200, which will probably be paid.

LIFE'S LABORS ENDED.

Death of Hon. Joseph Grinnell of New

His Record as a Congressman.

Bedford-Over Ninety-six Years of Age-

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., February 7 .- Hon.

Joseph Grinnell died today of old age-96 years 3 months and 21 days. He was a native of New

Bedford. For some years he was in business in New York with the firm of Fish, Grinnell & Co.,

predecessors of Grinnell, Minturn & Co. For the

Mr. Grinnell was a member of the executive council in 1838 and the two following years. He

was in Congress eight years, retiring in 1851;

SOUIRE STILLMAN'S CAREER.

Fortune Brings Him Riches, Friends and

Greatness, but Fate Deserts Him in the

Poorhouse, Where He Dies Unhonored

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., February 5 .- Wil-

was only a fine first of probation, as in secondaria habits at the village tavern met the objection of his pastor and class leader. He was also an inveterate tobacco chewer, but in spite of these things all seemed to be going on well, when, in an evil hour, he sold his place and removed to Spencertown, N. Y., where he engaged

In Keeping a Tavern. Later his wife died, and his property wasted,

until, having but a few hundred dollars, he was

taken to live with relatives in a distant town. He consumed the remainder of his property. Abandoned by friends, he was sent to the poornouse.

The strangest part of the story is that at that time it was announced that he was dead, and but few of his old acquaintances knew to the contrary until actual death overtook him, and all that was mortal of the old squire was laid away in the little churchyard near the scene of his former wealth and greatness.

Of a School-Girl Who Holds Her Books Upside Down and Writes Backwards.

[Maryville Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.]
One of the most singular cases of vision on rec

ord is found in the fourth grade of our schools,

audience of four other dogs, even more sadly than the preacher I had heard that morning." The narrator of the crow story threw up the sponge.

A Piano in a Tent.

Beer-Guzzling Dogs.

(Birmingham Letter in Waterbury American.)

A well-known resident of this place owns two

[Denver Times.] On a certain street in Denver is a stone man-

organizations

and Unmourned.

last fifty years he has resided in New Bedford.

## RELIGIOUS INTOXICATION.

The Work of an Eldress of the Church of God.

Conversation With a Remarkable Female Revivalist in Indiana.

strange Prayers and How They Were Strangely Answered.

HARTFORD CITY, Ind., February 2 .- No such excitement has ever been known in this little town as since the beginning of a series of revival meetings conducted by Mrs. M. B. Woodworth. The meetings have been crowded, often commencing in the morning and continuing without cessation till from 3 to 4 o'clock next morning. Last night was the last of this remarkable series of meetings. The church is not large, but it would have been packed to the doors had it been twice as large. Mrs. Woodworth had been greatly exhausted by the labors and fatigues of the previous day and night, when she had been held in a deathlike trance for many hours. She seemed to be

full of nervous excitement. "That woman is living upon her nerves," said a physician.

There were a number entranced at intervals, until eleven were rigid, with slackened pulse and Very much lowered temperature. All the time prayer and singing were going on and many who had attended out of the merest curiosity were driven by an uncontrollable power to the company of the faithful at the altar. Mrs. Woodworth was not entranced, and owing to fatigue delivered no regular sermon, but confined her remarks to impassioned appeals and exhortations. When her voice would fail and she could talk no more, some brother or sister would take her piace. The services of the evening were a regular Babel, hundreds singing, other hundreds praying, and dozens lying entranced, generally with heavenly-pointing fingers, and sometimes with eyes wide open and over-running with tears. A young man attended one of the meetings in a state of intoxication, and in less than half an hour he was in a trance. The young man's mother attended the church, and, as soon as she saw him, was similarly affected.

Your correspondent called upon Mrs. Woodworth this morning and found her very willing to talk upon the subject.

"I have been engaged in the revival work for the past five years," she said, "that is, I commenced speaking in public five years ago."

"Have you ever been ordained?"

"No; but I am authorized to organize churches by the Methodist denomination, and am remarks to impassioned appeals and exhorta-

An Eldress in the Church of God.

As such I am authorized to solemnize marriages and officiate at funerals and christenings. The Church of God is an offsnoot of the German Reformed Church. In 1861 it had 14,000 com-

"Have these trances always been a feature of your meetings?"
"Yes, always, but not to so great an extent as at this place. I never saw a case until I went into a trance myself. After that I used to pray that the people might be laid out as dead. I was at a small town a few months ago that they call the worst place in the State. I prayed to God that the people might be laid out as dead there, and the result was a direct answer to prayer. In that town one young lady was in a trance for three days and nights. A doctor was called just as she was coming out of the trance, and he said she woke up just in time to save her life. When I heard of it I said it was a glorious time and place for her to die."
"How many do you think have been converted under your ministration?" "Have these trances always been a feature of

under your ministration?"
"I should say 3000. Last year I held twenty-three protracted meetings, lasting from five days to five weeks. They want me to come here again. I have done here, you know, and am going to Syracuse, Ind., my home, to rest. I think I could do better in large cities, don't you?"

"What is the sensation of being in a trance?"
"At first I was afraid, but soon was glad to trust myself in the bands of God. In a trance it is

The first I was arrad, but soon was grad to trust myself in the hands of God. In a trance it is most all glory with me. Sometimes I am burdened for souls, and seem to feel as though with the Saviour in the garden, sharing his agony; then, again, I see a cloud of glory rising about me till I am covered with it and swallowed. My face shines with glory; I lose sight of the people and am carried in the arms of Jesus, and see him holding out my crown to me and surrounded by a heavenly host. I don't think heaven is far away. It is only a little ways above earth. I think the trance state is similar to the death of a Christian. In some meetings I have a wonderful power in singing. I never use 'instrumental music,' "

Mrs. Woodworth is about 38 years old, with an earnest manner in speaking. Her eyes are blue, her hair dark brown. She dresses very plannly, with no particular attempt to keep up with the fashion. She is of medium height, slight in figure.

fashion. She is of medium herg and very nervous. Her closing temark was made a little exultingly. She said: ttle exultingly. She said:
When I came here it was the first time that I "When I came here it was the first time that I prayed to God that the people might be laid out as dead, both in the church and at their homes. Many have gone into trances miles away in the country at home, after attending the meeting."

A number of those who have been entranced during the progress of the revival have been talked with by The GLOBE correspondent. The stories told of their experiences are, some of them, very remarkable. Miss Viola McDermott has been

of the three weeks of the revival. She said:

"When I am unconscious my only feeling is one always plead for some particular one of my friends. One young lady has been converted by that means, I think. I have often seen Jesus and the angels walking on the golden-paved streets of the New Jerusalem. I often go into a trance here

the New Jerusalem. I often go into a trance here it home."

"I have been in a trance several times during his revival," said Henry Deminger. "I can't xactly state my feelings. Once I saw the church hore brilliantly lighted than ever before. Then I seemed to concentrate into a light of about the ize of a half bushel, and in the middle of that a mail light, on which I saw clearly the face of my little boy, who died twenty years ago."

"I have often seemed to be in a different state of leing," said Miss Oril Gabel, "sometimes bleading for souls that I could see perishing. Part of he time I was in glory and very happy. Since laving been in the trance I have felt more free in he work of the Lord. After recovering from the rances I have felt very weak for two or three hours."

Of the dozen or more talked with all seemed to Of the dozen or more talked with all seemed to have similar or identical experiences when not taltirely misty and vague. It will be noticed that hey have a general resemblance to the sensations experienced by Mrs. Woodworth herself. There were no cases of trances in this revival until Mrs. Woodworth entered into such a state, and once when these manifestations had entirely stopped hey recommenced when Mrs. Woodworth again look the initiative.

Mr. Van Winkle, editor of the local paper, has potheory of the phenomena that he cares to make public. He said:

blic. He said:
'I hope good may come of it; there's room for improvement in this little burg. So far, I have seen or heard of nothing that is ha mful, but consider it very doubtful that these trances are a manifestation of divine power. The trances will cease when the motive ceases."

A prominent citizen, inclined to be a little sar-

A prominent citizen, inclined to be a little sarcastic, said:

"The revival has been held in the Methodist
Church, but they haven't caught one solid Methjodist yet. All they have taken in yet seem to be
kind of soft. The ministers take no active part in
the revival, neither do hey oppose it."

Dr. P. D. Rayer, a prominent physician, said:
"I believe trances to be the result of natural
causes, only it is a condition of existence in which
life is sustained by the automatic powers, that is,
by the action of the heart, respiratory organs,
etc. In this condition the will-power of motion has departed. This condition may
be brought about by fear, intense thought,
inger or eestacy. The causes leading to the
rances we are now having in our town are either
ever-nee or eestacy, and the same reverence or
jestacy to this same degree upon any other subject would in all probability produce trance."

Dr. Thomas W. Bicknell delivered the second of his interesting lectures on Alaska before the

Boston Young Men's Christian Asas before the Boston Young Men's Christian Association last evening. It was illustrated with a very complete teries of stereopticon views.

The native Aleuts and Esquimaux train their thildren exceeding barbarously. At an early age they are bathed in the cold water of the rivers, both winter and summer. The result is a survival of tile strongest. Those who reach manhood seldom live longer than fifty or sixty years. Consumption is a very discouring destroyer of both old and young. A mother offered to sell her baby to the lecturer for 25 cents. The language used for commercial purposes is the "Chenoock," a jargon composed of Russian, English, French and Aleut words.

The introduction of rum has caused great ravages among the natives, During a recent winter, a neighbor hood of 400 people starved to death from fainure through drunkenness to lay in the necessary supplies the preceding summer. Since the introduction of gunpowder there has been a wanton distruction of the elk, reindeer and moose. The lecturer predicted that the salmon fisheries wonto become a source of large wealth during the next five years. The 100,000 seal skins which were annually taken yielded a revenue to the government of \$317,500, or about 4½ per cent, on the original cost of the islands.

dren and more than 30 years of age, has married Miss Ivey, a child of 12. During the ceremony the child began to sob, when the man patted her on the head in a fatherly manner, and wiped away her tears with his big bandanna.

BLOCKADE AT CHICAGO.

Not a Train Reaches the Union Depot During the Forenoon-Most Severe Storm of the Season.

CHICAGO. February 9-11 a. m .- The snow storm which set in at 9 o'clock last night continues to rage with unrelenting fury, and the wind is blowing at the rate of forty miles per hour. Not a train from any point has reached the Union depot up to this hour, and a serious blockade seems inevitable. It is the most severe storm of the season.

### BLOOD AND FIRE.

Socialists Demand the Avenging of Reinsdorff - Tableau Illumined With Red Fire.

CHICAGO, February 9 .- Nearly 2000 Socialists met last night at West Twelfth street hall to de-nounce the execution of Reinsdorff, the German Anarchist. All the speeches were in German and were of a blood-thirsty character. The meeting was called upon to combine with the dynamiters and "avenge the execution."

After the speeches there was a tableau representing the Goddess of Liberty, a sangulnary-looking female holding a red flag over the head of an Anarchist, who had a huge dagger in one hand and a box of dynamite in the other, and wearing a belt with the word "Commune." Red fire in the wings lighted up the tableau, the crowd sang the "Marseillaise," and loud and prolonged cheers were given for the "Socialistic revolution."

### COLOSSAL STEAL IN KENTUCKY. Report That \$2,000,000 Has Been Diverted

from Its Proper Course. LOUISVILLE, Ky., February 6 .- A special from

Frankfort says:
"A superficial investigation of the records of the State of Kentucky shows beyond question that a system of robbery has been carried on for fifteen years past which rivals anything ever heard of. At the same time, it has been conducted under cover of law. It is evident that the amount stolen cover of law. It is evident that the amount stolen will not fail far short of \$2,000,000. It is not easy to get at the details by which the plunderers secured the spoils, but a simple set of figures readily establishes the fact that a deficit of that magnitude exists. A study of the books shows that in the Department of Criminal Prosecutions the steal has reached at least a militon in fifteen years. In the cost of keeping idiots during the same time there has been a steal of \$500,000, while in other expenditures not yet closely examined there are indications of other crookedness, which may add \$500,000 to the robbery. It is believed that in most cases the money can be traced to county and district rings, which have been abetted by the Legislature.

### FEMALE CATTLE HERDERS.

Dashing Girls Who Make Life in the Texas Cattle Region Romantic.

At the Galt House yesterday a tall, lank, slim man, with high cheek bones, Liercing black eyes and dark bushy moustache, serawled his name in the register, "Professor W. Zurana, Austin, Tex." "Glad to give any information I can," said the lank stranger, as the reporter told his mission. "I am here only for a few hours. My home is between Austin and San Marcos, in the hills that stretch along the vailey to San Antonio. Aside from the stories of the growth of that por-Aside from the stories of the growth of that por-tion of the country I s'pose there's nothing that would interest so much as the facts I can give you about the cattle girls of our region."

The reporter smiled, and the Texan continued.
"I know that there is an air of seeming improb-

The reporter smiled, and the Texan continued.
"I know that there is an air of seeming improbability about this, but it is nevertheless a fact that there exist in the hills ranging along from San Marcos to San Antonio from forty to fifty cattle girls. Some of them belong to the best families of that part of the State. Some of them to the worst. They are, however, the finest riders of the West, and can whoop up a herd of ponies better than the Mexicans. They have a leader, a brunette, with long black hair, that cracks like a whip when she is riding. They own from 400 to 500 head of steers. They have only been there two seasons. The leader came from the Oklahoma Territory, and was said to be a fast friend of the Oklahoma outlaw, Pavne. Cody attempted to get the girls to join the 'Wild West' show, but it was no go. They can often be seen on the streets of Austin, though they are never known to stay in town over night. They have a number of frame cottages built for them about ten miles from San Marcos by some Scotch settlers. Of course they afford our part of the Lone Star State a good deal of romantic talk."

### THE HATS WE WEAR.

Origin of the Trade in Head Coverings in America.

[New York Tribune.] In election times we bet hats. Do we ever ask ourselves how the hat manufacture started in this country? Are we aware that 225 years ago Virginia offered a premium of ten pounds of to bacco for every good hat made of wool or fur within her bounds? We made so many hats in America 150 years ago that the Felt Makers' Company of London petitioned Parliament to prohibit all exportation of hats from the American colonies, on the ground that New England alone was turning out 10,000 hats a year. Parliament "graciously acceded" to the request. Consequently, the American hats took year. Parliament "graciously acceded" to the request. Consequently, the American hats took their own course and were glorified. Instead of being made to receive the fail of an elephant out of a third-story window, they were made light with reference to the sunshine and the beverage which inspireth. Danbury, in Connecticut, was making hats 104 years ago. As late as 1845 all the hats were made out of real skins. The poor old beaver disappeared from the globe in order to furnish man's brain with a false dome. Next the nutria had to sacrifice himself, and the gentle muskrat was called into requisition, and the rabbits were drafted. The Danbury hai folks imported rabbits to breed them artificially, but the free-minded rabbit died or jumped over the fence. Are you aware, young gentleman, who have paid a hat bet but have not paid for the hat, that the Chinese first taught us how to make the present sort of silk hat? These hats were started in this country just fifty years ago, or in 1835. A Frenchman in Paris put his band on the Chinese silk hat and stole the idea. We are not probably aware that in nearly all the English books the American hat is referred to as a marvel of lightness and style; yet it has become the nabit of that class of young men who cannot eat dinner up an alley without a dress coat to buy all their hats of English make, as if they might possibly import with the hat some corresponding brain. Kossuth had great influence in the United States to introduce here the wide-brimmed soft wool hat.

### One Drop of Nitro-Clycerine.

[Lancaster (Penn.) New Era.] Benjamin Grey, a blacksmith in the middle Warren oil fields, was called upon by a wellshooter on Thursday to make some repairs on the running gear of a wagon which he used in carrying nitro-glycerine. Grey crawled in under the wagon. He found a bolt broken, and took the wagon. He found a bolt broken, and took the hammer to drive it out to make from for a new one. A deafening explosion followed the first stroke of the hammer. The wagon was shattered to pieces, which were thrown in every direction. Grey was knocked senseless to the ground and so badly injured that his life is despaired of. The owner of the wagon stood several feet away, but was thrown to the ground. One wheel of the wagon was carried into a tree twenty feet distant. The explosion is accounted for on the theory that a quantity of nitro-glycerine had leaked out of a can at some time while being transported from the factory and had collected on the running-gear of the wagon. The blow from the hammer was all that was needed to explode it.

### Two Million Passengers.

Over 2,000,000 passengers were carried in the trains of the New York, West Shore & Buffalo railway during the first year of its existence as a through line, notwithstanding the fact that for several months after the road was opened but one

several months after the road was opened but one through train was run.

Improvements in the station facilities, train arrangements and service generally are keeping pace with the growth of traffic. Competing roads are constantly endeavoring to create a contrary impression, but the general public is too keen not to readily perceive the selfish motives of those who oppose the low rates and popular excursions of the West Shore road, as well as the malevolence of those who seek to depreciate its excellent roadbed and magnificent cars. There are too many daily witnesses of the superiority of the West Shore with respect to its construction, equipment and management to permit the falsehoods accomplishing the ends they are intended to serve by the interested parties setting them affoat.

## A Little Boy's Characteristic Letter.

[Pittsburg Chronicle.]
The pupils of one of the rooms in North avenue third ward school, Allegheny, were asked to write a letter to their teacher describing what they saw on their way home one evening. Below we give a copy of a letter written by one of the boys, who is not yet 10 years old:

DEAR TEACHER—You ask us to write you a discription of what we saw coming home from school

st evening. I saw a Cat, a Dog, Pigs and Catcle. I saw a Baby a Baby Carriage. next five years. The 100,000 seal skins which were annually taken yielded a revenue to the government of \$317,500, or about 4½ per cent. on the original cost of the islands.

Marrying a Child of Twelve.

[Gainesville (Ga.) Despatch, January 20.]

Nicholas Van Horn, a well-to-do farmer and widower of Habersham, the father of two chil-

SMILES AND DIAMONDS.

dren are sure to find a good friend in her. As the line of the great received comes along, Mrs. Logan keeps a sharp lookout for the little ones, and none ever get by without a kiss from her. No candidate ever did cross-roads osculation more promptly or heartily. Mrs. Logan is in point of merit the leading lady of Washington society. She would grace the White House better than any woman moving in society this winter. Mrs. Blaine would have given the dressmakers something to do in making over low-necked dresses, and would have elevated the tone of capital society decisively, but Mrs. Logan would be popular and do this, too, which, it is needless to say, Mrs. Blaine could not.

by the Banks of the Potomac.

Three of the Foremost Graphically Sketched and Portrayed.

WASHINGTON, February 5 .- The intervention of Lent will bring the last social season under the Arthur-Frelinghuysen regime to an end somewhat before the President will pack his trunks to retire from the White House. The calendar is, to say the best of it, a trifle ironic in thus giving a good many butterflies who have dusted their wings under the nose of this administra-tion a chance to sit down and think over their sins in quiet. This will be a good thing, for it has been what our nice old attor ney-general calls a "wicked winter." Never before has society so overleaped itself. Like the condemned man during the last night in his cell, the outgoing administration has nonchalantly enjoyed all the flowers, wine and cig rettes that could be brought in. Other conspiring causes have added to the gentle orgy. Mr. Blaine's coterie naturally stung the President's set into defiant gayety. Besides, since the administration got under headway, some wealth has settled down in Washington society, notably, the Leiters, who let off their dollars as with a faucet. This circumstance has opened purses to wider extravagance. Worst of all the set that enjoy the President's smiles within the first circle of intimacy have found him captive to their wishes in fetters of roses and lilies.



The set that has duped the President most cleverly is the secretary of state and his brilliant wife and daughters, of whom the chief is Mrs. John Davis. This lady is more often than any other regarded as the first lady in society. She has youth, family, wealth and, some say, beauty on her side. Her success as a social quantity is to be judged by the wonderful inck her husband has enjoyed under the administration. Some years ago he was an unimportant cierk in the Alabama Court of Claims. It was while in this place he married into the Freilinghuysen family, Being the grand-nephew of Bancroft the historian, his family was as good doubtless as theirs. He became later associate counsel before the French and Spanish mixed claims commission. Bancroft Davis, his uncle, took him into the State Department and he gradually learned to know enough to be made assistant secretary of state when his father-in-law came into the department. Now he has had a life place flung upon him by a President who for some inscrutable reason cannot do too much for him—at the public expense, It is said that Davis can have General Swaim's place, if that ill-starred individual is dismissed from the army.



Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen is older than her Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen is older than her sister, Mrs. Davis, and not so comely, aithough she has a far better figure. She is of the romantic age of 40, and is in many ways an opposite to Mrs. Davis. The latter shows far less pleasure in her two bright little children than their aunt does. Miss Tilly, however, is devoted to making the world brighter and possibly better. She was an invalid for years, and is hardly less so now. In her charities she is active and effective. In society she is equally beneficent, and relieves the President's set of a monotony of snobblishness. Gossip dared last summer to say that she had become the President's fiancee. It would be well if this were all that is said of his relations to the family. The report was soon amply denied on both sides and nothing has occurred to give it new he. The report was soon amply denied on both and nothing has occurred to give it new lie.



The official and recognized lady of the White

The official and recognized lady of the White House is the President's sister, Mrs. McElroy, who lends herself to her brother's household for the three or four months that constitute the second season. She is a matronly, broad-faced 1 dy, who apparently cares a good deal less for the "white light" than her presidential brother does. Her husband is an Albany insurance man and general investor, with money and good sense. They have two boys and two girls, who have been permitted to see just enough of Washington to educate and not to contaminate. Miss May McEiroy made her debut here this winter, and Miss Jessie has been a playmate and school-fellow of Nellie Arthur.

For strictly official precedence, however, in Washington society, the position of speaker's wife, fust at present, is one to covet. Mrs. Carlisle filis it admirably. She ranks her husband at all official dinners, and her seat corresponds to the President's. Mrs. Edmunds, as wife of the Vice-President would have this honor, but does not care for social distinction, having remained almost exclusively out of society since her daughter's death. Mrs. Carlisle wears the bangiest sort of blonde hair. Her figure is commanding and grac-ful. She dresses with marked taste and no unnecessary economy. When she looks at you with her blue-gray eyes under their prominent eyebrows you are conscious of being seen. Mr. and Mrs. Carlisle have a suite of rooms at the Ebbitt House, and here the leading lady holds her popular receptions. She is a good politician and therefore makes a good politician's wife. She, like Mrs. Senator Logan, is a decided helpmeet for her husband.

Mrs. Logan is the most striking and distin-

On a certain street in Denver is a stone mansion of surpassing elegance, which, with its grounds, cost nearly \$1,000,000. Directly opposite, on a vacant lot, is a tent, boarded up inside as far as the angle of the roof. The back end of it is pierced with a stovepipe, and in the front end are a door and window. In the window hangs a curtain of costiy lace, and in the tent is a piano of exquisite tone. The tent itself did not cost over \$20. The piano, uphoistery and furniture inside are said to have cost over \$3000. The owner planted his tent here over twenty-five years ago and is one of the moderately successful Colorado miners, being worth about \$50,000. He prefers his tent to any dwellinghouse and says he would not exchange it for Windsor Castle. wife. She, like Mrs. Senator Logan, is a decided helpmeet for her husband.

Mrs. Logan is the most striking and distinguished-looking lady in public life. She is large, graceful and beautiful for her time of life. The ill-mannered and ungrammatical senator from lilinois certainly drew a prize in the matrimonial lottery. His career affords the woman's rights ladies with a r-markable example of what a smart woman can accomplish in this country of ours. She has held a seat in the House or Senate almost continuously slace the war, and kept Mr. Blaine company on the national ticket during the recent unpleasantness. Few women in any age or clime have done as much. Although the Logans have boarded and spent little money in society, they have "been ont" a good deal. Mrs. Logan is almost always to be greeted at Mrs. McElroy's Saturday receptions, and she is to be seen at many notable entertainments during the week. When Mrs. Logan assists at the White House the chilvaluable setter dogs who have acquired the habit of drinking beer to such an extent that they may be found waiting in front of I om Fenn's saloon on Main street every night for some customer to open the door and give them a chance to get mide. Once inside they make a direct line to the place where the beer is kept, and if there are no drippings in the pails underneath, they march up and down behind the bar, looking wistfully into the bar-tender's fage until he is finally competed to treat them to about a quart of beer, when they wag their tails heppily and go on their way rejoicing.

INTO AN ICY ABYSS.

Appalling Accident on the C. B. & Q. Railroad.

The New York Fast Mail Train Thrown from a Bridge by a Broken Rail.

Three Passengers Killed and Eight LOCKPORT, N. Y., February 7.—One of the most tedious and long-continued legal fights ever Seriously Injured.

> CRESTON, Ia., February 9 .- An appalling accient occurred on the Burlington railroad at a small stream ten miles west of here last evening. As the New York fast mail approached the bridge a rail broke beneath the forward cars of the train. The rear coaches were thrown from the track by the defection. They toppied along on the tiles until they were on the bridge, when the two rear the defection. They toppied along on the tiles until they were on the bridge, when the two rear coaches and the sleeper careened and fell from the bridge into an key abvss below, carrying down about twenty-five passengers, many of whom were women and shildren. The escape from general destruction was marvellous, as the cars were badly wrecked and the fall a desperate one. The coaches fell bottom upward into the stream, crushed through the tee, and wedged into the chilly water, were held until the front end of the train could be pulled out and a relief crew returned. The scene at the return of the front cars was distressing in the extreme. A number of gentlemen whose families were in the coaches being forward in the smoker at the time of the accident were apprised of the distress that attended their wives and children by the agonizing appeals for ald and screams of pain that came from the battered mass of debris. A force of rescue was hastily organized, and, armed with axes, strong men hewed their way into the imprisoned dead and wounded. The scene on the inside of the cars was appailing. Many who were not killed were knocked unconscious by dismantled seats and debris, and lay linp and helpless. It was at first thought that the number of dead was very large, but on recovery from the wreck, and on the arrival of medical aid, which was hastily procured by the company, many revived and were able to be transferred to this city, where every attention is being shown them. The following is a list of the killed and wounded:
>
> Killed—Robert Brown, Mount Pleasant, Ia.;

council in 1838 and the two following years. He was in Congress eight years, retiring in 1851; was one of the ablest business men of New Bedford, and kept in active life til within two weeks; was president of the New Bedford & Taunton raliroad from 1838 to its reorganization as the New Bedford railroad, about twelve years ago. At the celebration held when the road was extended to the Vineyard steamboat wharf on deep water at New Bedford, ten years ago, George E. Town of Fitchburg spoke of him as the youngest old man he ever knew. Mr. Grinnell was president of the Wainsutta mills from the corporation's organization in 1848 till now. He was president of the Wainsutta mills from 1832 to 1878, and still remained a director. He was a director in many other business corporations in New Bedford. The Grinnell Manufacturing Company was named for him. He was a director in the Boston & Providence railroad from 1840 to 1863, and was president from 1841 to 1846. He occupied a leading position in Congress, where he pushed bills through to reduce letter postage to five cents, and to compel ships to provide for ventilation and carry life-boats. The-opponents of measures he favored regarded him as a dangerous man. He had recently talked of replacing the old wooden building, now occupied by the Western Union Telegraph Company and by law offices, with a brick building in a few years, when the leases expired. He was a lifelong member of the Society of Friends, and was prominently identified with many benevolent organizations. and wounded:

Killed—Robert Brown, Mount Pleasant, Ia.;
Mrs. Powell, New Albany, Ind.; Mrs. W. C. Carroll, San Gache, Col.
Injured—A. B. Cole, Grand Rapids, Mich.; C.
H. Howell, sleeping-car conductor; G. R. Hawkins, conductor; S. J. Lindsey, Creston, Ia.; W. J.
Davenport, Burlington, Ia.; Dr. W. C. Carroll,
San Gache, Col.; Mrs. M. Farrell, Prescott, Ia.;
Isalah Waterman, Corning, Ia.

The accident was due to the change in the
weather during the last few days.

## MONKEY-SHINES.

Entertaining Anecdotes Which Show the Cunning of the Apes. Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

Monkeys soon make friends with other animals and are cunning enough to make other animals do them a service. They resemble man in this respect, whatever else may be said about the likespect, whatever else may be said about the likeness. And we see from what Uncle Bob has told
us that a monkey may become as fond of a pet as
any boy or girl. A monkey can be taught to
do almost anything, and if at all kindly
treated can be trained much more quickly than
any other creature. There is a story of one that
used to walk hand in hand with its master within
a month after it came into his possession. It
would answer his call like a servant. But it
was not treated like a servant. It was honored as
a guest, and had a seat attable. It would drink
tea or milk out of a cup, and help itself to an egg tea or milk out of a cup, and help itself to an egg or to bread or meat, and it lifted what it wanted

with the right hand.

A French traveller named Le Vaillant, who went through Africa, became interested in a chacma montey—one of the baboon species that GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., February 5.—William Stillman, who died at the North Egremont poorhouse, and was buried yesterday afternoon, has had a checkered career. He was born at Rocky Hill, Conn., in 1800. Early in life he learned the trade of harness maker, and soon married a lady of refinement and culture. He accumulated property and removed to Sheffield, where he resided until 1825, when he came to the village of fast that he purchased one of the finest residences in the place. About 1835 he received The Appointment of Justice of the Peace, and was known from that time until misfortune overtook him as Squire Stillman. All the civil and criminal cases in those days were tried before him, and in this august tribunal the village pettifoggers displayed their eloquence.

As the years passed, the soure, who had now become wealthy, held every town office and was clerk of the Methodist society in the village, but was only a member on probation, as his convival habits at the village tavern met the objection of the office. He could not prevent Kees went through Africa, became interested in a chacma monkey—one of the baboon species that he got at the Cape, and which was very useful to him in his wanderings. He made this monkey, which he got at the Cape, and which was very useful to him in his wanderings. He made this monkey, were he got a time to a place where there were nuts or berries of a kind he had not seen before he offered them to Kees. If the monkey ate them the traveller, unless he knew better, avoided as poison. Kees was olvalue, also, Guring the night as well as at meat time signtest sign of danger. Even the dogs to give warning when there was any trouble; but in time they put such confidence in Kees that they went so say, when he came to a place where there were nuts or berries of a kind he had not seen before he offered hem to kees. If the monkey a sort of the traveller, avoided as poison. Wees was olvalue, also, Guring the night as well as at meat time Sort of danger. Even the Gogs at lever, avoided as pois

the dogs did not like this. There was one of them that would not on any account be made a horse of; and this one took a very cunning way of getting freed from his rider. He could not prevent Kees jumping on his back, but he could do this—he could refuse to move. As soon as the monkey leaped on him he stood perfectly still. The camp being in motion, this dog and his would-be rider were speedily left behind. Kees would keep his seat, thinking, no doubt, that the dog would change his mind and trot after his companions before they disappeared. But the dog knew better. As long as he felt himself burdened he would not move an inch, and it was always Kees that had to give in. When this took place the two animals would set off at their best speed to overtake the travelling party. It was like a race between the two, but the dog took care to Keep second place, so that the monkey might not again have the chance of getting on his back.

There is a very pretty story of the monkey in an ancient Hindoo poem. The monkeys, we are told, were once employed in great contest in findia between good and evil powers; and it is something to know that the moukeys were on the right side in the dispute. In the end the good powers won. Now during the struggle the chief monkey performed what may seem at first sight a very courageous act. He made his way into the garden of a very terrible giant, and took therefrom the famous mango tree and gave it to India. Supposing such an act had been the work of a human being, we could not think of doing too much to reward the hero of it for his pluck and bravery. But the poem does not look at the matter in this way. The monkey stole the tree, and although what was done was of benefit to the land it was a crime and a sin, and it had to be punished. Up to this period the monkey had clean hands and a clean tace, but because of his offence in roboing the giant his hands and his face were blackened, and black they remain to this day. Such is the story. It is not true, of course, but the teaching of it is tru

ord is found in the fourth grade of our schools, in the person of Beile Kinney, a little girl 12 years of age. She lately came from Kenton with her parents, and shortly after entering school here her teacher, Miss Ella Ely, discovered that she always read with her books upside down, and that while writing she invariably placed the copy in the same position and whote backward, with the letters inverted and with her left hand. Not knowing whether to attempt a correction of the habit the teacher sent for Dr. I. N. Hamilton, one of our prominent physicians and president of the Board of Education, who tested her thoroughly yesterday with figures, pictures, reading and writing, and discovered that she was equally skilful with her books in any position, although the child herself had never particularly noticed her peculiarity, but expressed a desire to use her books as others do. The doctor says it is the most remarkable case of the kind of which he ever heard. (Washington Letter in Memphis Appeal.)
"I have a dog," said Senator Vest, who had just heard a precocious crow story, "who is very sagacious. One morning he watched intently while a negro boy blacked my shoes. The following morning he came to where I was sitting with a blacking brush in his mouth. You may not beheve it, but that dog got down on his haunches, spit on my shoes, took the brush in his teeth and rubbed away like a house on fire. But I must admit that he did not get up much of a polish One Sunday, while I was living in Sedalia, this dog followed me to church. I noticed that he watched every movement of the preacher. That afternoon I heard a terrible howing of dogs in my back yard. I went out to see what was the matter. My dog was in the woodshed standing on his hind legs in an old dry goods box. He held down a torn almanac with one fore paw and gesticulated wildly with the other, while he swayed his head and howled to an audience of four other dogs, even more sadly than heard a precocious crow story, "who is very

FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

There continues but a moderate demand for accommodation in the local money market, but rates for loans and discounts are ruling slightly firmer than at the close of last week, although the quota-tions as to range show but little difference. The rate between banks is firm at 4 per cent., and while the panks generally believe that the present high rate is only temporary they make the fact an excuse for a firmer feeling in the matter of loans and discounts; still, as regards the latter, they are willing in many instances to make concessions, and will take paper that they are acquainted with and know is good at very low rates, rather than lose a chance to use a portion of their surplus funds. Good mercantile paper rules at about 41/2@5 per cent.; fair grade miscellaneous paper ranges from 5@6, and prime corporation notes and acceptances at 4@41/2. Outside of the banks good business paper rules at 5@5½ per cent., but with limited dealings, paper of this class being rather scarce, and the limited offerings being quickly accepted. Local discounts with the out-of-town banks are rather dull just now: rates, however, correspond with those ruling in Boston. Call loans on collateral range from 4@5 per cent. per annum, while short-time loans on the best security can be obtained at 3½@4 per The rate between banks, for the use of balances,

The rate between banks, for the use of balances, has advanced during the week from 3@4 per cent, and is now firm at the latter figures.

Yesterday's gross exchanges at the clearing house were \$10.297.229, while the total for the week was \$63.215.610; the balances yesterday were \$1.364,339, and for the week, \$8,293,561.

New York funds are closing off, and yesterday sold at 5 cents premium to 10 cents discount per \$1000. The "silver question" in the local market has not been much of a factor during the past week, but it is to be feared that this rest is only temporary.

week, but it is to be feared that this rest is only temporary.

Foreign exchange holds steady at prices which have ruled during the latter portion of the week; sight, 4.87; 60 days, 4.83½; commercial bills, 4.82; francs, sight, 5.18½.25.18¾; 60 days, 5.21½.65.21½.

In New York loans on stocks range from 1@1½ per cent. Idle money-is still plentiful, and rates for loans and discounts show no change.

The bank statement for the week shows the following changes:

posits, increase.....eulation, decrease....serve increase.....

Reserve increase. 201,205

Reserve increase. 1,114,150

The banks are now \$54,985,125 in excess of legal requirements, as against \$53,870,975 in excess last week, \$21,094,500 the corresponding week in 1884, and \$6,419,700 in excess in 1883. The business failures throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States 314, and for Canada, 32. A total of 346, as against 354 last week and 411 the week before. Failures are still numerous in the Western and Southern States. In the other sections of the country the figures are about up to the average.

The i-ports of foreign dry goods into New York for the week were \$1,938,866; amount marketed, \$1,923,770.

Covernment Bonds.

Closing bids for government bonds, when compared with those of last week, show a decline of 1/4 per cent. for the 3s, and advance of 1/4 for the 4s and 1/8 for the registered 41/2s, while the short 6s make a gain of 1 per cent, and the two long dates a gain of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, each.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 3 P. M.

Prices of Stocks and Bonds at 3 P. M.

LAND COMPANIES.
Bid. Asked.
Boston Land 534 578
Boston WP. 2½6 258
Goston WP. 2½6 258
Go

### COMMERCIAL MATTERS. BOSTON MARKETS.

OFFICE OF THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE, SATURDAY EVENING, February 7, 1885. APPLES.—The market for apples is steady, and No. 1 Baldwins are firm at \$2 00@2 15 \$\cong b\$ bil, but dealers are not willing to pay over \$2 00 in car loads. We quote:

Kusset, choice, \$1 75@1 85 \$\cong b\$ bil; do common to good, \$\cong \cdots \cdos \cdots \cdots \cdots \cdos \cdots \cdots \cdos

10.014c.
Western dairy—Uhoice, 17.018c; do do, fair to good
15.016c; imitation creamery, choice 22.024c; Western dadle, choice, 18.020c; do do common to good

the garden of a very terrince grant, alto the tree and give it to India. Surpressing the property of the prope EGGS—The market for Eggs has been dull and weak, with sales of fresh Eastern at 26 g dozen, which is an extreme price for those at 24 g 24 g dozen, and Provincial at 22 g 24 g dozen. Limed are ull at 14 g 10 g dozen. We unter the continues at 24 g 24 g dozen. Limed are ull at 14 g 10 g dozen. We unter the continues at 24 g 24 g dozen. Limed are ull at 14 g 10 g dozen. We unter the continues at 24 g 24 g dozen. Limed are ull at 14 g 10 g dozen. Limed are ull at 14 g 10 g dozen. We stern fresh. 25 g 24 g doz; Eastern held stock, we stern fresh. 25 g 24 g doz; Eastern held stock county, 25 g 25 g 25 g d 25

17.25 % ton for spring, and \$17.50@18.00 for winter; fine feed and middlings at \$18.00@21 % ton, as to quitry cotton seed meal has been selling at \$27.00@ 27.50 % ton, on the spot, and \$28.50@... % ton, to arrive. There is a good demand and prices have remained about the same.

OATS.—The market for oats is steady and the demand moderate. We quote:
No 1 white, 40@41c; No 2 white at 39@339½c;
No 3 white at 38@38½c; No 1 mixed at 37½@38½c; No 2, do, 38½@39c % bush. Barley, 41@40.22 mixed. 38c; No 2, do, 08724000 4 42c H oush. PORK.—Prices are firm, with an improved demand PORK.—Prices are firm, with an improved demand from the trade. We quote:

Latra prime, \$12 50@13 00 % bbl; mess, \$13 50@ 14 00; Bosono inoncut ciear, \$15 00@15 50; do short cuts, \$15 50@16 00; Bostono backs, \$16 00@16 50; lean ends, \$15 00@15 50; bbl.

POULTRY AND GAME.—Poultry have been in liber i supply and prices are barely maintained. The demand for choice Western Turkeys continues fair, with sales at 16@16c % fb. Fowls and chickens range from 13 to 14c, but some fancy lots range a little higher. We quote:

Northern turkeys, extra young, ...@17c % fb; good to choice, 12@15c & fb; chickens, choice, 17@18c % fb; do, fair to good, 12@14; fowls, fresh killed, choice, 13@15c & fb; chickens, choice, 17@18c & fb; do, fair to good, 12@14; fowls, fresh killed, choice, 13@15c & fb; chickens, choice, 13@14c & fb; chickens, common, 9212c & fb; common to good, 12@14c & fb; do. (3.12) & fowls, fresh killed, choice, 13@15c & fb; chickens, choice, 13@14c & fb; chickens, common, 9212c & fb; common to good, 12@14c & fb; do. (3.12) & fowls, fresh, fowls, fresh, fowls, fresh, fowls, fresh, fowls, fresh, fowls, fow from the trade. We quote:

Latra prime, \$12 50@13 00 \$\text{Bbl; mess, \$13 50@}

14 00; Boston long-cut clear, \$15 00@15 50; do short paid.

SUMAC.—The market is quiet for Sicily and we quote at \$90@95 Fron, on spot. Sales of Pojero, to arrive, have been made at \$82.50 Fron. American is selling at \$55@65 Fron.

STARCH.—We quote Potato starch at 3½@334c; corn. 23@334ad ochoice, 4@4½c; wheat, 6@7.

SALTFETRE.—The sales are in jobbing lots at unchanged prices. We now quote crude at 5@514c Etc.

8 lb. SMOKED HAMS.—There is a steady demand. We Western smoked, 101/2@111/2c % b; do Boston, Western smoked, 10½@11½c % b; do Boston, 10½@11½c % b.

SUGAR.—Raw sugars have been steady in price, but the demand is only moderately active. We quote: Cut loaf and cubes, 63½c; powdered, 65½c; granulated, 63½c; Fanuell A. 53½c; Pembroke A. 55½c; Cherokee A, 5½c; Cherokee A, 5½c; Hyon A. 53½c; Mohawk, ex C, 5c; ex Cl, 4½c; ex C3, 4¾c; Cl, 4½c; C3, 4½c; C6, 4¾c.

TEAS.—The following are the current prices: Gunpowder, 20@45c % b; Imperial, 20@45c; Hyson, 14@35c; Young Hyson, 18@35c; Twankay, 10@25c; Hyson Skin, 10@25c; Congou 18@55; Souchong, 18@55c; Colong, 15@55c; Japans, 10@33.

WOOL.—The receipts of domestic wool for the week have been 6334 bales, against 4822 bales for the corresponding week in 1884, 5114 bales in 1883, and 7746 bales in 1882. The imports of foreign have been 200 bales, against 174 bales in 1884, 219 bales in 1883, and 66 bales in 1882.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

SATURDAY, February 7.
FLOUR AND MEAL—The market was exceedingly unl, but, in the absence of full supplies, prices ruled dui, but, in the absence of full supplies, prices ruled about steady.

COTTON.—Futures were firmer, but so dull as to be nearly nominal, closing at 11.16c for February, 11.22c for March, 11.29c for April, 11.40c for May, 11.50c for June, 11.60c for July, 11.70c for August, 11.30c for September, 10.83c for October, and 10.71c for November; sales, 13.000 bales. Spots were steady; middling uplands, 11½c. Receipts at the

for November; sales, 13.000 bales. Spots were steady; middling uplands, 11½c. Receipts at the ports, 89.45 balos.

GRAIN.—Speculation in wheat futures showed less spirit, and prices weakoned; sales, 3,168,000 bush at 895g-290c for February, 905g-911¼c for March, 22½g-23½c for April, 93½g-94½c for May and 95g-95g-95g-95g-96g-91.

2½g-23½c for June. Spot wheat was nearly nominal; No 2 red whiter, in elevator, quoted at 92@02¼g-2c ungraded red sold at 86@94c; fair white. 91c. Indian corn futures moderately active, but at easier prices; sales, 728,000 bush at 50½g-26½c for April, and 49¼g-49¼g-6 for April, and 49¼g-95g-6 for April, and 49¼g-91¼g-6 for May. Spot corn was much less active and closed easier; No 2 mixed, 50@52c in elevator; prime white, 53c, in elevator; fair yellew, 51¾c, affoat. Hye firm. Barley firmer; several parcels two-rowed State, about 25,000 bush in all, sold at 62@65c, the higher figure for choice. Oats duil and heavy; sales, 145,000 bush, including options No 2 at 36½c for May; and on the spot, mixed at 35½g-2638½c; and white at 37@41c. After 'change-Wheat quiet; No 2 for February, 80½g-c; for March, 49¼c; for March, 49¼c; for April, 92¾g-; for May, 94¼g-; and for June, 95c. Corn steady; No 2 mixed, for February, 50½g-; for March, 49¼c; for April, 49c; for March, 49c; for June 485g-c. Oats duil; No 2 for February, 36½g-; for March, 55½g-; for April, 49c; for March, 49½g-; for March, 55½g-; for April, 49c; for May, 4½c; for April, 49c; for March, 147c for April, 75g-c for April, 49c; for March, 147c for April, 49c; for April, 49c; for March, 147c for April, 49c; for March, 147c for April, 75g-c for May, and 7.5c for prime 485g-c. printers, 132g-for for May, After 'change, the close was at 7.3c for February, 50½g-; for March, 147c for April, 7.53c for May, and 7.6c for June, Spot lard was again dearer and more active; sales, 1732 tex at 6.87½g- for heavy, and 63½g-67g-for heavy an

### LIVE STOCK MARKETS. Brighton and Watertown Markets.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, February 7, 1885; Western cattle, 2130; Eastern cattle, 220; Northern, 460. Total, 2810.

Western sheep and lambs, 4830; Eastern sheep and lambs, ...; Northern sheep and iambs, 9280. Total, 7060.

Swine, 15,715. Veals, 270. Horses, 231.
Prices of beef cattle per nundred vounds, dressed weight, ranged from \$4.00 to \$9.00. PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE PER 100 LES. LIVE WEIGHT.

PRICES OF PLEE CAT 125

Extra quality. \$6 62\frac{1}{62}\frac{1}{62}\frac{7}{25}

First quality. \$5 62\frac{1}{9}\tau 50

Second quality. \$4 75 \tau 55 50

Taird quality. \$4 00 \tau 4 62\frac{1}{4}\tau 62\frac{ Brighton hides... 7c Country tallow... 3284/3c Country hides, 17. 6664/2 do heavy....... c

GLOUCESTER FISH MARKET.

## FREDERICKSBURG'S FIGHT.

Facts About General Burnside's "Campaign of Slaughter."

The Major Continues His Story of the Battles About Marye's Heights.

Fearful and Fateful Charges Against Well-Served Artillery.

[Washington Republican.]

"When I began talking some weeks ago of the Burnside campaign at Fredericksburg, I intended to tell you something of the battle," said the major when he was comfortably seated close to the heater, "but when I began philosophising about the men, I bulged clear off my story of how the men, and some officers I'm sorry to say, cleaned out Dr. Bernard's house. The men were mischievously destructive, but the few officers that took part should have shown a better example, even if they did not interfere to prevent

"Dr. Bernard's home was a square, roomy, wellarranged frame house, two stories high, and having standing outside at each end those picturesque, buge, broad brick chimneys that are peculiar to the South, but more especially to Virginia. These chimneys always made me imagine that they were forgotten sentries that had petrified into brick, as an Irishman might say, with astonishment at seeing 'Yankees' so near the homes they were set to guard. The house stood on a high bluff not many yards from the river, at the place known as 'The Bend,' and was surrounded by fruit orchards. Inside, cosy as well as elegant furniture and a magnificent library of choice and evidently carefully selected books showed the owner to be a man not only of wealth but of elegant culture and rather luxuriant taste.

"In an hour the interior of that luxurious country residence looked as though a Kansas cyclone bad been shut up in it and had rushed around some time like a scared fice dog before escaping. A cyclone, numerous in bulk, had been there, but It was clad in blue and wore a forage cap. A large mantel mirror had been taken out and fitted very nicely a chicken coop, the recent occupants of which had already become acquainted with the invaders. Not a book of the hundreds remained. A hat rack stood out in the orchard

Laden With Cartridge and Waist Belts. A roomy wardrobe had found its way outside, and formed a convenient arms rack for the Springfields. Richly-covered parlor chairs accomodated frames that for a year had thought a hardtack box an excellent seat, and lounging and rocking chairs held occupants that must bave thought of air in the other. A mattress held half a dozen men, with twice that many ranged round it, where they could pillow their heads on its edges. One fellow had a sofa, over which he had perched a piano top to keep off the dew, which he told his comrades off the dew, which he told his comrades was unhealthy, while in his neighborhood another cautious one who had heard the dewy hygienic advice, and had secured another sofa, spread his blankets on the ground, and, upsetting his prize over his resting place, ordered a comrade to 'tell the clerk of this hotel to put me down for a call in time for the morning train, and to send up four champagne cocktails. The doctor has ordered them for my health. One was wrapped gorgeously in a beautifully-embroidered plano ordered them for my health. One was wrapped gorgeously in a beautifully-embroidered plano cover, while others had spread over their blankets handsome silk bed covers. Rich carpeting had found its way outside, with heavy floor rugs, and covered scores of men rolled close together, as if under huge bed quilts, and before morning those furthest away from the edges found little to complain of from cold.

o fires were allowed that Thursday night, and

A Thin Bed of Black, Sticky Mud. "All day Saturday most of the troops composing

the Sixth Corps, then under General 'Baldy' Smith, lay quiet behind the breast of ground near the river road, Newton's division being massed in the orchard near Dr. Bernard's nouse. To the left there was considerable manœuvering, especially by a calvary command, and there was some, but not much light fighting along the whole line of Franklin's grand division. Once in a while a dropping fire would begin on the picket line beshoved up in sight, while a battery would open up, but all would be quiet again and the troops resumed their waiting.

"Away across to the right, fully three miles

"Away across to the right, fully three miles away, the ground sloped up from behind Fredericksburg town to the foot of Marye's Heights, which was the stronghold of the Confederate position. From the railway cut and the cemetery back of the town every inch of ground was in full view from the spot where Newton's division lay, and over that ground we colid see much light skirmishing all day. Early on the morning of Saturday the 13th of December, the guns began rapid fring on the right, and the heavy pall of powder smoke that soon settled along the slope back of the town told us on the left that the work for which we were on the south Dank of the Rappaliannock would speedily begin. The guns flashed faster and faster on the right, and before a great white-I don't know how long—he artillery fire slackened, and right after a line of blue-coated men showed out from under the surtain of smoke and

Dashed Away With a Ringing Cheer, that was distinctly heard by us, for the rebel works. The artillery on Marye's Heights played furiously on the advancing line, but all else was ticing, until our line was almost at the foot of the

"By this time our men on the left were sending back cheer for cheer to our charging line, and every officer and man was watching to see the line sweep up the hill. In another instant a universal groan of horror succeeded to our cheers, for that charging line disappeared as though for that charging line disappeared as though iwept from the face of the earth by the long line of red fiame that burst forth into the very faces of our line of blue. It seemed as if the line was keep tuterly away, but as we looked, after the moke, that seemed like a pitying veil drifted iway, we could see men here and there along what had been that rushing line pick themselves up out of the mass and scurry back across the doning plain.

Over and over again, through that long bright "Over and over again, through that long bright December morning, Burnside huvied line after line against that sunken road a log the foot of Marye's Heights only to be crushed to atoms of blue-clad humanity. It was cheering to us, who idly watched the needless slaughter, when every officer and man of the Sixth Corps who watched knew well that a few more hours at furthest would find us also in action. Was it to be with us as there on Summer's front? I know there were hundreds who asked the question, and it by no means cheered up our people for the coming work.

t. bout noon orders came to move in force, and

The Same Fatal Indecision hat marked the work on the right left him for an

jour without support, and when we went in he lave had ten instead of three brigades to battle "Through our line the shattered reserves went and we closed up to meet and drive back the

rebel line, but back again came more, and an artillery duel followed, with Williston and Butler and Munk on our side, and other batteries on the other, that was as sharp as anything I ever wit-Back and forth the lines surged. Now the

Johnnes had the ground, and now the blue-clad line struggled to gain the ridge. The ground in front was thickly strewn with blue and gray clad men, or what had been men, and after a final brush of the artillery, night closed down and we knew that some one had blundered. How, or who, was it?
"The following night was clear and cold, and the

across those fair fields lay dead and wounded men enoughly to have formed a splendid corp-sacrificed by incapacity, and a worse jealousy that made the subordinates he depended upon give but a tardy support and aid, even if it were not some-thing worse."

A STUDENT'S TOWN.

Experiences of a Searcher After Knowledge With Tin Pails Mysteriously Suspender

on Trees. [Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.] I always make it a point once a year or so to take a university course. Sometimes I graduate at one college, sometimes at another. One day last week I went through the State University at Ann Arbor. A train leaves Detroit at 6.30 in the morning, and a person can come back at 5 p. m. and have the diplomas sent on the treight train that follows some time after.

The town itself is a summer town, with fine lawns and grounds. You meet students everywhere. The Ann Arbor student is very differen from the Harvard variety that I had the pleasure of meeting a few weeks ago. The Ann Arbor man evidently means business. He is earnest, energetic and pushing. He pushed me off the side-walk several times during my short stay in the town. He is evidently not on the average too well off in the world's goods, but he doesn't care a rap off in the world's goods, but he doesn't care a rap who knows it. He is going to make a name for himself; he is going to shove himself into a position in this world, and if you don't like that kind of a fellow—well—he thinks you can go to H—arvard or some other place that will suit you better. The Harvard man is a cultured, notin-a-hurry sort of individual, and he will let you have half the sidewalk.

I noticed a curious Ann Arbor custom in my morning walk to the college. Spikes are driven into the trees, and on each spike hung a bright tin pall. Some trees were surrounded with palls. It was an odd decorative feature I had never noticed before. I took one of the palls down. It was empty. While I examined it a man came out of the gate.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" he said.
"Yes," said I. "How de do? Can't say I rec ognize you."
"You'll recognize me all right when I get you expelled from the university. That's three palls you've collared this week. Now I've collared

"Metaphorically."
"Yes, every way. The professor said that if I caught a pail thief just to follow him, find out his name and be'd be bounced."
"The professor?"

"The professor?"
"No; you."
"Well, you'll have a lively time if you follow me round all day."
We walked in slience together. I asked him questions about the town but he gave me no information. Then I came back to the pails.
"What do you hang those pails out for, any-

"Not for you to steal 'em." Expect contributions in them?"

No answer. "I hope you don't think they are ornamental?" No answer.
"Now if you hang them on the branches it ould be better-more of a Christmas tree effect,

you know."
"I'd like to hang you on a good stout branch.
That's what you'll come to yet."
"Not in Michigan, you know."
"Not in Michigan, you know." A severe-looking man canie up a side street.
"I've got him, professor," said my friend.
Watched all morning for him. Caught him with
he pail in his hand. the pail in his hand."
"Do you belong to this university, sir?" said the

"Do you belong to this university, sir's said the professor.

"Well, I graduated here one day a dozen years or so ago. Since then I've been to Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin, Glasgow, Harvard, Toronto and Heidelburg universities, and have just come back to Ann Arbor to finish up."

"I think you will find it as I told you," said the professor. "It is not a student but some outside man who takes your pails."

"Isn't he a student?"

"I don't think he would undertake to answer me in the manner he did if he were."

"Then, I'll make complaint against him down town," said the man, turning away. The professor crossed over towards the university grounds.

girls let me in, shook hands, said she was glad to see me, and asked me to step into the back barlor. In a few minutes the hull lour girls wanz down there making it pleasant for me. They looked uncommonly nice, havin' red, and blue and yellow ribbons in their hair, but I hadn't been talkin' to

'em three minutes before one of 'em suddenly yelled in a loud voice:

"'One—two—three—four!'

"Well, you know, I looked kind of startled, but still pleasant like, and then suddenly another girl broke right in the middle of a remark I was

"'One—two—three—four!"

"Well, I sort of humped myself and sez; 'This here is kind of a new deal. But Pil get on to it before long.' Once more I begun to make some elegant remarks, when a third girl yelled; 'One—two—three—four!' which shook the kerosene lamp nearly off the planner. This sort of thing went on for about an hour. Every time I spoke one of them would yell: 'One—two—three—four!' and then they'd all titter till they couldn't get their breath. Well, durin' the whole time this went on until I arose to go. One of the girls asked me if I had a monogram band in my hat, and lifted the foreman's deer and took out seven or eight newspa-'One-two-three-four!' man's dicer and took out seven or eight newspapers. Then, as I said good evenin', they all

'One-two-three-four!" "'One-two-ihree-four!'"
"I found out the following day from their brother that they wauz makin' fun of my moustache and countin' the hairs on either side. I felt kind of sore about it at first; but the brother said that all the best families do that, and so I let her slide."

SWEET YANKEE CIRLS.

An Appreciative Visitor From the Golden State Aptly Sings Their Praises.

(Boston Letter in San Francisco Bulletin.) It is not true, as I had always ignorantly belleved, that all the girls in Boston wear glasses and go about with volumes of Euripides and Spinoza in their hands. Glasses are quite out, and only those whom short-sightedness compels wear only those whom short-signtedness compels wear them. They are the sweetest, daintlest damsels on earth, these Puritan maldens. Their color is as delicate as an arbutus blossom, and with the incoming fashions of health they are growing stronger and more elastic. I have in mind a young woman whom I had often seen and admired, without knowing who she was—a cleareyed, finely-fibred creature, simple, serious and sincere, with girlish grace and womanly dignity combined. I was not at all surprised to learn that she was a high school teacher of Greek and Latin, though she might easily be the centre of a distinctively social life or the inspiration of a spoem. The New England girl is a charming type, and it is a mysfery to me that so many Yankee youths who go West should forget these lovely girls and bind their faith to the young women of thio, Minnesota and Oregon. I suppose it is part of the law of progress, but it is as inscrutable as when a Northerner ceases to care for the "first fine flavor of the frost." or a Southerner ceases to enjoy the rush of an leeladen wind. I love my pines among the Sierras, that stand up strong and tall and dauntless, while the wild flowers never forget to smile below them. But I look from my window now upon the spreading branches of these lower pines and rejoice in them, glad that it was a Western poet who said: They shouldered their snows in silence, and stool before the Lord. them. They are the sweetest, daintiest damsels They shouldered their snows in silence, and stood before the Lord.

Arctic Phenomena.

[George Kennan, "Camping in Kamschatka."]
A crowd standing upon the snow at a distance of 100 yards is exaggerated and distorted beyond recognition. Once having lingered a little behind the rest of the party I was startled hind the rest of the party I was startled at seeing a long line of shadowy dog sledges moving stlently through the air at a height of eight or ten feet from the ground. The mock sledges were inverted in position, and the mock dogs trotted along with their feet upward in the air, but their outlines were as clear as those of the real sledges and real dogs underneath. This curious phenomenon lasted only a moment, but it was succeeded by others equally strange, until at last we lost faith in our eyesight entirely and would not believe in the existence of anything unless we could touch it with our hands.

"The following night was clear and cold, and the Sunday morning's sunrise showed a thick grime of loar frost all over the scene. All that day was a nuccession of charges and counter-charges on the seft. A brigade would make a rush and gain ground to our front, to be met and driven back by a rebet line that in turn would be checked.

"Monday was a repetition of the day before, and men asked each other and themselves what it all meant. The meaning, if there was meaning, came long after nightfall, when we began retreating, and before the next morning the Army of the Potomac was back on the north bank of the Rappabannock.

"It is no injustice to the dead commander of that army to repeat now the words by which the men have always designated that campaign—Burnside's slaughter." Upon the slones and

CATCHING A WILD HORSE.

Adventures With the Phantom Steed of the Prairies.

Pursuit of a Wild Racer That Was Many Times Taken Only to Escape.

Once Captured by a Historic Mule Known as "Abe Lincoln."

(General James Brisbin in Chicago Horseman.) When I was stationed up in the Wind River Valley, Wyoming Territory, I had a most exciting experience with a wild horse. I had often heard of this horse, and there was a good deal of romance attached to his history, much of which I suppose was pure fiction. Such a horse, nowever, dld exist, and he was often seen on the plains, in the canyons, and gazing down at the passer-by from the mountain tops. At midnight often a horse was seen flying by the lonely camps on the prairie, and the Indians declared they had been startled out of their sleep by the shrill neigh of the clattering hoofs of the "phantom horse," as they called him. The Cheyenne Indians had stolen him in Kansas, where he had been a noted race horse, and the Sioux had in turn stolen him from the Chevennes, who sold him to the Utes, and in a great battle near the Uintah mountains the Snake Indians had captured him from the Utes. He had escaped from the Snakes, and for a long time re mained wild on the prairies, but finally a Mr. Gallagher and a party of hunters had succeeded in capturing him and took him to the Sait Lake settlements, but he had escaped, took to the mountains, and finally drifted back to his old pastures on the Wind river. All efforts to recapture him were in vain, and when I arrived on the Wind river he had been at large some four years. I knew Mr. Gallagher well and wrote him about the horse. He replied there was such a horse, and for a time he had been in his possession. Mr. Gallagher's letter revived all interest in the mysterious horse, and I determined, if possible, to capture him at the earliest opportunity. The Snake Indians, who inhabited that region, did not like to talk about him, and believed he was possessed of an evil spirit. They freely admitted often seeing him, but would not help to catch him or have anything to do with

Thus ran the legend of the wild horse or the hantom steed of the Wind River mountains, as

he was frequently called. I gave strict instructions to all hunting parties, scouts and trappers, to look out for the wild horse and if they saw him to let me know. Once word came that he was at Buffalo Bull lake, sixty miles away, and I sent a party of Arrapahoe Indians scouts to capture him. After days of watching

They Finally Lassooed Him

and brought him to their camp. For days they beat, choked and starved him, but his brave spirit seemed unconquerable. His legs were tied with ropes, and the Indians resorted to all their known skill in horsemanship to break and con-quer him. At last one ambitious Indian youth "Isn't he a student?"

"I don't think he would undertake to answer me in the manner he did if he were."

"Then, I'll make complaint against him down town," said the man, turning away. The professor crossed over towards the university grounds.

"Gentlemen," I cried, "before we part, tell me what those pails are for?"

Neither had the politeness to answer, but another did.

A man drove up in a wagon filled with palls, the took one off a tree and hung a full one on. Then, in tones that rang sharp in the morning air, he shouled, "Me—lik."

FOUR GIRLS PUZZLED HIM.

A Sociable Barber Who was Not Up in the Amusements of the Best Families.

[New York Sun.]

"Well, sir, I was never quite so cold in my life as I wanz last evenink when I called on some ladifiens of the best families.

(New York Sun.)

"Well, sir, I was never quite so cold in my life as I wanz last evenink when I called on some ladifiens of the limits, and the barber of a Fulton street shop, as he rubbed the soap deftly into the victum's ears and smiled reassuringly at him. "You see, these ladies have asked me to call on them several times, but I haven't been off the turt since I was shook by the daughter of the boss. I have been rather shy, but as they wauz nice girls I borrowed the foremany's plug hat, put a lot of newspapers inside the band, so as to keep it from goin' over my ears and smidfn' me out on my way up town. I called at the fashlonable hour, 7 o'clock. One of the girls let me in, shook hands, said sie was gigat to see me, and asked me to step into the back barlor, in a few minutes the built lour girls wary down. announced he could ride him, and the ropes were taken off. The Indian mounted the

the bluff with head and tail erect, steadily looking at our horse and mule herd, which was quietly grazing in the valley. I gave orders to the soldiers not to disturb the horse or apparently notice him, but sent word to the herders to move the herd gently toward the bluff, keeping well in the background themselves. The horse presently decended the bluffs and approached the herd, but, decended the biuns and approached the herd, but, suddenly taking alarm, crossed the valley and went up the opposite hills. As it charmed by the presence of his own kind, he recrossed the valley and assumed his old position on the bluffs. Being reassured he came down and for a minute joined the mule herd. Then running round and round he worked toward the horses and mares. As long as he would run I let. horses and mares. As long as he would run I let him go, but seeing he was settling down to canture our mares, I started him out on the hills one more. Part of the herd was now driven in, a ca ture our mares, I started him out on the hilis once more. Part of the herd was now driven in, a cavalry company and some team mules saddled up, and we walted for developments. We could see the long chain about his neck dangling between his fore legs and apparently threshing them at every step. In about an hour the horse, seemingly exhausted, came down from the hills and entered the herd with the mares. I now ordered the men in twos, threes and sixes to seize the passes leading to the hills and to picket the bluffs. Then began a chase the like of which I had never seen before. I had sent out troopers to all the passes and divided up a company into squads of six and eight, with orders to relieve each other as fast as their horses became blown. The pursuing party started the horse, and he made straight for the hills, where he was turned back and driven across the valley again. Go where he might, soldiers from every canyon and on every hillside emerged with lariats, ready to lasso him. Like most animals when closely pursued, the horse ran almost in a circle, and soon made no effort to enter the hills. His only anxiety seemed to be to escape the immediate presence of seemed to be to escape the limediate presence of his pursuers, who gradually closed in on him. At first be

Easily Outran the Swiftest Horses.

but now some of the fresher ones were nearly able to keep up with him. The chain about his neck threshed his forelegs and greatly impeded his onward progress. Suddenly from the wagon cor-ral emerged a teamster mounted on a tall saddle mule, and at the sight of the mule and rider the soldiers set up a great shout. The mule had a history, and was known in the command as "Old history, and was known in the command as "Old Abe Lincolu." He had been the hero of many a race and won many a bet, for not withstanding his ungainly appearance he had pluck, endurance and speed, such as rarely falls to the lot of a mule. Stretching himself and shaking his small whisk tail in the air, old Abe went straight for the wild horse. Placing himself on the outside of the circle at the horse's shoulder, Abe stayed with him, pressing in and in until he was going around on a few acres of land. I now saw the capture of the horse was nevitable, and the soldiers of the camp ran out

and in until he was going around on a few acres of land. I now saw the capture of the horse was inevitable, and the soldiers of the camp ran out with guns, sticks and clubs to keep him within the circle. By common consent Old Abe and his rider were allowed to do the chasing, the other mounted men merely keeping the horse in the fatal ring. Abe's rider made one or two attempts to throw a rope over the norse's head, but he dodged it with wonderful agility.

"Catch him by the chain! Catch him by the chain!" the soldiers called out, and Abe's rider put up'his rope and made desperate efforts to get hold of the chain that hung from the horse's neck. Once or twice he got it, but the horse tore away. Old Abe seemed to misunderstand the business in hand, and was constantly trying to get ahead of the horse. He did not seem to know why he should be required to keep alongside, and greatly vexed his rider by his efforts to bass the horse. At last, however, the chain was secured and Abe, either understanding it or being tired out, merely kept at the horse's side. As

The Soldier Tugged at the Chain

it began to choke the horse, and finally he staggered as he ran. The soldiers now closed in and threw their lariats at him as he passed. One went over his head, and the soldier hung to it until an other and another came to his help. The horse could go no further, his eyes popped out of his head, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and

his neck and let him rise. He seemed completely conquered and moved along quietly enough to the stables. The horse was by common consent given to me, but I said I would not have him and thought he ought to belong to Old Abe and his rider. This greatly pleased the soldiers, and, as Old Abe and his rider belonged to Captain Phisterer's company of the Seventh Infantry, the horse, went to that regiment.

rider belonged to Captain Phisterer's company of the Seventh Infantry, the horse, went to that regiment.

Poor fellow, he seemed glad enough to be in captivity, and was soon quite gentie, but they were afraid to ride him lest he should throw his rider and again escape to the hills. He would put down his head to have the sore on his neck washed, and, indeed, benaved so well that we soon ceased to talk about him.

Not very long after his capture a detachment of Captain Phisterer's company was going into Fort Bridger, and the captain determined to send the wild horse in with them. He was securely tied behind a wagon, and strict orders given to guard him night and day until his arrival at Bridger.

On the second day out we heard from the detachment that the horse had escaped. It appeared that a soldier had taken him to the water, using merely a haiter. Whether the horse gof rightened and pulled away, or whether the soldier for a moment dropped the nalter strap, no one could tell, but the horse got away, fled into the hills, and, of course, pursuit was useless. He was often seen afterwards, but no one ever could succeed in recapturing him.

### BEING A WOMAN.

Some of the Trials and Tribulations That the Fair Sex is Compelled to be Cheerful

Under. [Revised by a Woman for the Lowell Times.] It is a dreadful bother to be a woman and do the business up in good shape. In the first place, you've got to look well, or else you're nobody. A man may be ever so homely and still be popular Whiskers cover up the most of his face, and if he has a big mouth nobody mistrusts it, and if he does wrinkle bad on his forehead his friends speak of his many cares and of his thoughtful disposition, and tell each other that his wrinkles are lines of thought. Lines of thought, indeed, when in all probability his forehead is wrinkled by the oad habit he has got of scowling at his wife when

the coffee isn't strong enough.

A woman must always be in good order. Her hair must always be frizzed and banged, as fashion demands, and she must powder if she has a shining skin; and she must manage to look sweet, no matter how sour she may feel; her dress must hang just so, and her lace must always in place, and her finger nails always in place, and her finger nails always clean; and then she mustn't inger nails always clean; and then she mustn' whistle, nor climb fences, nor stone cats, nor scole

whistle, nor climb fences, nor stone cats, nor scold when she's mad.

She can't go out alone, because ladies must be protected; she can't go anywhere when it rains, because her hair won't stay frizzed and she'll get mud on her pettleoats and things; she can't be a Free Mason, because she would tell their secrets and everybody would know all about the goat and gridiron; she can't smoke, because that would be unfeminine; she can't go courting, because that would not be womanly. But she must get married before she is twenty-five, or everybody will feel wronged. People will sign over her, and wonder why it is that men "don't seem to take"; and all the old maids and widows smile and keep quiet. On, these smiles and these significant looks! They are ten times more than open slanders. It is a terrible thing to be an old maid. Everybody knows it is, and the women who are married to drunken husbands, and who manage to quarrel with them six days out of, seven, will hee in an agony of spirit over the single woman and call her that "poor old maid."

A woman must marry rich or she doesn't marry well." And to many "well" is the end and aim

agony of spirit over the single woman and call her that "poor old maid."

A woman must marry rich or she doesn't marry "well." And to many "well" is the end and aim of a woman's existence, judging from the view which people in general take of this matter. It is everybody's business whom a woman marries. The whole neighborhood put their heads together and talk over the pros and cons, and decide whether she is good enough for him. (There is nothing said about his being good enough for her.) And they criticise the shape of her nose, and relate anecdotes of how lazy her grandfather was, and how her Annt Sally used to sell beans and buttermilk. A woman must wear No. 2 boots on No. 3 feet, and she must wan and she must be kind to the poor, and she must be oregularly to the sewing society meetings, and be ready to dress dolls and make tidles and aprons for church fairs. She must be a good cook, and she must be able to "do up" her husband's shirts so that the Chinese washerman would groan with envy and gnash his teeth with the same unholy passion at sight of them.

She must always have the masculine buttons of the family sewed on so they will never come of while in use, and she must keep the family hoslery while in use, and she must keep the family hosiery so that nobody would ever mistrust there were toes in the stockings while they were on. She must hold herself in constant readiness to find everything bor husband has lost—and a man never knows where to find anything. He will put his boots carefully away on the parior sofa, and when he has hunted for them half an hour he will suddenly appear to his wife with a countenance like an avenging angel and demand "What in thunder she has done with his boots." She must shut all the doors after her lord and master, and likewise the bureau drawers, for a married man was never known to shut a grawer. It would be as unnatural for a hen to go in swimming for recreation.

She mustigo to bed, first in cold weather so as to get the bed warm. Her husband, if he be a wise man, never asks her to do this. Oh, not but, he sits to "just finish this piece in the paper," and waits till she has got the sheets to a comfortable temperature. Ah, there are a great many tricks in

waits this has got the sheets to a combination temperature. Ah, there are a great many tricks in the trade of living together. A woman is expected to take care of the baby even after the first infantile wonder has multiplied into a round half dozen. And if he doubles up with the colic or trials of cutting teeth or the necessary evils of mumps and measles and whooping cough and scarlet fever and rash and throat distemper and short sleeves and bare legs and pins sticking into him and too much candy and a bad temper, why her husband tells her that he "does wish she would try and quiet her baby," and he says it too as if he thought she alone was responsible for its being in existence and as if she was considerably to blame for it too. And when she has the headache nobody thinks of minding it—a woman's always having the headache. And if she is "nervous enough to fly" nobody shuts the door any quieter, and nobody tucks her on the lounge with a shawl over her or coddles her to death as a man has to be coddled under such circumstances.

nder such circumstances.
We might go on indefinitely with the troubles of we might go of indefinitely with the troofies of being a woman, and if there is a man who thinks a woman has an easy time of it, why, just let him pln on a pound of false hafr and get inside a pair of corsets, and put on a puil-back overskirt, and be a woman himself and see now he likes it.

His First and Astonishing Effort at Entertaining a Company of His Elders,

[Detroit Free Press.]
"I have not had as much time to prepare him as I could wish, but I hope you will be entertained by his first attempt," said the superintendent. "Now, Jimmy, come forward and speak your

The superintendent revires; enter Jimmy with two skips and a jump, which bring him disastrously near the edge of the platform, where he presents the appearance of a nondescript with a double set of legs and arms. His bair, which had been brushed back, has fallen over his face and obscures his vision. He announces in a shrili

Thir Fross Spirt
Hegumshegumsthefrospirtgums—gums—gums Voice of the superintendent—"You may trace is footsteps now."

Jimmy resumed:

Youmaytracehisfootstepsnow—snow—snow.
A whispered aside with the superintendent, and immy resumes: Onthenakedwoodsandtheblasted-blasted-"Blasted what?" shricks Jimmy, under reath. Again he started on the right track:

---Blastedfields
Andthebrownhill'switheredbrow. Applause for Jimmy, who begins to speak up and call his som his own. Hegumshegumsthefrostkinggums
Fromthefrozzeniably—lably—door—door.

"Labrador!" trumpets the superintendent in a Library door-door-door-The cold sweat, mixed with hair oil, was pour-ng down Jimmy's cheek, but he floundered on intil he came to the third verse of Whittier's fine

frost-poem:

Hegumshegumsthefrostspirtgums
Ontherushingnorthernblast!
And the dark Norwegian—Norwegan— And the dark Norwegian—Norwegan—Vimmy stopped to listen for the voice of the superintendent, but that functionary was simply sneechless. Jimmy saw a thousand lights and a mill on faces looking at him. Ah! an inspiration struck him. There was but one thing he knew about Norwegians—there was one in his mother's kitchen; he caught on:

And the dark Norwegian dirishavehoved

Andthedark Norweglangirlshavebowed Ashisfearfulbreathwentpast. Then the audience cheered so wildly that the management rang down the curtain, and every-body went home and said it was a wonderful per-formance for so young a boy.

How to Eat an Orange.

[Hartford Times.]
I beg of you to implore your friends never again to insuit such a noble fruit as to eat it with a spoon. Let them adhere strictly to the following directions as to how to eat an orange: Place the head, his tongue protruded from his mouth, and he fell heavily on the plain. In an instant his foreiges were bound together, and at last we had the wild horse safe in our hands. I examined him carefully, and found him a dark chestnut bay in color and of medium size. The chain had cut deep into his neck, making an ugly sore, and the skin was completely threshed off his knees and forelegs by the beating of the chain. He was broad-chested, with wide nostrils and a big, bright, fiery eye. The muscles were gathered in large knots and the veins on his neck and body stood out like whipcords.

After we had securely noppled his legs and tied a dozen long ropes to him we took the chain off JAPANESE ODDITIES.

An Interesting People Who Are Not Intimately Known.

Their Habitations, Cookery, Costumes and Methods of Courtship.

The Land Where Women Boil Their Husbands at Nightfall.

[Tokio Letter to Chicago Times.]

German social life may be pretty fairly learned

at the theatre: Scotch life is seen in the churches; American life may at times be epitomized in a few hours on board a railroad train; but to know Japanese life you must journey leisurely through country and town, and in your peripatetic moods you will learn more than can be found in whole volumes. If the people do not actually eat and sleep in the street, the construction of the village house is such as to leave no room for doubt as to what is actually taking place. Men, women, and children-boys and girls haif-grown-are all about the front of the ouse, some performing their morning ablutions, while perchance the motherly dame is scrubbing the heavy iron pots and kettles or placing her dirty offspring to soak. The children are number-less. In summer they paddle around with scarcely an apology for clothing, but in winter they are ten times wrapped in heavy quilted garments, from which only the head and feet protrude. Babies in Japan have their heads shaved in such a way that the tonsorial effect in some mysterious way indicates the age of the child. At first the head is shaven clean, but soon a tuft appears above each ear, then one under the crown, followed by a little black fore top. These extend their lateral dimensions until they unite in a ring around the head, the crown being bare. Thus the child grows, the island on the top of the head growing smaller and smaller, until at the age of 14, if it be a girl, the hair is "done up" on great ornamental pins, and that indicates a marriageable age. The face is powdered white, the lips and corners of the eyes are bright carmine, while dots of black or state color about the forenead completes the toilet. No young lady of rank would presume to be so conceited as to suppose that her complexion does not need improve ment by means of such pigments. It is her modesty that causes her to paint. (Wonder if it is the same on the other side of the globe?) Speaking of a marriageable age, it may be well to digress a little to speak of marriages in this country. The

Courting is all Done by a Third Party. The parents of the prospective bride and groon agree upon a go-between, who makes all arrange ments, closes the engagement, appoints the happy day, and, in short, runs things. The parties co tracting may never have seen or heard of each other until negotiations are commenced. In fact, it is not uncommon for the parties to see each other for the first time only as the ceremony is to begin. A few days previous to the ceremony it is proper for the prospective groom, through his agent, to send the about to-be bride a present of money or silk for her "obt," a wide girdle, which ever a woman in Japan wears. The affianced lady may send her future lord and master a present, also, if she choose. Beyond this there are no communications whatever. This third-first arrangement, the Japanese say, prevents trouble between the parties, and is a sort of guarantee for their good will toward each other. It would be accounted suicidal rudeness for a young lady to even write to a young min. A case occurred a few years ago in Toklo, where a young lady in an English school became very much enamored of a young man, and wrote him a letter expressing her affection. He rebuked her for her indelicacy, and she, stung with remorse and grief, threw herself into a well and was drowned. However, the extremely tyrannical rule of the old society is being visibly modified by contact with Western civilization.

But I was journeying and got as far as bables. tracting may never have seen or heard of each

but I was journeying and got as far as bables, which fruitful topic turned me toward weddings. In a small village you think the population is equally divided between juirikisha men, bables and dogs. In the case of bables, you find a double population supported by one pair of legs, for every youngster old enough has another edition of the same sort strapped to his back. The houses are provided with paper doors, formed by pasting tough paper, made of a certain plant called vegetable baper, on light frames. These light doors serve for windows as well. The floor is raised about two feet from the ground, and is covered with woven mats about as well. The floor is raised about two feet from the ground, and is covered with woven mats about two luches thick. At the door space just inside are left the heavy gooden shoes of the street. So these mats are usually faultlessly clean, and are frequently bound about the edge with black lineu. The rooms are partitioned by these sliding frames covered with paper, so that in a few moments the house may be made large or small at will. Turned into one of these rooms for the night you find the urniture to consist of a rustle peg upon which to lang your hat. The mats on the floor serve for peds, and at time for retiring they will bring you thick quilt-like arrangement called a "futou,"

You May Have a Wooden Pillow if you choose, but, unless long in the land, you probably will decline. If far from the open ports curious eyes will peer through every crevice, or indeed a finger may make crevices in the paper to

get a view of a foreigner.
You hear a monotonous low whistle and learn that it is a blind "shampooer," who goes about in the night to pick and pull, and knead tired mus-Not near a honotous low winste and learn that it is a blind "shanpooer," who goes about in the night to pick and pull, and knead thred muscles, hoping thereby to coin a few cents. This is better than beggary, and the Japanese thoroughly believe in the virtues of this treatment. There are very few mendicants in Japan. Upon arising in the morning you may wish to lavade the culmary department, but you would better follow the Scriptural injunction and "eat such things as are set before you." Not that things are necessarily uncleanly, but there is a general inixture of cookery and smeils, which only the well-filled stomach enjoys. Tell them to cook you enicken; you hear a squawking in the house, and in just five minutes the late lamented bird is before you, all cooked. It is done in this wise: Upon a charcoal fire are placed thin copper pans, which are almost instantly heated to a white heat. Oil is dropped in, the chicken on top, and all is over. The natives eat little flesh. Only since the advent of foreigners have they learned to eat it at all. Their sustanance is drawn mostly from rice, sweet potators, fish and a few vegetables, such as a great radish called daikan. They also eat millet, and, strange to say, buckwheat if made into soup. The lesser articles are barley, wheat, green corn, oranges, grapes, figs, persimmons, etc. There is a soup made of rice, small pieces of dough, a little seaweed, some snails and sharks' fins. You may pass it by, preferring boarding-house hash or anything less complex. One great drawback to foreign travel in Japan is the difficulty of getting suitable food, but with a good digestive apparatus you will be able to pull through.

Attached to each hotel is a bath for the use of quests. The bath-tub and heater are combined so that the water, once heated, must furnish the bathing material for the whole house. Arriving at a Japanese hotel footsore and weary you ask the landiady

"How Many Have Used the Bath?"

"How Many Have Used the Bath?" She innocently replies: "Only eight." You forego the luxury of such a bath. Passing through a town just at nightfall you see a woman boiling her husband-at any rate the man is half in mersed in the bath, while the dame is stoking the mersed in the bath, while the dame is stoking the fire beneath with all her might. The flames pour forth from beneath while this contented Jap is being cooked. Perhaps, though, his was only a preliminary boiling. Such public bathing is now prohibited in the cities, but "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife!" these simple people see no harm in public bathing if it suits their convenience. The dress of the people varies with the rank of the person. There are pronocled rules regulating these maiters. The convenience. The dress of the people varies with the rank of the person. There are iron-clad rules regulating these matters. The coolies are frequently clad, when clothed at all, in a tight sort of pants, over which is worn a loose sort of gown, cut perfectly straight, and provided with capacious sleeves. In the case of the middle and nigher classes these huge square bouches serve as pockets, and they contain sometimes almost as motley a collection of objects as do the pockets of a Yankee school-boy. The cut of the dress varies a little with the rank of the wearer, but the quality and quantity varies immensely, from the simple clout of the summer-clad coolle to the porgeous robes of the court and royalty. The higher classes are clad in beauniful soft crapes and sliks that show matchless taste and skill. Recently the household department of the government has published regulations concerning the apparel of nobles and their ladies who attend state ceremonies. The instructions and the native costume, both of men and women, are very minute. No one will be admitted who does not conform to the instructions. These rules have caused an advance in the finer fabrics, and have kept the looms in the ancient capital, Kioto, in constant operation. The regulations go into effect on January 1, 1885. One important avenue of escape is open to the much started noble and his family. All may may dress tions go into effect on January 1, 1885. One important avenue of escape is open to the much-instructed noble and his family. All may may dress in foreign costume if they so elect. Since the Japanese, or in fact any other people, has never been able to set arbitrary limits for foreign tailors and dressmakers, the people may don foreign ciothes and remain beyond the pale of government interference. It is already estimated that the new regulations will very materially increase the trade of the foreign haberdasher. One other item must not be overlooked.

The Method of Dressing the Hair in Japan is not altogether pleasing to the olface tory nerves of fastidious people. In order to make the hair remain in place it is necessary to saturate it with an oil which is not very savory after a few days' standing. The toilet of a Jan-anese lady has never peen considered complete

until the head-dress has been elaborated by puffs and plaits and bows. Now the new regulations provide for wearing the hair loose on the shoulder. This innovation caused the conservative ones to shake their heads in duulous astonishment. At some of these state entertainments most amusing things occur. At a reception given by Count Inouve of the foreign department on the emperor's birthday there was a distinguished company of foreign and Japanese ladies and gentlemen. One foreign lady made running comments in English upon Japanese ladies' costumes and of a certain very richly-dressed lady in particular. This was very annoying to the lady criticised, and at last an allusion to the pomade above mentioned was too much for even Japanese equanimity, and the thoroughly inspected and disgusted lacy, addressing her critic, politely asked that she make her remarks less effusive.

Cultured Japanese are the very soul of politeness. They even have a code which justifies telling a lie if the truth would embarrass the hearer. They are not demonstrative, but are exquisitely graceful in their politeness. Withal, they are conceited, not because of their own culture, but of the highest culture of the nation to which they belong. An invitation to dinner among the middle or upper classes frequently commences about as follows: "I beg pardon for thus insulting you in begging your company at my house to dinner. The house is small and very dirty. Our habits are rude, and you may not get anything fit to eat; and yet I hope that you will condescend to be present with us at 6 o'clock on the 9th of December." Upon arriving at the house you find it spotlessly clean, tasty in arrangement, and the host and hostess affable indeed. The bill of fare consists of ten or fifteen courses, the best the market can afford. All the self-humillation of the host is the method adopted to bay you honor. Obedience and patriotism are noted qualities of the Japanese or they never could have revolutionized the government and placed it upon a progressive footing

time.

Since writing the above the following notice occurs in a Japanese paper: "A man named Nakamura Najo, acting as go-between for a young lady and gentleman about to be married, started with the lady to go to the family of the young man. On the journey the young lady became separated from the agent, and he could not find her in the streets of Toklo. Therefore, he was obliged to report the matter to the police and go back with tears in his eyes to beg forgiveness of the young lady's family." Thus you see the starting of connuclai bliss in this land has its drawbacks.

### A MARVELLOUS DREAM.

Soaring From the Practical Regions of Fact to the Empyrean Realms of Fancy and Making Strange Discoveries.

Boston Transcript. The other evening, while looking over a long and able article on the tariff-I say "looking over" advisedly, for nobody ever thinks of reading a ng and able article, especially if it be upon the tariff-my eyelids contracted in spite of me, then I began to nod, and, before I was aware of it, I was fast asleep and dreaming away at the rate of forty knots an hour.

I dreamed that I had been thrown amongst a people who were exceedingly selfish; each one caring, seemingly, only for himself.

Not only did this people cheat and circumvent each other upon every occasion which offered, but they had the reprenensible as well as singular

each other upon every occasion which offered, but they had the reprenensible as well as singular habit of speaking slightingly of persons behind their backs; and this appeared the more remarkable, inasmuch as the very persons, during whose absence nobody could find anything good to say of them, were, when present, the recipients of the most fixtering compliments and the most distinguished consideration.

I dreamed that the children in this strange land frequently spoke slightingly of their parents, and hesitated not to deceive them and even to speak unto them as though the children fancied themselves a superior race of beings, for whom it was a peculiarly gracious thing even to notice those who enjoyed the honor of being their parents.

I dreamed, also, that lying and stealing were very common amongst this people, and that murder was not by any means wholly unknown.

I thought that it was the custom for tradesmen in this country to adulterate the foods which they sold, son etimes with harmful ingredients, in order to make money at the expense of their customers' health; and I dreamed that instead of throwing these offenders into the prison, the people elevated them to places of honor and profit, and so its estimated that instead of throwing these offenders into the prison, the people elevated them to places of honor and profit, and so its estimated that instead of throwing these offenders into the prison, the people elevated them to places of honor and profit, and so its estimated that his estimated that no honest man could hope for preferment in that country.

And I dreamed that the lawyers of that land

(so it seemed in my dream) it had come to be that no honest man could hope for preferment in that country.

And I dreamed that the lawyers of that land could be hired for pay to argue directly contrary to their convictions; that brokers and merchants systematically deceived those with whom they had dealings; that even the clergymen labored, apparently, for money and worldly applause, rather than from disinterested and single-minded devotion to the service to which they were supposed to be devoted, and that, in short, nobody could be trusted—save, perhaps, the convicts in the public jails, who, being handreapped by their peculiar environment, were unable to contend in the universal race, for immoral money-getting which was going on without their prison walls.

I dreamed that this people sent armed men into foreign countries and smote the inhabitants thereof with the edge of the sword, and that they seized the lands in these foreign countries and held them for their own, and that they made slaves of the natives of those countries, and waxed rich from the fruits of their labor.

And I dreamed that it was not so much the custom, in this queer place in which my dream had thrown me, to go into every land and preach the gospel unto every living creature, as it was to send rum and oplum and tobacco unto every living creatures might maim and kill each other.

And I dreamed many other strange things about this curious people. I thought they were untruthful, disnoiest, covetous, revengeful and whoily seilish in all which they did, and that al-

though outwardly every man and every woman appeared upright and houest, and kind and benevolent, and altogether good, yet were they, one and all, utterly corrupt.

and ail, utterly corrupt.

Now this was a very silly dream, and improbable; but, still, nobody can know how happy I was when I awoke to find it only a dream, and to know that I still lived in a Christian iand, where sin and, selfishness is unknown, and where every one, young and old, rich and poor, high and low, lives but for the good he may do to others, and where everybody loves his neighbor ever and ever so much better than he does himself.

WHAT ONE CENT WILL BUY. Poverty of a Man Who Has But the Nest Egg of a Colossal Fortune.

[Philadeiphia Press.]
The man who has only a cent is very little better off than the man who is without a cent. "I guess a good many of my customers are cent ones," said the keeper of a variety store, a brawny Irishman, "but it's a precious little that they get. You can buy this roll," showing a very diminutive or you can take your choice of crackers, two of them, or four of those, or one of t hem, but they'd them, or four of those, or one of them, but they'd be no use to a hungry man. You can buy a head of cabbage for a cent, but cabbage alin't no use without a fire to cook it, unless you're a gnat or a rabbit. Then you can get a bit of soap, brown, coarse stuff, which makes everything smell what it washes, or a cent's worth of snuff or tobacco, or a skein of thread, or two needles, or one pickle, or one onion, or apple, or five sticks of wood, enough to start a fire, or a short tallow candle, or a paper of pins, or two ounces of flour, or a little vinegar, or some coal oil. The oil is about the best thing you can get, as it is enough to keep a lamp burning all night. Then you can buy two envelopes or two sheets of writing paper, a box of matches, six gum drops, a monkey on a stick, a shoe-lace, a small package of pepper, starch, or a good lump of sait, or a large handful of soda, and that's about the list.

list.
"It's the five-cent piece that is the coin of the "It's the five-cent piece that is the coin of the poor in this country, not the cent. In England a penny can buy a good meal. There are soup kitchens all over London where you can get a bowl of thick pea broth or stewed eels for one copper, or you can buy a large piece of fried fish or a bag of fried potatoes, or half a pint of beer or porter, or half a pound or more of bread, or a rasher of bacon, or a sheep's tongue, or ab glate of Irish stew, made of potatoes and Australian mutton, or a thick slice of plum pudding, or a plateful of peas pudding. You can guite satisfy your hunger for a penny in London, just as you can for a five-cent piece here, but you can't do it for a cent, and I hope you will never have to try. No," to a would-be-customer, "we don't make no cent's worth of ham."

Bill Nye's Application for a Pass. (Louisville Courier-Journal.)
OFFICE OF THE EVENING SQUEAL,
January 14, 1885.

General Passenger Agent, Great North American Gitthere Railroad, Chicago, Ili.

Dear Sir—I desire to know by return mailwhether or no you would be pleased to swap transportation for kind words. I am the editor of the Squeal, published at this place. It is a paper pure in tone, world-wide in its scope and irresistible in the road sweep of its mighty arm. I desire to visit the great Exposition at New Orleans this winter and would be willing to yield you a few words of editorial opinion set in long primer type, next to pure reading matter and without advertising marks. You may make the pass read: "For self, Chicago to St. Louis and return," and I will write the editorial, or you may make it read: "Self and wife," and I will let you write it for yourself. Yours truly,

Daniel Webster Briggs,

Editor of the Squeal.

This Mr. McLean's Friends Will Approciate. [Merchant Traveller.] Last week Charley Scanlan of the Enquirer went to Hartford City, Ind., to write up the female evangelist who is turning that town upside down. When the services were well under way the lady

began to exhort Charley and it made him nervous. "I beg your pardon, madam," he said, politely 'I'm not here to be exhorted; I'm here on bush "Ah, my dear, dying brother," she replied, "there is no business so important as the Lord's."
"An't there?" said Charles, forgetting himself.
"Well, you don't know John McLean."
Mr. Scanian got home safely. [New Orleans Plcayune.]

Whene'er at home our mother gave To us each half a tart, My brother'd get me of alone And kindly (?) "take my part." Why Joseph Went.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

My Elder Brother.
[Jeff Joslyn in Evansville-Argus.]
Whene'er at school some bigger boy

Would pound me till I'd smart, My brother'd jump into the fray, And kindly take my part.

Joseph Cook has been lecturing in Halifax. The Unitarian preachers told him to go there. A Mercantile Transaction.

"M pound of jumps!" and I looked in surprise At little black Rose with her shining eyes, "A pound of jumps!—my mother said
A pound of jumps," and she nodded her head. "But, my dear, we've flour and sugar in lumps, And peanuts, but never a pound of jumps, With walnuts and chestnuts and corn that pops."
"O, O!" I forgot! it's a pound of hops!"

Advice from an Expert. "If bees come after you," says an exchange, "stand still, with head bowed." That's a pretty way to give in! Swing your hat and run like blazes.

[Robert Greene, d. 1592.]
Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown; Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent— The poor estate scorn's Fortune's angry frown; Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such

Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss. The homely house that harbors quiet rest, The nomely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Hard on the Dog. (Binghampton Republican.)
London's swell female society now leave their dog's card with their own in making calls. Some people don't seem to care to what humiliation they subject a dog.

To a Debutante.

[Henry Tyrrell in The Century.]
The music dwells upon the dying chord,
And thou dost linger trembling at thy start
Across the charmed border-lands of art. The footlights' are is like a flaming sword, To frighten, yet defend thee. Every word Has meaning more than lies within thy part— Thrilled with the pathos of a fainting heart, And asking sympathy that none afford. But wait! And when the fostering years shall bring Perfection to the faintest gifts of thine Its tributes at thy feet a world will fling, And call thy calm precision fire divine. All other hearts' emotion thou shalt waken.
While thine amidst the tempest rests unshaken.

One of the Feminine Traits. [Pittsburg Chronicle.]

"What can we do with this hideous old-fashioned set of jewelry?" one partner asked another "Why, stick it in the show-window and mark if 'Very unique! Not for sale!' and we will sell is before noon."

A Muff.

[The Hatchet.] Beneath her chin her bangle pin Reflects each glancing wave of light.

As if some charm lay far within

The little dots of metal bright. And faith they seem to take delight In nesting there. Is envy sin? I'm sure that I am envious quite To be the pin beneath her chin.

Her little muff is wee enough To grace a Paris doll's trousseau, And yet her hand and snow-white cuff, Seem quite content in there to go.
It holds her hand quite tight, I know, And when the wind is blowing rough, As on we walk through drifting snow I wish my hand could be—her muff.

A Story of Grandma Winkum's Youth. "I'm giad Billy had the sense to marry a set-

tled old maid," said Grandma Winkum at the wedding. "Gals is hity tity and widders is kinder overrulin', and upsettin'. Old maids is thankfu and willih' to please." Frowns or Smiles. [Sydney Dayre in February St. Nicholas.] Where do they go, I wonder The clouds on a cloudy day,

nes peeping out

When the shiring sun comes And scatters them all away? I know!-They keep them and cut them down For cross little girls who want a frown How many 'twould make-one cloudy sky! I think I should like it better A sunshiny day to take
And cut it down for dimples and smiles—

What beautiful ones 'twould make! Enough for all the dear little girls With pretty bright eyes and waving curls. To drive the scowls and frowns away. Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

Mistaken Identity. [Arkansas Traveller.] On a steamboat in the South: Passenger to the captain-"Who is that quiet old gentleman? What a pleasant face he has. I'll bet he never had a harsh thought nor uttered an unpleasant word." Captain—"That old fellow? W'y that Bob Toombs."

Mostly Lies. .[Chicago Sun.] Said Jones: "I hardly ever ride, For crowded cars I can't abide, And carriages I do despise— I am so fond of exercise.' "I bring my lunch," said Smith elate, For noisy restaurants I hate;

Besides, I'd spoil my appetite For ainner when I'm home at night." Said Brown: "I'm tough: I never wear An overcoat. I do declare I do not feel the cold like those Half-frozen chaps weighed down with clothes 'They're made of stuff unfit to smoke; For healthfulness or comfort ripe Give me my fragrant brier pipe."

And so we all apologize And make excuses—mostly lies— Because we dare not say with sense We go without to save expense A Sweet Picture of Domestic Happiness

"Our Household Pets." is a headline in the Lowell Times, and the sub-head follows: Cat and the Milking Pail." Every man has his Ye Story of a Blue China Plate.

[Harper's Young Folks.] There was a Cochin Chinaman, Whose name it was Ah-Lee, And the same was just as fine a man As you could wish to see. For he was rich and strong. And his queue was extra long,
And he lived on rice and fish and chicory.

Which he had a lovely daughter, And her name was Mai-Ri-An, And the youthful Wang who sought ner Hand was but a poor young man; So her haughty father said, "You shall never, never wed Such a pauper as this penniless young man!

So the daughter and her lover, And pursued without delay; But the goddess Loo, I've heard, Changed each lover to a bird, And from the bad Ah-Lee they flew away. Ah, me! Ah-Lee; the chance is .

That we all of us may know Of unpleasant circumstances We would like to stay, but of The inevitable things Will take unto them wings, And will fly where we may never hope to go. I would further like to state That the tale which I relate You can see on any plate
That was made in Cocnin China years ago.

Expansion Extraordinary.

[Texas Siftings.] Gilhooly: "It's a very elegant ulster, as you say Mr. Schaumberg, and I would like to pay your price for it, but it is too long. It drags on the

ground."

Moss Schaumburg: It looks like it might pe schoost a leetle long, but ven you valks not street on, dose peebles vill admire dot elegant ulster so much, dot your preast vill schwell out mit pride, so dot maybe dot ulster will come up apove knees."

# SIDNEY'S LOVE;

AN ARTFUL WOMAN'S POWER

BY ELLIS LAWTON.

[Copyrighted January, 1885, by Ella C. Thayer.]

CHAPTER I. A WOMAN SCORNED.

"It is strange, Sidney, that you never married." Sidney Elton looked across the table between them at the woman who made this remark with a

shade of annoyance upon his countenance.

"I suppose every one who has passed the age of thirty-five as I have and still remains single is a subject for the same wonder," he returned, drily.

"And yet, Mrs. Wolford, it is like all things else,

a matter of fate or chance.'
She gazed at him a moment with a curious expression in which was blended a sort of reckless-

ness and hesitation.
Blanche Woiford was a woman of somewhat peculiar appearance, whose real age was successfully disguised and who seemed in consequence to be hardly over 30. Her carefully made up complexion passed for real anywhere except under a strong giare of sunlight. Her bleached hair was of a bright golden color, with which her piercing black eyes made a striking contrast. But what no art could conceal was a long, deep and ragged scar upon her left cheek, which extended down into her neck and made that side of her face an unpleasant sight, not only on account of the disfigurement itself, but because it lent a sinister aspect to what, on the right, was a fair and fas-

always to turn towards Sidney Elton in the three months which had passed since she had come to board in the house where he, too, made his home; and it was this unscarred side that his rather serious blue eyes rested on now, as, after her strange, steady gaze, she dropped her own to the

"Do you, then, believe that we are helpless in the power of some uncontrollable decirrollable "Do you, then, believe that we are helpless in the power of some uncontrollable destiny?" she asked, in the low, singularly seductive voice which was her chief charm.
"It almost seems so, sometimes," he returned, musingly, and without the slight constraint with which he had before spoken. "I at least can hardly say I have chosen my own fate."

A faint, instantly-suppressed sigh escaped him as he concluded.

as he concluded.

Blanche darted a swift, scrutinizing glance at Blanche darted a swift, schuling general shim from under her eyelids.

"Ah! I was sure you had a heart history, Sidney!" she said. "There is a suggestion of sadness in your manner that betrays the truth. In my own life there has never been a romance, Yet—perhaps for this very reason—I feel a sympathetic attraction towards any one more fortunate."

Sidney looked at her with an expression of in-credulity. Then as she remained with downcast eyes he regarded her intently in

y was it he wondered that this woman whom

Why was it he wondered that this woman whom he always distrusted, yet who alternately repulsed and fascinated him, had obtained even the degree of confidence from him he actually had given? Why was he here now in her apartments, where rose-colored lights and subile doors lent themselves to her desire to charm?

These were questions he could not answer. He billy shew that from the moment she had become an inmate of the house she had set herself to win his interest, to have him by her side, and, in spite of himself, had to a great extent succeeded.

She was not the first woman who had attempted the same thing, for his distinguished appearance, as well as his position—as a prosperous business man, had rendered him a desirable object for lemining attacks. But until now he had never been taken captive even for an hour against his will.

Blanche Wolford's powerful magnetism had Blanche Wolford's powerful magnetism had proved irresistible, however, although he likened it to that of some snake, and when out of her presence was suspicious of he knew not what; not even her exemplary conduct, nor her giving up every afternoon to going about among the poor and sick—for to this cause she issigned her frequent absences—could make him believe in her.

her.
Altogether, she impressed him like some strange, dangerous creature, indeous in itself, yet with the power to seen beautiful.
As these thoughts passed through his mind, the object of them moved slightly and slowly raised her eyes until they met his, but still keeping her face in profile.
"You are surprised at what I said." she affirmed.
"You think because I am a widow that I must have had a romance; but there are mistaken, loveless marriages, you know. Sidney, have you, too, suffered."

sweet and lovely girl who had been my companion from childhood, and she died the day we were to have been married. That is will."

An expression of satisfaction which she was unable to control flashed into Blanche Wolford's countenance, and she hastily averted her head that he might not lerceive it. Her voice, however, she could manage, and it was tenderly sympathetic as she replied: How sad and touching! Was she very beauti-

ful, Sidney?"
He hesitated before answering, reluctant to He hesitated before answering, reluctant to pursue the theme, but finally returned:

"She was everything that was lovable, and her memory is dearer to me than any living woman ever has been since."

"I do not wonder at the melancholy which such a loss has left in your heart. It was that which drew me to you from the first. I felt you were not happy; yet you are wrong to turn away from any other love."

happy; yet are other love."

"You are mistaken; I am not really unbappy.

"You are mistaken; I am not really unbappy.

Duly such an experience, coming in early youth, must leave an impression."

"And could you not love again?"

Blanche turned her eyes upon him once more as she asked this question. They burned with some subdued fire.

ubdued fire.
Gravely and with considerable reserve he re-To that question I can reply only that it is a

"To that question I can reply only that it is a matter of fate. She whom I lost was my ideal. If I loved another it would be one who resembled her. I do not know why I have confided all this to you, Mrs. Wolford. You will consider it sacred, I know. Let us not speak of it any further."

"Only let me say one thing more, since we are upon this topic," said Blanche in a low, intense tone. "Do not dowell too much on the past. Do not allow what with all its sadness was but a boyand-girl attachment to deprive you of what alone can make life happy!"

There was something magnetic in her words and accents, and he could not fail to be impressed any stirred.

to himself as to her.

"You receive my words coldly. If you knew all
I would say, could you still remain indifferent?"
she cried passionately.
Startled, he looked at her in astonishment and

Wonder.

Making a gesture as if she flung aside all scru-

Making a gesture as if she flung aside all scruple, she rose, and crossing in front of the table sank on to a stool at his feet, all the time keeping her unscarred side towards him.

"Why should I seek to conceal the truth any longer?" she exclaimed. "Why should it be a woman's place to suppress all that she feels? I at least will dare to be honest. Oh, Sidney! Your coldness, your indifference is killing me! You let this old dead dream dominate your present, and cannot see that a love, devoted, true, intense as the burning rays of the sun, might be yours would you but sheak the word! For weeks it has waited, suffered in silence. You must not be blind to it any longer, you shall not ignore it. Ah, Sidney, stoop to take the heart which has never known love until now—which is wholly yours!"

yours!"
She had clasped her arms about him now, and

She had clasped her arms about him now, and laid her head upon his breast. Never had that rich voice been more seductive, and the force of her passionate words was like an irresistible torrent, that sweeps along all in its course. Sidney was overpowered, and ulterly confounded. For a moment, so potent was her influence, that it seemed impossible to break away.

His destiny hung trembling in the balance as her arms drew him close. But the fact that he did not, could not, hove her, saved him. That knowledge came to the front in his bewildered mind, and the spell was broken.

Gently, yet firmly, he removed her hands, and, disengaging himself, moved his chair backward a few paces. Then for a few moments they sat gazing at each other.

the impossibility of responding other than coldly to words that do me too much honor," he said at length, "If I offend by my plainness I beg your pardon. You know why I am indifferent to all

A flush spread over her face and her eyes

A flush spread over her face and her eyes glittered like diamonds.

"Can you humiliate me this way because I loved you? Oh! have pity, Sydney," she murmured, holding out her arms to him.

"You need fear no humiliation," he returned, taking no notice of the action. "Your esteem has made me your debtor. But I am sure you overrate your own feelings, and tomorrow will remember me only as a friend."

He arose as he spoke and remained standing. She saw that it was of no use now to hope to move him with her blandishments; disappointed love and the anger of a woman scorned filled her soul, and she dropped her face into her hands, covering it, that he might not read there the emotions which for a moment completely swayed her. But accustomed to self-control, she soon became again master of herself, and rapidly decided upon her line or action.

ing which Sidney remained silent and motion-less, she presently nurmured, her features still hidden in her hands: "What have I done? Can I ever forgive my-

self?"
"Dismiss it from your mind. I shall think of it only as a passing mood in which you did me too much honor—an honor which shall be sacred," he

She moved her head from side to side as if in pain, and groaned.

"How you must despise me! Yet it was not my fault that I loved you—that the long-suppressed feelings of my heart spoke out in spite of myself."

"I beame you for nothing. I never can respect you any less for what you have said," he answered soothingly.

soothligly.
She raised her head, gave him one sad glance, then rising went and took his hand.
"At least we will be friends still? You will let the pain of my folly be its own punishment?" she

entreated.

He hesitated before responding. Some way he felt afraid of her, though he could hardly understand the feeling.

"We will be the same friends we have always been, I trust," he was constrained to say at

"Ah, thank you for that much, Sidney!" she exclaimed, fervently. "Tomorrow I will try and be myself. Now pity and leave me."
No sooder, however, had the door closed upon him than her countenance changed as if by maric. All the sadness she had succeeded in felgining went from it, and only a terrible wrath remained. The Jagged sear glowed like fire, as, no longer attempting to restrain the storm that raged within her, she seized upon the chair where he had sat, and wirenched it and beat at it as if that, and not Sidney Elton, was the object of her fury. "You shall pay for this! Oh! you'shall pay for this!" came from her tightly drawn libs. "Dare not to give me a living rival! Thanks to the double lite I lead, I hold a power of which you little dream. You shall learn that Blanche Wolford's love is not to be scorned with impunity, Sidney Elton!" 'Ah, thank you for that much, Sidney!" she ex-

CHAPTER II.

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

Sidney left the presence of the woman who had been the cause of so unpleasant and astounding a scene in a most agitated state of mind.

A man to whom a woman makes unwelcome advances of love is not in an enviable position, however much the betrayal of her preference may flatter his self-esteem. But Sidney was not one who had the least desire to make conquests. To him only a genuine emotion justified any attempt to win affection.

Consequently he found only embarrassment in his present position, and too much disturbed to go up to his own room after leaving Mrs. Wolford, he determined to take a stroll and think the

matter over.

As he opened the front door he confronted a As he opened the front door he confronted a aman just in the act of ringing.

"Ah! I beg pardon," the stranger said; "but can you teil me if Mrs. Wolford is at home?"

"I think she is. Her apartments are on this floor," returned Sidney, stepping back for him to enter, and looking at him currously as he did so. He was a man of average height, with bushy red hair and heavy beard of the same color, which concealed his mouth and the lower part of his face. His eyes were of a very hight blue, and these he turned upon Sidney with a slow roll of the ilds, which produced the peculiar impression that with the motion he swept into his own possession the inmost thoughts of the person at whom he looked.
Sidney experienced for him an instant and sin-

Sidney experienced for him an instant and singular aversion. Anxious to get away from his presence, he waited only to point out the door of Blanche Wolford's parlor and hurried out into the street. As he did so he wondered satirically if she would treat her late caller to a scene of the same nature as that with which she had fayored himself.

But this half jocular idea passed away with all But this half jocular idea passed away with all houghts of the man who had produced so unbleasant an impression upon him, as he reflected in the event that had caused him such annoyance, and took up again his interrupted train of heught. Had he done anything to encourage in Mrs. Wolford's mind the benefit hat he cared for her other than as an acquaintance—a chance locating house friend?

On this point his conscience wholly acquitted the source of the care of

Looking backward over the weeks that had passed since their first meeting, he could remember nothing that could for a moment have given even the valuest of women so false an impression. From the first it had been she who had sought him, who had thrust herself upon his attention, who had urged him to call upon her until a denial was impossible. He had not a word or act with which to reproach himself, unless, indeed, it was his weakness in yielding to the webt fascination she exerted, in spite of the repuision she also teached.

"A strange woman—a dangerous woman," he "A strange woman—a dangerous woman," he mused as he sauntered along. "I must avoid her in future. Yet that will be a difficult task too. The fact that she has confessed she loves me makes it impossible forme to treat her like a brute. What an unpleasant situation! The very idea of marrying such a woman sends a cold chill all over me!"

his mind, and snuddered. Some dark foreboding for an instant encompassed him. Perhaps it was a vague presentiment of the trouble Bianche Wol-"You think because I am a widow that I must have had a romance; but there are mistasten, loveless marriages, you know. Sidney, have you, too, suffered?"

She leaned a little forward, and with her brilliant eyes holding his, her seductive tones falling on his ear, pronouncing his own name, which she dared to use familiarly, he forgot his doubts enough to respond to the appeal to his conficience.

"Yes, you are right. I did suffer once," he returned. "But it was long ago, and I was young, so that it all passed away like youth. I loved a sweet and lovely girl who had been my companion from childhood, and she died the day we were to have been married. That is all."

An expression of satisfaction which she was unable to control flashed into Blanche Wolford's countenance, and she hashly averted her head that he might not herceive it. Her voice, however, he and it was lenderly symmetric and it was lenderly symmetric and she hashly averted her head that he might not herceive it. Her voice, however, he and it was lenderly symmetric and the latter of the trouble Bianche Wolford's ford was to cause him afterwards. All most immediately, however, he shook off the feeling, and with a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course. I'm until a vexed, impatient movement turned and retraced his course, impatient movement turned and retraced his cours

his own room.

In the night he had a strange dream. He thought he saw approaching through a long avenue the figure of a divinely beautiful woman. As she came toward him, floating rather than walking, flames sprang up in her pathway, and strains of soft music preceded her. When very near she stopped, and in a sweet voice said:

"I am the embodiment of all those lost visions of love which you thought gone forever. I am come to you, and the withered roses shall bloom again."

Then with an entrancing smile she held out her arms, and with a joyful beating heart he sprang to take her in his arms

But as he did so he felt a shock, and looked down to see instead of that radiant countenance, the scarred cheek of Blanche Wolford resting against his shoulder.

This fream left a very vivid impression, and he went down to breakfast half an hour earlier than usual the next morning to avoid the chances of meeting Mrs. Wolford.

His precaution, however, proved vain, for as he came up into the hall after a hurried meal, she opened the door of the parlor and stepped out.

As their eyes met, Blanche dropped hers in well-feigned confusion.

"I - I did not expect to see you so early, Sidney," she murmured. Then going up to him with an impetuous movement she laid her hand on his arm, exclaiming:

"You will forget my foolishness of last night?

impetuous movement sie laid her hand on his arm, exclaining:
"You will forget my foolishness of last night? To lose your friendship would be too much for me to bear."
"I beg you will not mention it again," ventured the annoyed Sidney, stiffly. "I shall, of course, always be glad to contribute to your happiness in any possible way."
With the words he bowed and went out. He did not see the dark look of baffled love and hate that sie sent after him.
"I certainly shall have to move," he thought, his usually placid temper considerably ruffled. In the rush of business, however, he recovered he mental polse, and the annoyance connected with Blanche Wolford was relegated to the background.

ground.
It was a suitry, unseasonable day in the late fall, It was a sultry, unseasonable day in the late fall, and when Sidney went out to dinner he observed in the air Indications that in midsummer would have presaged a thunder shower. This hardly occurred to him as a possibility now, however, until he heard a distant rumbling sound. "Singular weather," he muttered; "everything seems to be going contrary to all human laws!"

Then, remembering a telegram he must send, he stepped into a branch office which he was passing.

ling.

But as he entered he paused transfixed. Instead of the freckled-faced young man with collars and cuffs that suggested a long absence from the laundry, who usually rose to take his message, a girl stood by the little window-like

And, as he saw her, Sidney's heart gave a great

opening.

And, as he saw her, Sidney's heart gave a great bound. His environments seemed to change to a country road on which the moon shone through the trees and the scent of sweetbrier flied the air; the mournful cadence of the whip-poor-will's cry reached his ear, and looking laughingly into his was a pair of soft brown eyes.

It was for an instant only that this vision of the past remained, and then Sidney found himself standing motionless, gazing at the telegraph operator, whose startling resemblance to the one he had loved and lost long ago had taken him back through the years to the scenes of that brief, sad experience.

Yes! Here were the same brown eyes; the same full, sweetly-curved lips; the same peach-like color; the same ctrly, red-brown hair.

Sidney was so overcome by the discovery and the emotions it stirred that he found it difficult to command nimself sufficiently to transact the business which had brought him.

The telegraph operator, meanwhile, blushed and grew embarrassed under his fixed scrutiny. At length, however, he made out to advance and give her the message he wished transmitted.

While she stood reading, a slight air of confusion in her manner, Sidney watched her, his neart beating fast. Who was sne? What could he say to her? It was impossible they should remain strangers. He must know her who laughed so like his girl-love, dead years ago. What a stranee, unaccountable thing it was! Couscious of his eager gaze, the object of it moved towards the instrument that elieked upon a small table. Sidney was about to address her with some commonplace remark, in the hopelessness of doing anything better, when she reached out her hand and opened the telegraph key.

As she did so a ball of flame flashed out from it. pened the telegraph key.
As she did so a ball of flame flashed out from it,

As sie did so a ball of flame flashed out from it, there was a loud report, a vivid lightning gleam, and on the instant a peal of thunder which shook the building. When it ceased the telegraph operator lay in a hear upon the floor.

With one bound Sidney cleared the low railing, and raised her in his arms. Had the bolt of lightning killed her?

Sidney forgot she was a stranger; forgot he was

her from him. He could not restrain himself from pressing a kiss upon the lips that he could not realize had never given him the right.

Was it his kiss that brought her back to life? She had been stunned, not killed, and as his lips touched hers, she opened her eyes with a bewildered stare.

mental scene. But one day she gave him a surprise in another

They chanced to be alone together at tea, and, poking up with a most innocent smile, Blanche dered stare.

As he perceived the quiver of her lids, Sidney's said:
"I have made an acquaintance lately that I
mean to cultivate. What does it matter that her
social position is not the same as mine? Is it not

As he perceived the quiver of her lids, Sidney's countenance became suffused with Joy, and he gazed down at her as he might at his lost Amy, had she come back to him, and held her closely in his arms.

He did not notice, as he stood thus, a woman who came into the office.

It was Blanche Woiford, and as her surprised look took in the seeming significance of the tableau before her, a terrible expression of jealousy and rage made her hideous. An instant only she stood gazing, then turned and went out noiselessly. social position is not the same as mine? Is it not a duty to encourage those who are striving by our interest? And really I am quite charmed by her she is a telegraph operator—a Miss Holcomb." Sinney gave a great start.

Not only did Mrs. Wolford's patronizing tone jar upon him in its putting down of Louise, but the idea of an acquaintance between the two annoy d him. But, trying to speak unconcernedly, he said:

"1 have the pleasure of knowing the lady to

CHAPTER III.

THE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.
The young girl whom Sidney held so tenderly, and with such forgetfulness of the actual circumstances, soon regained her consciousness, and, attempting to raise herself, asked:
"What has happened?"
The question broke the spell which had taken possession of Sidney's reason, and contrite and ashamed he released her, stammering confusedly as he realigd:

as he replied:
"The lightning struck very near you, and you were stunned. I-I was afraid at first you were

as he replied:

"The hightning struck very near you, and you were stunned. I—I was afraid at first you were killed."

She shuddered and looked from him to the telegraph key, which had been left open all this time, and which she now mechanically closed.

"I remember," she said. "I had just taken a message from you, and then everything was a blank. It frightens me to think of it."

"The worst is ail over now," returned Sidney, constraining himself to speak calmly. "I trust you will feel no ill effects from the accident."

She glanced at him and colored as she replied:

"I am quite well again now, and I thank you very much."

"You have no reason for which to thank me," he answered. "Unfortwately it was out of my power to be of any assistance."

"Yet you were kind to concern yourself," she said, rather timidly, for she remembered how strangely he had stared at her, and the incomprehensible expression his eyes had worn when she had opened her own to meet them bent upon her. It had been a look she never could forget.

Sidney had a perception of what caused her air of disturbance, and felt very remorseful as he thought of the kiss he had stolen. What statement could he make for such brutal conduct. He suddenly resolved to make a confession, reserving the secret of the height of the andacty into which he had been unwittinaly betrayed.

"I fear you are condemning me as very rude and impertiment," he said, abruptly. "I am aware my manner-must have appeared so to you. Will you permit me to explain why the sight of you made me so forget myself."

She stole a perplexed, somewhat suspicious glance at him as she returned distantly:

"If you are in no hurry to have your message sent I am quite willing to listen to anything you think it right to say."

"I am not in the least hurry, and will not take up your time but a few moments," he said, smiling slightly. Then in a grave tone he continued:

"Years ago I tost a very dear friend—the dearest I had in the world. She was about your age when she died, and your resemblance to her i

you. This is my excuse for staring at Fourier so ungentlemantly a manner."

The expression of her face changed. His frank arowal had banished all distrust of him, and her voice was sympthetic as she responded:

"Ah, you are entirely excusable, and 1 am sorry to have been the means of awakening such sad memories." memories."

He wondered what she would say if she knew about the kiss, and had a very guilty feeling. Perhaps the fact that he couldn't honestly be sorry for the offence increased his sense of shame. But

"You are so like her that since I know you are He was pleased at this little confidence. It

made them less like strangers.
"Thank you," he said, gratefully. "I regret to know that the name is not a familiar one. No! That you look like her is a coincidence only—but ost remarkable one "ouise was silent, hardly knowing what to say.

jouise was slent, hardly knowing what to say, but whether from her recent accident or on account of her companion her pulses were beating under faster than usual.

"But I must not detain you any longer," Sidney deed suddenly. "Only as it is very hard for me o consider you now as a stranger, may I not eall omorrow and learn whether there has been any and results from the unfortunate freak of the ightning?" lightning?"
She hesitated an instant and then replied, smiling for the first time during their interview.
"The office is open to the public of course, so I do not know that I can very well refuse your re-He stopped short as the thought went through

quest."

He also smiled.
"I shall avail myself of the privilege. Meanwhile do not think of me as an obtrusive person, but as one who was by your side when death was

Very near."

His face was serious now, and he held out his hand. She shivered at the thought his words brought

She solvered at the thought his words brought to her mind and impulsively put forward her own hand in response. He held it an instant in a firm, strong clasp, which was like the promise of a future friend. Then releasing it and bowing, he passed out through the gate.

Louise stood and watched his retreating form until it had gone out of sight in the street, heedless that her telegraph sounder was clicking imperatively, as the operator at the other end of the line reiterated her office call in an impatient summons.

Docada determinedly. "She has much to gain. Listen, Burison, Your help is needed. I have a secret to tell you that I have hitherto concealed. Blanche Wolford loves.

He started, then without looking at her asked slowly:

"Well, and what then? That such a woman could love is strange hided, but it would be its ranger still if it were returned."

Mine. Docada determinedly. "She has much to gain. Listen, Burison, Your help is needed. I have a secret to tell you that I have hitherto concealed. Blanche Wolford loves.

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Then, blushing deeply, she went and rattled

Then, blushing deeply, she went and rattled furnously at the key. And, strange to say, it was rather he, than her so nearly fatal experience, that filled her mind for the rest of the day. Sidney, meanwhile, found it impossible to attend to the details of his business, so completely had the adventure taken possession of him.

To have discovered one who had the features of Amy was sufficiently agitating, but, taking in addition the startling work of the erratic lightning and the temporary madness which had swept away his own reason, it was not strange that he was unnerved.

and the temporary madness which had swept away his own reason, it was not strange that he was unnerved

"Love and lightning, both go where they will, regardless of all human laws," he mused. "Can I find in that a significance which I shall have to heed? At least I must know you better, Louise! Will the time ever come when I can hope to be forgiven for my their of a kiss?"

A thrill went through him at the recollection. He had kissed no woman before since Amy died. He had completely forgotten Blanche Wolford and the annoyance she had caused him, so engrossed was he with the later adventure, and only remembered everything with a start, when he found himself facing her at the tea table.

But Blanche greeted him as usual and carefully abstained from any suggestive looks or manuer, and, somewhat relieved, he gave himself again to thoughts of Louise.

"I am sure you must have discovered a bonanza today, Mr. Elton," drawled Mabel Dawes, a pale blonde, who affected a lily-like languor and was given to æsthetic attitudes. "Your countenance positively beams."

Sidney flushed and made some brief, commonjace Feply. He did not see the swift flash of Blanche Wolford's dark eyes, as they gave one upward glance at him, then dropned to her plate. She waylaid him, however, on his way up stairs. But she was not in the least sentimental, and asked him in a most business-like way about certain investments which she was thinking of making.

making.

Siency was glad to give her this advice, greatly reassured by her discretion, and flattered himself that she was going to "let him off easy," a conclusion which showed how little he knew women in general and Blauche Wolford in particular.

With an impatience that he could not restrain, he waited for the next day to come, when he could avail himself of the half permission Louise Holcomb had given and go and see her again. He was, consequently, much disappointed when at last he entered the office to find her quite busy with several customers. But she looked up and recognized him with a smile and a blush that made her seem more like Amy than ever.

He lingered for some time, but had no opportunity to say anything, except to inquire if she had wholly recovered from the shock of yesterday, and went away with a feeling or irritation at fate for so restricting the interview.

But the acquaintance so strangly began had ample chance to ripen.

Sidney quite astonished the firms with whom he was in the habit of doing business about this time by the number and frequency of the telegrams he sent on the slightest pretext. It was not long, however, before this state of things ceased—he did not need any excuse to take him into the telegraph office, but dared allow it to be evident to Louise that he was there solely to see her.

His feelings and motives he did not analyze, or question if love had not taken him by surprise through the very renunciation which had made nim strong to resist. He only knew that here was a girl who attracted him because she was so kke the only one he had ever loved.

Yet, on closer acquaintance which Amy had never had. But there was a charm, too, in the new individuality which was both like and unilke.

He soon became acquainted with her simple history.

Left an orphan at an early age, she had been taken in charke by her only near relative, a nalf-brother many years older than herself. His wife,

ide.
While Sidney was thus improving his opportunities to make it impossible for Louise Holcomb to consider him as a stranger, the woman who had thrust her love upon him unasked gave him no

"I have the pleasure of knowing the lady to

mically:
'Mr. Willis Burlson is very sure of a welcome,

ng."
Her voice was pitched in what seemed an un-natural key; yet for all that, it had a certain rich-

"Well, why should I not be?" she broke out,

rritably. "Is there not danger enough in our cosmon—you a confidence man, I an impostor, tractising under the mask of a pretended clair.

'Talk about indiscretion," he exclaimed;

"But her position must be guarded," cried Mme. Docada determinedly. "She has much to gain. Listen, Burlson. Your help is needed. I have a secret to tell you that I have hitherto concealed. Blanche Wolford loves.

He started, then without looking at her asked

"Do you mean she would dare marry him?" he asked.

Mme. Docada returned his look no less steadily.
"She would. Why not?" was what she said.
They held each other's gaze in utter silence for a brief time. Then he asked:
"Is he wealthy?"
"He is doing a business that yields a large prefit."

At the response he released her from his scrutiny, and, lowering his eyes, said, deliberately:
"It would pay, then. As you say, why not marry him, if she can?"

An exultant smile just touched Mme. Docada's

lips.
"I was sure you would look upon the matter sensibly. You will lose nothing by so doing. I can count upon your assistance, then?"
"I am to be well rewarded in the case of success remember?"

ess, remember?"
"You shall be paid whatever is in the limits of

"Enough said. Now what do you propose to do?

She wants him and revenge, you say. The latter will certainly be attained if she accomplishes the first!" 'I acknowledge the truth of your sneer, although not quite in the sense you mean," Mme. Docada returned, caimly. "Now can you suggest any plan of action?" Burlson leaned his chin upon his band and again

"Who is the man?" he asked.
She hesitated before answering.
"He lives in the same house with her. His name is Sidney Eiton," she said at length.
"A handsome man whin fair hair and thought - ful bive eyes?" asked Burison, quickly.
She darted a keen look at him.
"How did you know?" she asked, suspiciously.
"Do not be ahrmed," he retorted. "I have not been playing the spy. I chanced to meet a person of that description the night I called on Mrs.
Wolford."

Wolford."
Mme, Docada's eyes glittered angrily—as angrily as Blanche Wolford's might have done in remembering that night when her love had been

"Mme. Docada can assist in that, can she not?"

regarded her.
"Who is the man?" he asked.

"Does Mrs. Wolford know her?"

d over again, when meditating upon what Mrs. of over again, when meditating upon what Mrs. Volford had sold about the acquaintance of Louise Holcomb. In fact it worried him.

Notwithstanting the vident intention of Banche Wolford, as evinced by her manner, to bright the painful scene which had occurred between them, and little as ne understood the indictiveness of a woman who has been scorned, idney yet had an annoying conviction that oulse would not like him any better for knowing to other.

it other. It was then that he begun to ask of his inner twas then that he begin to ask of his liner consciousness why it was that the new idea of losing ground in the estimation of the young girl had bower to so trouble him.

Was it because she was like Amy? Did he regard her from that standpoint alone, or had the living, charming person usurped some of the feelings that had hitherto belonged exclusively to the one long dust?

ne long dust? Sidney was bewildered at these and a multitude Sidney was bewildered at these and a multitude of similar questions which presented themseives. He was, in truth, in a decidedly anomalous position, and often found it difficult to prevent Amy and Louise from merging into one and the same in his thoughts.

Of one thing, at all events, he was sure, and that was that the world did not hold a fairer, sweeter creature than Louise Holcomb.

He presented himself at the telegraph office the day following that on which Mrs. Wolford had given him such disturbing information, and was sensibly relieved to find that her greeting abated nothing of its wonted friendliness. He had stopped at a florist's and bought a bunch of English violets, which he now held out to her through the opening where messages were taken in.

"I have the pleasure of knowing the lady to whom you refer, and am not astonished that you should be attracted by her."
"Indeed!" exclaimed Blanche. "That will then en additional reason for showing her any kindless in my power."
Sidney did not reply, and soon left the table shruntly. Sidney did not reply, and soon left the table abruptly.

Blanche Wolford smiled a peculiar smile to her-self, which twisted her mouth sideways, and which if he could have seen would have increased the disturbance he felt at what he had just

where nessages were taken in.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Louise, admiringly, and held them to her che-k in a caressing way.

Sidney had a very youthful sensation of wishing that the violets were in his place, and he in theirs. He was not foolish enough to mention it, however, "I am afraid there are not many flowers that colossom around your pathway. It seems to me your life must be dreary enough."
"It is peaceful," replied Louise, thinking of the home where her vituperative sister-in-law made

CHAPTER IV.

MADAME DOCADA.

On the somewhat dingy door of an office in the lower part of the city, which was two flights up in a building which, like the door, had seen better days, was painted in large, black letters the words, "Madame Docada, Chalvoyant."

Here, somewhat out of breath from having tolled up the stairs, a man with bushy red hair and beard paused an instant lefore entering. It was the same one Sidney Elton had met, inquiring for Blanche Wolford, on the memorable night in which she had offered nim her love.

This man now turned the knob and went into the room unceremoniously.

It was a small apartment, lighted only by one window, and scantily furnished. At the back was a large cabinet up against the wal.

Beside a table sat the only occupant of this unpreposessing place—a woman of peculiar appearance. home where her vituperative sister-in-law made discord.

"That is a great deal. Yet I imagine it is a very monotonous peace. You are shut up here all day, and your evenings, I judge from what you have said, are not especially gay."

"They are passed either alone or with my landlady, who is 70 and slightly deaf," replied Louise, smiling.

smiling.
Sidney shook his head.
"Not an alluring picture, even to one not much addicted to gayety," he remarked. "Have you no friends to visit you?"
"I haven't lived in the city long, you know, so I have only one or two acquaintances. There is, in one of the depot offices, a young rady whom 1 like and who comes to see me semetimes. Then the chief operator at the main office calls occasionally. He and I am always taiking together over the wire." cap of white lace, from which broad thick bands of the same material depe ded, and were tied in a large bow under her chin, the most of which as well as her neck and cheeks, was covered, and concealed by them. What could be seen of her complexion was sallow and unpleasant. Her dress was of black, and confined loosely about a very large walst. Her arms, however, were surprisingly slender for so apparently fleshy a body. As the door opened she glanced up, and said, ironically:

wire."

At this Sidney was selzed with a jealous pang, and conceived in instantaneous dislike to this obtrusive "chief operator" and his mysterious means of conversing.

"You do not, I suppose, consider me enough of a friend to invite me to call," he said, gloomly. "I am compelled always to talk to you with a railing between us."

He emphasized his words by a glance of dislike at the parishop which separated the outer from at the partition which separated the outer from

ness of tone.
"I forgot," apologized Burlson. "In fact, I hardly supposed you would be here so early."
"Then it was no jealous suspicion of finding me with some others arms around me that prompted you?" she returned in the same mocking way
Burlson turned his eyes upon her with the singular slow roll of the lifes which Sidney had noticed. Louis blushed and looked confusedly at the sounder by her side, which clicked noisily.
"You do not seem like a stranger now, Mr. Elton," she rephed thindly. "If you would care to, I should be very glad to have you call some eventure." Sidney's face brightened, and he said: What kind of a temper are you in today?" he "What kind of a temper are you in today?" he aid. "One would suppose you were trying to orce the past into our present relations. Ah! on are very shrewd—very skilful; but you are virong to sneer at me. What would become of our schemes if I should think of you as anything ut Mine. Docada?"
"On, I am not afraid of you!" she returned, corniully. "You never yet forgot your own incrests for the sake of revenge, and by that token know I shall not be interfered with by you."
He did not reply, but went and sat down by the abinet. Then, after an interval of silence, he aid:

"Though I have begged the invitation in the most atroctous manner, I shall avail myself of the permission. I—"

He was interrupted here by the entrance of some laddes who wished to send a telegram, and were bristling with dozens of needless questions. So, only waiting to add, significantly, that she would see him soon, he took his departure, rather elated on the whole, though finding the existence of the "chief operator" a very objectionable thing. Ing. He had intended to say something about Mrs.

Noiford and ascertain what kind of an impression he had produced upon Louise. Owing, however, o his abrupt departure, he was compelled to postsaid:
"You are still angry because I called that night on—Mrs. Wolford."
He made a singular pause before uttering the one this design. But he lost no time in siezing his new advantage, presenting himself the very next night at the door of the queer little brick house where Louise

He was admitted by an elderly woman of an old-fashioned appearance. Her manner of speaking corresponded with her looks.

"Walk right in," she said, with a strong nasal twang. "It's a pretty nice might out, ain't it? I told Louise I was sure we'd nave some company, for I saw a man in my tea. She's just gone up stairs, but she will be right down."

He stepped in to the room at the left, and she followed. It was a parlor of the primmest, most rigid description, with stiff haircloth chairs ranged along the line of the wall; a table in the centre on which were a lew books so methodically arranged that it would have been a daring mortal who had ventured to move one from its place; and hung up not far from the celling several funereal wreaths, together with some depressing ancestral portraits, all evidently taken when the individuals were under the influence of the toothache.

The room and, above all, the maintest intention of his companion to remain in it, had an effect upon the visitor the reverse of exhibitantally. He responded briefly to the attempts made to entertain him by an account of the rheumatic pains from which it appeared the elderly lady suffered. But when Louise presently entered even the funereal wreaths seemed less dispiriting.

She was looking 'unusually well, and wore the violets he had given her on her breast. There was a flush on her cheeks and a soft light in her eyes as she welcomed him and then presented him to the other lady, whom she called Mrs. Gifford, and who evidently was the mistress of the little house. helping the other -is there not enough chance of discovery, I say, without committing the indiscretion of going there and involving-her?"

She was carried beyond her self-restraint by her own vehemence, but made the same curious pause before the last word that her companion had previously in the mention of Mrs. Wolford.

He started up as she spoke, and, giving an alarmed glance ground, went and opened the door and looked out. No one was there, and with a relieved air he closed it, and turned to Mme. Docada.

ttle house. Mrs. Gifford, to Sidney's dismay, showed no Mrs. Gifford, to Sidney's dismay, showed no more symptoms of retiring after the appearance of Louise than she had previously. Setting herself back on the Hard sofa, where Louise also took a seat, she said in a meditative wry:
"I used to know some Eitons down in Maine, where I was rought up. You am't got any folks in those parts, I suppose? Let me see. There was Maria Eiton—she lived about half a mile from me up a iane. No; I guess it was more than a quarier of a mile—it may have been a half though. I didn't mind a little distance then same as I do now. Our cat got away t'other day, and I had to chase the whole length of the street after her. I declare it beat me all out! But about the Eitons—"

"I am sure they could have been no relation of mine," interrupted Sidney, hastily, "Our family were from the South."

Then, looking at Louise, he continued, in sheer

desperation:
"I did not know whether you would be engaged or not this evening, but I thought I would venture to c.il."

gaged or not this evening, but I thought I would venture to c.4l."

Before Louise could reply Mrs. Gifford, putting her hand to ber ear, asked:

"Hey? What was that you said?"
"He did not know whether I would be in," explained Louise, quickly.

"Law sakes! It aint very often that you are out," cried Mrs. Gifford, "and we're always glad enough to see company. Louise told me about you before, and I'm sure I wisn you would come often, and cheer us up a little. As I used to tell Jacob—that was my husband, his likeness and the wreath that was on his coffin is just over your head—as I was saying, I used to tell Jacob, a house always seems lonesome when there wasn't any men folks in it."

Sidney constrained himself to reply, and then catching a deprecatory glance from Louise, delivered himself over as graciously as possible to Mrs. Gifford's garrulity. His only consolation was the thought that the "chief operator" on his visits was probably subject to the sayle infliction. At last, however, Mrs. Gifford suddenly remembered that the week's washing was still on the line, and with many regrets withdrew.

Sidney drew a sign of relief as the door closed behind her

"There are obstacles worse than railings," he said, laughing a little.
"She is old and doesn't understand why every

said, laughing a little.
"She is old and doesn't understand why every one should not want to see her as well as me," said Louise, anologetically.

"Poor child?" exclaimed Sidney, looking at her half pityingly, half thoughtfully. "What a dull existence it is for you! Will you not let me try existence it is for you! Will you not let me try and brighten it for you?" He rose and sat down by her side on the sofa as

"Your surmise is correct—that was Sidney Elton, undoubtedly," she said.

"He is not a man to be easily influenced," Burlson remarked, then, thoughtfully.

"True agam. No common trick will do with him. Yet in spite of himself, Blanche Wolford has a certain attraction to which he yields."

"An! But how about the other woman—the rival?" queried Burlson.

"As yet she is only a rival in embayo—an alarming possibility. The only one he ever loved is dead. But for some reason he has become interested lately in a young girl who is a telegraph operator." spoke. "You have already done that," replied Louise, raising her brown eyes to his, trustfully. "I think it is a great privilege to have some one to talk to— some one who knows all about the world, and can some one who knows all about the world, and can tell me so much as you can."

"Yet I am years older than you," said Sydney.
"Rather a grave old fellow, too, I am afraid, and not very well suited to be a companion to one young and enthusiastic."

"All you are not in the least old!" exclaimed Louise, reproachfully. "I never did like people as young as I am myself. There is a lady who comes into my office a great deal, who must be

"Does Mrs. Wolford know her?"
"She is cultivating her acquantance," replied Mme. Doeada, with a sinister stolle.
Burison also smiled, knowingly.
"That was a good move," he said. "The girl being young is somewhat inexperienced of course, and Mrs. Wolford can gain an influence over her and plant a few seeds of distrust in her mind in regard to him. But he must be trapped by some bolder device. I do not think it will be best to hurry." "Do you mean Mrs. Wolford?" asked Sidney, hurry."
"Perhaps not," she said reflectively. "But reuneasily.
She gave him a surprised glance.
"Are you acquainted with her?" she asked delightedly.
"She boards at the same house where I do," he "Perhaps not," she said reflectively. "But remember Blanche Wolford will never forezo her revenge! Love and hate together constitute a combination most incongruous, it is true, but one which is stronger than either element alone!" Burison gazed at her excited face a moment, ther exclaimed:

"Yes! She is a dangerous woman whether she loves or hates!"

"That you will find out if you ever provoke her enmity," said Mme. Docada emphatically. "Well, the first thing, then, is to turn the girl against nim."

delightedly.

"She boards at the same house where I do," he returned, briefly.

"How singular! Don't you think she is very interesting? And isn't it too bad she should be so disfigured, though one hardly notices it after all!" cried Louise, eagerly.

He hardly knew what to say. He wanted to warn the unsuspicious girl against Mrs. Wolford; but yet, what could he say? In justice to the latter, had he actually a right to say anything?

"She is a woman of a great deal of experience," he said at length, guardedly. "Perhaps vou might not like her as well as you imagine on closer acquaintance."

"Do you think so?" asked Louise thoughtfully. "I suppose one can't tell whether another is really congenial or not except after a long acquaintance. Mrs. Wolford promised to come and see me here sometime, so I shall have a chance to see it she is just what I fancied."

The information increased Siduey's uneasiness. He had a feeling as if Louise was menaced by some danger and had an impulse to draw her into his arms protectingly. But he orly looked at her wistfully and said:

"Do not trust any one too much, my child."

"Not even you?" she inquired, rather mischievously.

"Not even me." he returned, thinking with a "Mme. Docada can assist in that, can she not?" asked Burison suggestively.

She started and her eyes flashed eagerly.
"A good idea!" she exclaimed.
As she spoke there came a knock upon the door. Both started a little; then recovering herself Mme. Docada said:
"It is that wealthy widow who has lately lost her child, I think. She appointed to come today. Thanks to your researches I am prepared to tell her many wonderful things."
A sly look passed between them, and then Burlson, going into the cabinet, touched a spring in the wall. A secret panel slid back and he entered a small room beyond, closing the opening behind him.

Mine. Docada wore a triumphant aspect as she gazed an instant after him before answering the summons at the door.

chievously. "Not even me," he returned, thinking with a "Not even me," he returned, that higher thrill of that insane moment when he had pressed his lips to hers. "Some time I have a confession to make to you, which will prove my words."

Sidney bent over her and took her hand, no CHAPTER V.

AN INTERRUPTED VISIT.

"A singular and unpleasant coincidence."

This was what Sidney Etton told himself, over

longer doubting the presence of a new love in his heart. But as he opened his lips to speak to tell her all, to ask if she could ever care for him enough to become his wife, the door suddenly opened.

Dropping the hand of Louise Sidney started back and looked up to see coming across the threshold Blanche Wolford.

"I cannot think so badly of you," she said, shaking her head. "But you have excited my curlosity, and must make the confession here and now."

"I am waiting for you to like me well enough so "I am waiting for you to like the well ended that I shall dare," he responded, in a low tone.

"Oh! I like you well enough now!" she answered, impetuously. But, as her eyes met the earnest, tender expression in his, she crimsoned and looked down confusedly.

CHAPTER VI.

A PROMISE.

With the utmost self-possession, and wearing a cordial smile, Bianche advanced and heid out her hand to Louise, who had risen.

"My dear Miss Holcomb," sne said, in a way which was both patronizing and effusive. "I am so glad to find you in! You know I said I should come sometime. Mr. Elton, too," turning to Sidney, who stood gnawing his lips, "It is quite an unexpected pleasure to see you here!"

He merely bowed in response. Louise uttered a few words of welcome, but however pleased she might be at this visit from so interesting a lady, there was also a regret that it had not happened on some other evening.

Apparently not noticing he touch of constraint in the atmosphere, Bianche seated herself in one of the hard chairs that Louise brought forward, and went on easily.

a poor woman who is very ill, and I thought I should find no better opportunity to pay you my promised visit."
"It was very kind of you to come," said Louise, truthfully, yet with a mental reservation that it would have been still more kind had Mrs. Wolford selected another time. Her heart was fluttering so at the remembrance of Sidney's words and looks that she could hardly preserve an out-

tering so at the remembrance of Sidney's words and looks that she could hardly preserve an outward composure.

"I do declare, we are having quite a spell of company," remarked Mrs. Gifford, who had followed the last comer in. It took my breath clean away when I went to the door to call the cat and found somebody standing outside. If I didn't think at first it was a glost."

"It is seldom we are so much favored as tonight," said Louise, glancing at Mrs. Wolford.
"I have trespassed upon your good nature too long aiready, Mrs. Holcomb," said Sidney, taking out his watch.

"I don't believe she thinks so, Sidney," said Mrs. Wolford, sweetly.
Louise started at this familiar mention of his name, and Sidney looked annoyed. Somewhat abruptly he bade the ladies good evening and moved towards the door. Louise followed, and so did Mrs. Gifford, the latter volubly entreating him to come again soon.

come again soon. Louise said nothing, but as he was going out he Louise said nothing, but as he was going out he armed backwards and held out his hand to her, he placed her arm within it and for a moment he eid it in a close, tender clasp, while his eyes earched her downcast face. Then saying, in a ignificant tone, "I will see you again soon; do ot forget me!" he released her hand and was

His action and the expression his features wore His action and the expression his features were were plainly perceptible to the watching Mrs. Wolford from within the parlor.

"Hum,h!" she thought, not attempting to check the frown that wrinkled her forehead and showed plainly enough under the bland waves that covered it. "I have not come any too soon! It has gone farther than I thought! What was he saying to her when I came in. I wonder? It can't be he has committed himself already!"

At this point Mrs. Gifford re-entered, followed in a histant by Lomise, whose countenance had a sweet, conscious look.

At this point Mrs. Gifford re-entered, followed in an instant by Louise, whose countenance had a sweet, conscious look.

Mrs. Gifford was loud in her praise of the gentleman who had just left.

"He's as handsome and as well-behaved as a prince!" she exclaimed, "and I never saw such a fit as his clothes. But I couldn't help noticing that he had a sort of jaundice look. He ought to take something for it. 1'spose its his liver. Old Dr. Garrett-he was 80 years old when he died, and as smart as ever he was. Lor! what a funeral procession he did have! Nothing like it was ever seen before nor since! Well, as I was saying, he used to say that a man's liver did more harm than good, though how anybody was to do without a liver I never could understand! But I guess Mr. Elton aint very bad yet, and if you wasn't sort of keepln' company with that young telegraph fellow I should advise you to set your cap for him, Louise Holcomb, and have somebody to take care of you!"

Mrs. Woitord gianced sharply at the recipient of this advice, who colored to the roots of her hair and did not know what to say.

"It must, indeed, be Irksome to be confined so closely every day," Mrs. Woiford then said, snavely.

"I find it so sometimes; but after all it is a pleasanter way than many others of earning a livelihood," returned Louise, trying to overcome her embarrassment.

"Lang sakes!" broke in Mrs. Gifford. "I don't think anything can be very pleasant when you're liable to be struck by lightning all the time!"

But she had no dead of being a vectua to the old lady's garruity, and, less helpless than poor Sid-ney had been, seized the first opportunity to say: "My dear Miss lioicomb, do you know I really wish you would treat me like a privileged friend. Would I seem an intruder in your own especial room? I know it must be so sweet and cosy

room? I know it must be so sweet and cosy there!"

"I should be delighted if you would come up with me," said Louise readily, and saying to Mrs. Gifford that she would see her again, Blanche arose and retreated from the parlor and its voluble owner.

Louise conducted her up one flight and into a room, which, although so near the ground, was yet in the roof whose slope was visible on one side. Yet it was a pretty, home-like abartment from which the stiffness of the rest of the house had been exorcised. It was evident that here the individuality of Louise had asserted itself in this one little spot that she could call her own.

"I knew it was charming up here!" exclaimed Mrs. Wolford, as she seated herself in a willow rocking-chair daintily ornamented with blue ribbons. "Besides, I wanted to have a talk with you all by ourselves. I have been so drawn towards you from the first; your lot seems such a hard and lonely one for a lovely young girl. Confide in metelling, are you happy?"

Buise was inexperienced and trusting. She had no doubts of the older woman's professed interest, and turned to her friendliness as a flower to the sunshine.

interest, and turned to her friendliness as a flower to the sunshine.

"Indeed, you make me so by your kindness," she said, with real feeling. "When I first came to the city it seemed so big, and there were so many people in it, not one of whom I knew, that I did feel forlorn. But I grew used to my isolation after a time, and lately I have been more happy than I ever was in my life."

A vivid blush overspread her face as she became aware of the significance of her own words. Mrs. Wolford perceived it and rightly guessed its cause. "So," she thought, setting her teeth together, "she loves him!"

Her tone, however, was very soft, and her smile very sweet, as she said:

"She loves him!"
Her tone, however, was very soft, and her smile very sweet, as she said:

"It gives me genuine pleasure to hear you say this. I am not without a suspicion, my dear, that the young operator of whom your delightfully unique hostess spoke is the cause of your recent contentment. I—"

"No, indeed, not?" interrupted Louise hastily, her face growing still redder. "Mr. Bradley is only a friend! Mrs. Gifford was quite mistaken in supposing him anything more."

"Ah! my dear! You try to deceive yourself in a sny, maidenly way, but it is natural for the young to love. Youth and love—what can be more beautiful! But as a friend and one who has seen much of the world, let me warn you not to be too confiding. Men, my dear, are often base enough to amuse themselves by trifing with the affections of beautiful, unsophisticated girls like you."

Louise started, and a sudden pallor drove the color from her cheeks. Blanche observed with exultation that her seed so defly planted had taken root. Then in a different tone she continued:

"However my dear child. I feel a conviction."

"However, my dear child, I feel a conviction

"However, my dear child, I feel a conviction that my warning is needless and that this Mr. Bradiey, the young operator, is a most estimable and houest fellow. After all, I am inclined to envy you."

"To envy me?" repeated Louise, surprised.

"That amazes you?" questioned Mrs. Wolford.

"You imagine I am free from all troubles? You can have no idea how deep sorrow lies in my heart. Some time perhaps I will confide in you. It would be such a relief, and I know no one else whom I would dare trust. And that reminds me totell you of a singular adventure I nave had. Did you ever hear of a Mme. Docada?"

Louise shook her head.

"Is she some celebrated person?" she asked innocently.

nocently.
"In her particular line she is. Mme. Docada is a clarryoyant."
"And did you go to her?" asked Louise with

a clarryoyant."

"And did you go to her?" asked Louise with interest.

"I went because she sent for me," said Mrs. Wolford. "Singular, wasn'tit? But, more strange still, she told me all my past, my most inner thoughts, and showed me the materialized spirit of my beloved husband."

The brown eyes of Louise opened very wide.
"How do you account for it?" she questioned eagerly.

"My dear, I do not know how—that is what troubles me. I haven't the slightest belief in that sort of thing, or hadn't. Now, I want to investigate. Have you ever formed any opinion on the subject of clairvoyancy or spiritualism?"

"I can't say that I have," replied Louise, while Blanche listened with great intentness. "I have heard that my mother believed the spirits of those we have loved and lost could come back, but she never has."

"Ah!" exclaimed Blanche in a peculiar tone that struck even the unsuspecting Louise as strange. But in a moment the former resumed her usual manner, and leaning forward said eagerly:

"I have just thought of a plan. Will you do me

her usual manner, and leaning forward said eagerly:

"I have just thought of a plan. Will you do me the favor to go to this Mine. Docada yourself and see if she tells you as much truth as she did me? If she does, then I must helieve."

"But I have so little time," returned Louise, shrinking from the idea.

"I will send a carriage for you, so you can go in the evening. All you have to do is to send Mine, Docada notice when you will call. Will you not oblige me?"

Without further hesitation Louise said:

"Then, if you wish, I will go,"

An exultant light flashed in Blanche Wolford's dark eyes, and for an instant she turned her head aside before expressing her thanks. The details were soon arranged, and when Blanche arose to take her departure, she said:

"Now, you will not fall to go?"
"I will not fail," replied Louise, little dreaming what a fatal promise she was giving.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LOVER OF RARE BOOKS. Mr. Quaritch, the Antiquarian, and the Costly Purchases He Has Made. [London Letter in Parls News.]
The man who within a week buys two books,

one for £3900 and the other for £4900, must be a remarkable personage. At the Syston Park sale in London this week he has bought not less than £30,000 worth of books. A Pali Mail Gazette reporter has hunted him out in his wonderfully literary treasury in Piccadilly. "Mr. Quaritch," says he, "was in his sanctum, a small, dark room, almost filled with the table, a few chairs and two or three bookcases, containing several thousand pounds' worth of rare vol-umes, protected from the dust by glass doors. He points to two or three portraits of Minself which hang from the walls, and is especially proud of one showing him arrayed in the flowing robes of

bang from the walls, and is especially proud of one showing him arrayed in the flowing robes of the order, towering over a group of friends—the learned society of 'Odd Volumes.' Mr. Quaritch discoursed in a pessimistic strain of the decadence of the genuine buyer and collector, 'a stan of the materialistic age we live in.' Book buying and book collecting in its proper sense has gradually declined since 1830, when there came a new departure and a new school. It was before that time that the great libraries were formed.

"At the Hamilton saie I spent £40,000 and at the Sunderland sale £33,000; and most of my purchases are now in the house here. I have known well most of the collectors of my time; three dukes of Hamilton, for instance; and there you see the portrait of one of my best customers—the late earl of Crawford, whose body was stolen. But, as I have said, the fushion has changed nowadays. Collectors go in for first editions of Keats, Shelley, Thackeray, Dickens and for the engravings of Cruikshank and 'Phiz.' Then sporting literature is greatly in demand. Another very good customer is the country gentleman, who generally aspires to have in his library the best books on his county history. But I cannot enumerate the demands and crazes. Show me a man's library and I will tell you his character and his attanaments.

"But it is about the marketable value of the books that Mr. Quaritic concerns himself, for despite all his learning he describes himself as being as much a commercial man as the stockbroker or the merchant, and appraises the value of a library just as a tea-taster would a sample of tea. He began business in Castle street some forty years ago.

"He is surewd and active as ever, and, like Professor Jowett, 'what he knows not is not knowledge.' No one having talked five minutes to the Bismarck of the book trade ould fail to see that he had to do with a keen trader, up to every move on the hoard and to every trick of the trade. His hunting grounds are all over the face of the earth. He gathers his har

DUMPY'S LUXURY. A Pet as Expensive as a Eaby, and Almost

Dumpy is a little blue Skye terrier. He wears a silver collar, hung with a row of antique bangles representing the fates and furies. These exquis itely-carved medallions dangle among the fortyodd loops of the very narrowest ribbons of as many tints and hues that make up the rosette in

many tints and hues that make up the rosette in his silk collarette.

Beside this garafture the precious little brute wears a blanket of dui gray plush, decorated with silk embroidery and lined with pale bine quilted satin. Around the edge is a fringe of Moorish snangles, that rattle and jingle pleasantly every time he moves a muscle.

Excepting that a dog usually has good health, I believe it is as expensive a pet as a baby. I get \$3 a week extra for taking care of him, and I know I use \$2 worth of perfumes and fancy soans every week, besides the powders for his nails and teeth, the hair oils, and the tankets and collars that the boys are always stealing. When he wakes up he cries to go to his mistress' room, and then I sprinkle him with her favorite cologue, comb his hair all out, put a fresh bow on and let him in.

Before dinner I give him a hot bath and dry

Before dinner I give him a hot bath and dry him with bay rum. It's awfully tedious, for I have to work with him till his har is perfectly dry. That's to keep him from getting the rheumatism. Then his teeth have to be cleaned and brushed and the dear little fellow keeps as still as a mouse. But oh,my! I have a creadful time trying to clean his nails—he doesn't like the poisher and tries to bite me every time I begin to use it.

What cise? Well, then I will give him another spray of cologne, oil and comb his hair, give time his dinner and put him to bed for an afternoon nap. After supper he goes for a drive with his owners, and always wears a now the same color as madam does. When he gets back I have to give him another bath, brush and comb him and get him some lunch. Then I put him in his basket, and he lays his head on the pillow and goes to sleep like a big, tired boy.

COFFEE. A Prominent Importer Gives Points on the

Favorite Beverage. importers. "The market is firmer now than it has been for a long time. If a man owns Rio coffee that he asks 10 cents for, he will not be likely to accept any offer at a less figure."

"Has there been any change in the coffee bus." ness within the past few years?"

"Yes, there has been a marked change during the last five years. Five years ago coffee was generally imported into Boston by a few people. Two firms controlled the entire business. Now there is a marked difference in that regard. Much I think is now consigned on loreign account. One or two large houses have their own agents in Java and elsewhere to buy coffees for us especially. By this means our importations are all carefully inspected and selected."

"Do various sections of this country have their preferences in regard to coffee?"

"Maine prefers Rio. Massachusetts is a Java State. The West is gradually becoming a mild coffee country. By 'mild coffees' I mean Maracaibo, Costa Rica and such coffees."

"How does Boston compare as a coffee-importing city?"

"Oh, Boston is ahead of New York in regard to the superior quality of coffee imported, though, of

"Oh, Boston is ahead of New York in regard to the superior quality of coffee imported, though, of course, the quantity of coffee imported into New York is nuch greater. There is no question but the coffee business is nearer perfection in Boston than in New York. Undoubtedly, according to the population, we are doing more lusiness in this line in Boston than in New York. The fact is, that about ten years ago coffee was always bought by the looks of the raw material. Today the look is ignored and the drinking qualities alone are considered. That is something that the New York importers do not seem to have learned yet. I presume this has been brought about by the competition with New York. We had to take some method of beating them, and we had to do it on the price."

on the quarry; for we could not do it on the price."

"Does coffee appear to be growing more popular?"

"I should say yes. The amount of coffee sold today compared with five years ago is at least double. I think the consumption of coffee has increased 25 per cent. I presume that lower prices have increased the consumption throughout the country. Coffee has increased in competition with tea, while tea has constantly been decreasing. Coffee must continue to become more popular, for there can be no question but that it is the best of drinks. Coffee will have the same effect as liquor will, with the exception of the "fuddle" that follows liquor drinking. Coffee exhibitates and invigorates and cheers but not hebriates. If you want to keep awake just drink two cups of strong coffee; if you want to go to sleep just take one cup of weak coffee, and you will be all right. You see it works either way, and both ways successfully. Why, the homicopaths are using extract of coffee in their sleep ig pills.

"Then, again, as a temperance drink, I consider that coffee is unequalled. The average coffee house takes in more money over the counter than an average bar-room does. And nothing will everhelp along the cause of temperance so much as starting up coffee-houses. I know lots of men who used to have their drinks of liquor several times a day, who now just have their cups of coffee and are better satisfied with it as a drink. As to the notion that coffee is injurious, I don't believe that it injures anybody. I venture to say that I drink a quart of black coffee every day, and I am healthy enough, I know lots of other men who drink twice or three times as much, and they have tile best of health. It's simply a runseller's ite that has beer's started to injure the coffee business, because they know it to be their most formidable competitor."

(New York Sun.)
A number of big, yellow wagons are seen about the streets bearing the words "Parcels Delivery with the traditional mutton-chop whiskers and a neat uniform usually drives the wagon, and the whole affair is very English. It is said to be the latest development of Anglomania in New York. A parcels delivery van, a yellow hansom, and a very showy cart with the words "Haberdasher to Gentlemen" on it, bowling up Broadway yesterday, looked very much like the after section of the circus procession.

price."
"Does coffee appear to be growing more popu-

So Very English, Don't You Know.

When Baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA When she had Children, she gave them CAST'A

## CLEVELAND IN NEW YORK

He Consults With Friends on the New Administration.

His Parlers Crewded with Party Leaders, but Their Deliberations Are Not Divulged.

The President-Elect Appears in Excellent Health and Spirits.

NEW YORK, February 5 .- A: large number of prominent national and local politicians gathered in the lobbies of the Victoria Hotel today, patiently awaiting an opportunity to see Presidentelect Cleveland. The approaches to the president's apartments were jealously guarded, and none were admitted without Mr. Cleveland's ex-pressing a desire to see them. He, however, received a large number of personal and political

To a United Press reporter Colonel Lamont, the Governor's secretary, denied that the President-blect had come to New York to meet the National Democratic Committee. He said that he came here because the location was more convenient for a conference which he desired to hold with some of the representative men of the party, and learn their views as to what they deem the best suited to the interests of the party and the country, the formation of his babinet, and the subjects to be treated in his inaugural address. In regard to the latter, Colonel Lamont said Mr. Cleveland had not yet even begun it. He declined to speak about the cabinet, but said the state had not yet been completed.

Mr. Cleveland will remain in New York until

Sunday afternoon, when he will return to Albany. He will not visit Mr. Tilden at Greystone tomorrow, but will remain at the hotel to receive his friends. He has accepted an invitation to attend Wallack's Theatre tomorrow night.

Wallack's Theatre tomorrow night.

Among the callers were Judge Thurman of Ohlo, Senator George of Mississippi, Senator Jones, Mayor Grace, Senator Gorman of Maryland, Senator Jones of Louisana, Judge Van Eaton of Mississippi, General Hancock, W. B. Franklin of Connecticut, General Frye, Judge Moulton of Illinois, Roswell P. Flower, General Thomas Ewing, B. B. Smalley of Connecticut, secretary of the National Democratic Committee, Senator Dooittle and William R. Travis, Delegations from Tammany Hall and the county Democracy gathered in the reception room at the hotel and carried on a whispered conversation, as they looked at the more favored individuals who had been admitted to the Governor's presence. Shortly after midday Senators Gorman, Jones, Barnum and Mr. Smalley assembled in Mr. Cleveland's room and had a conference with him. It is said that General Franklin is a candidate for secretary of war.

The president-elect was looking in the best of health and met all his callers with a hearty shake of the hand and a pleasant word.

### THE PROCESSION KEEPS UP. Cleveland's Second Reception Day at New York-Recommendations from Various

States for Cabinet Portfolios. NEW YORK, February 6 .- President-elect Cleveland began to receive visitors, in his rooms at the Victoria Hotel, at about 9.30 o'clock this morning. Among the first callers admitted were ex-Senator John R. McPherson of New Jersey and

ex-Congressman Miles Ross of the same State. Later visitors were ex-Governor Carroll of Maryland; Rollin M. Squire, commissioner of public works; General Warner of Ohio; Mayor Grace, William C. Whitney, Francis Lynde Mayor Grace, William C. Whitney, Francis Lynde Stetson, Frederic R. Condert, Roswell P. Flower, Benjamm H. Field, D. Willis James, John Crosby Brown, Thatcher M. Adams, S. L. M. Barlow, Congressman Walde Hutchins, ex-Congressman Benjainin A. Willis, School Commissioner Hosea B. Ferkins, John E. Develin, Senator Gorman of Maryland, Senator Jones of Louislana, A. Leo Knott of Maryland, Senator Voorhees of Indiana, Senator Barnum of Connecticut, James B. Livingsion, of Dutchess county; State Senator Ecclesine, William A. Cromwell of Maline, ex-Governor Waller and General Ingersoll of Connecticut, ex-Autorney-General Charles S. Fatrchild, Congressman Archibald M. Bilss of Brooklyn and ex-Mayor Edward Cooper. Mayor S. Cortlandt Smith of Alexandria, Va., who cailed is said to be willing to be made marshal of the District of Columbia. Another visitor, Colonel J. M. Staples of North Carolina, is reported to be a candidate for United States district attorney in his district, Ex-Mayor Edson called about noon. Ex-Comptroller Allan Campbell visited the president-elect soon afterward. Senator Colquit and Congressmen Turner, Crisp, Nicholis and Clements, all of Georgia, waited upon Mr. Cieveland and presented the name of General A. K. Lawton of Savannah for the post-master-generalship. A. Kansas delegation composed of Mayor Neely of Leavenworth, Judge John Mr. State Senator Matthewson Mr. Murger John Markin State Senator Matthewson Mr. Murger John General A. R. Lawton of Savaunah for the postmaster-generalship. A. Kansas delegation composed of Mayor Neely of Leavenworth. Judge John
Martin, State Senator Matthewson, Mr. Mumford
of the Kansas City Times, presented the name of
General Charles S. Blair of Kansas for any cabinet office. The appointment of William M.
Springer of Illinois as secretary of the interior
was urged by all the Democratic congressmen
of Illinois and the Democratic members
of the State Legislature and also from
various members of the legislatures of
flowa, New Jersey and Ohio. Isaac H.
Hunter, a colored man, formerly of Virginia but now of New York, who attended
the last Democratic National Convention, and
supported Cleveland on the stump, called to ask
the president-elect to make suitable recognition of
the colored people of the country in his inaugural
address. It is said that he would like
to be appointed minister to Hayti. A committee from the German Independent organization, composed of General Franz Sigel,
Gustavus Levy, S. D. Sewards and Major Fleck,
Waited upon Mr. Cleveland to pay their respects,
It was said on good authority that after Mr.
Cleveland returns to Albany tomorrow night he
will positively receive no visitors, but will devote
himself to the preparation of his inaugural address.

A middle-aged woman, who gave her name as

dress.

A middle-aged woman, who gave her name as Mme. Schubert of this city, called at the Victoria Hotel this afternoon and made a vain attempt to see Mr. Cleveland. In conversation with reporters she said that she was a writer of plays and poems, which bad men had stolen and published under such names as Shakespeare. Her enemies had even followed her to Europe and told injurious stories about her, and she wanted the President-elect to put a man in his cibinet who

It was announced soon after noon that all cards It was announced soon after noon that all cards sent up before 4 o'clock would be examined by Mr. Cleveland himself, and that he would receive but very few additional callers.

He dined this evening at Delmonico's with Mayor Cooper and Colonel Lamont. At 8 o'clock the party went to the Madison Square Theatre, where they were entertained with "The Private Secretary."

NEW YORK, February 8.—President-elect Cleve-land spent today at Greystone, the Yonkers resiof very much needed repose, after the three busy ooked very tired and exhausted as he came down after an early breakfast at the Victoria to take the carriage which was in walting to convey him to the Grand Central depot. Daniel Manning, who had left his young bride at Greystone on the previous day, was hurrying back to her side, while George Washington Smith, the private secretary of ex Governor Tilden, was present as representative of the Greystone host, and acted as guide on the way there. The Morissaina elopement was mentioned during the journey, and Mr. Smith gave his companions all the Yonkers talk on that interesting event, but the ex-governor listened rather event, but the ex-governor listened rather event, but the conduction of the situation of our country's affairs, but that by universal accord your acts duilby application of our country's affairs, but that by universal accord your acts will be applauded as the fruit of that Democratic policy which should characterize the government of our land's the Faliant upon our knowledge that you are one who maintains duty above repute and who appeals to the plain understanding of the people, we announce to you our disposition and intention to render your administration of our country's affairs, but that by universal accord your acts will be applauded as the fruit of that Democratic policy which should characterize the government of our land's the plain understanding of the people, we announce to you our disposition and intention to render your administration of our country's affairs, but that by universal accord your acts will be applauded as the fruit of that Democratic policy which should characterize the government of our land's the policy which should characterize the government of our land's the fruit of that the policy which should characterize the government of our land's the fruit of that the policy which should characterize the government of our land's the fruit of that the policy which should characterize the government of our land's the fruit of that the policy which should characterize the government of our land's the fruit of that the policy w after an early breakfast at the Victoria to take the carriage which was in waiting to convey him to the Grand Central depot. Daniel Manning, who had left his young bride at Greystone on the previous day, was hurrying back to her side, while George Washington Smith, the private secretary of ex Governor Tilden, was present as representative of the Greystone host, and acted as guide on the way there. The Morissaina elopement was mentioned during the journey, and Mr. Smith gave his companions all the Yonkers talk on that interesting event, but the ex-governor listened rather wearily, and took advantage of the situation to steal a short nap. At the Yonkers station there was no demonstration whatever. The old coachman from the Greystone stables sat with extra pride and stiffness upon the box of the coach sent down to meet the train. The spin up the hills and over the beautiful high road leading northward to Greystone was made at a spanking pace, and it was not yet 10 o'clock before the two ex-governors were in earnest conversation in the richly-furnished drawing-room of one of the finest residences in the country. It was the first opportunity which Mr. Tilden had enjoyed of giving his petsonal congratulations to the coming chief magistrate, and he extended them with unusual warmth and heartiness. Mrs. Petton assisted in welcoming the guest of the day. Mr. Tilden was just about to start out for his daily visit to the forty-acre lawn, on the east side of the Broadway boulevard, where the stables are located. Here were the Jerseys and Alderneys and the six bulls that are the pride of Mr. Tilden's heart. The cows looked, in their meek, sleepy fashion at the visitors, and as Mr. Cleveland stroked down the flank of Lady Isabel he said she was fit to be invited into a parior. The lively interest which Mr. Cleveland seemed to take in his pets was every flattering to Mr. Tilden and Mrs. Petton. Mr. and Mrs. Manning Mr. and Mrs. Peiton, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Smith at the table. The remainder of the afternoon was given up to talk of a confidential nature between Mr. Tiden and Mr. Cleveland. They were closeted in the river parlor, where the two statesmen talked for several hours. Men and measures were discussed, and the rich treasures of Mr. Tilente molitical experience were heavily

drawn upon by Mr. Cleveland, and as freely offered by Mr. Tilden. Late in the afternoon it was decided by Mr. Cleveland to remain during the night as a guest at Greystone. This was at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Tilden, who was anxious to show some social and personal attention to the president-elect. Tomorrow morning Mr. Cleveland will rise early and come to this city, where he will spend the day at the Victoria. He will not receive the visits of the public, but will give up the day to close conferences with such statesmen and public men as have been particularly invited to meet him. It is the intention of Mr. Cleveland to return to Albany by tomorrow's evening express.

TALK IN WASHINGTON About the Cleveland Conference, the Cabi-

net Positions, and the Course of the President-Elect. WASHINGTON, February 7 .- A special despatch

Washington, February 7.—A special despatch to the Star from New York today says:

The most significant news today is that the portfolio of the State Department has been offered to Senator Bayard, but that he has not indicated whether he will accept or decline. But the fact that the offer has been made since the president-elect has been here is conceded by visiting statesmen. Senator Jonas said to your correspondent today: "There is no longer any doubt that Bayard can have the state portfolio if he wants it; but I understand that he is hesitating because he thinks he cannot afford to give up other professional duties. Still, I think he will accept. He's only taking a little time to think the matter all over."

I understand that he is besitating because he thinks he cannot afford to give up other professional duties. Still, I think he will accept. He's only taking a little time to think the matter all over."

The president-elect, it is understood, has not offered any other cabinet position, but is simply taking account of stock, so to speak, and wilk keep his selections secret until he returns to Albany and gives the matter careful consideration. Nobody expects he will announce his cabinet appointments until shortly previous to his denarture for Washington, or he may keep them secret until his arrival at the capital. Democratic senators and representatives who have returned from visits to Mr. Cleveland generally express themselves as pleased with what they saw of the president-elect. They were all kindly received, and he listened attentively to everything they had to say, but he gave no sort of promise to any of them. He remarked to his visitors that the making of a cabinet was a most perplexing duty and one requiring careful consideration. He said his purpose was to select the material which would make the best cabinet for the country and the party—the men who would most effectively and him in making a successful administration.

Representative Lowrey says that the Indiana delegation was cortially received and most patiently heard. They spent about half an hour with the president-elect, who spoke in the highest terms of ex-Senator McDonald, and said he was convinced the latter was the choice of all Indiana Democrats. The Mississippi congressmen also spent some little time with Ar. Cleveland, and they say ne impressed them as a man who feels that he is about to assume grave and weighty responsibilities. There are some Democrats who have had opportunities to become pretty well acquainted with Mr. Cleveland's ideas and methods, who say that it does not help any aspirant for the cabinet to be pushed for preference. They say that Mr. Cleveland gave so much time to Senator Lamar. It is known that the president-elect ranks

THIRD AND LAST DAY

Of the President-Elect's New York Visit-Talking With Innumerable Statesmen About Nobody Knows What.

NEW YORK, February 7 .- This being the last day of President-elect Cleveland's stay in this city, the corridors of the Victoria Hotel were crowded with callers this morning, anxious to embrace the last opportunity to greet Mr. Cleveland, and to offer their services and that of their friends to the incoming administration.

early and breakfasted at 8 o'clock. They were just seated when General Farnsworth sent up his card, and he was at once admitted. Mayor Grace was the next caller, and was also admitted. Mr. Cleveland greeted both callers cordially, and invited them to a seat at the table. The four gentlemen beautiful together the callers of the control of the control

cieveland greeted both callers cordially, and invited them to a seat at the table. The four gentlemen breakfasted together.

At 9 o'clock Mr. Cleveland, accompanied by Colonel Lamont, visited Sarony's, where he sat for his picture. He returned to the hotel half an hour later, and at once retired to his apartments. On his reappearance at the hotel he was joined by Sepators Gorman. Lamar, Wallace and ex-Senator Davis of West Virginia. The rooms were then closed against all caliers, and no cards were received for nearly an hour, during which those assembled in Mr. Cleveland's rooms were in earnest consultation.

It was nearly 11 o'clock before the conference ended. Colonel Emmons Clark, General Fitz John Porter, General Spencer, Jacob F. Miller, Rev. Mr. Van Ingen, a mugwump; ex-Congressman Biggs of Delaware, Nelson J. Waterbury, Arthur Leary, State senators Nelson, Coggshall, Stevens and Murth, Commissioner Brennan and Major George Washington McLean of the Old Guard were awaiting their return. An audience was granted all named.

A Rumor that Rev. Dr. Burchard had

A Rumor that Rev. Dr. Burchard had

and was cordially received by Mr. Cleveland was promptly denied by Colonel Lamont. Among the visitors very cordially greeted by Mr. Cleveland promptly denied by Colonel Lamont. Among the visitors very cordially greeted by Mr. Cleveland was Hon. Jefferson M. Levy, who had a long and earnest conversation with the president-elect. Mr. Levy is only here to give advice, as he knows every prominent man in the United States, and is not a candidate for office, although he could undoubtedly have one if he so desired. General Charles W. Blair of Kansas had an interview with Mr. Cleveland directly after a delegation composed of Chairman W. C. Perry of the Democratic State Committee of Kansas, Mayor Nealy of Leavenworth, Judge Everest, Editor Mumford of the Kansas City Times and State Senator Matheson had dropped in to urge the general's claims for the secretaryship of the interior. General John Cochrane, Alvin Burt, P. Henry Dugro, Christopher Fine, Nelson Smith, Willis S. Payne, ex-Judge Tappan, constituting a sub-committee of Tammany Hall, called to present the president-elect with the address prepared by the committee eyer warmly, and after a short time had passed in pleasant conversation General John Cochrane arose, shoved his hand in his coat after the fashion of Roscoe Conkling, and said that a committee representing the Democratic organization of Tammany desired to avail themselves of the visit of the president-elect to the city to present to him the congratulations of

The Ancient Organization. "We assure you," said Mr. Cochrane, "of our wish and expectations, that not we alone shall

your administration our unreserved support, in the belief that its history will record a triumphant discharge of all its obligations and duties to the people."

To this brief address the president-elect answering, said:

Gentlemen—I am pleased to receive from you and your organization this assurance of support, which I am entitled to expect from all throughout the land, but which I am particularly pleased to be personally and specially assured of by the various bodies throughout the country. In the great labor which I have before me I need the aid of all. The assurances contained in the address I had expected, and they are in accord with my wishes. This special announcement of them, however, gives me peculiar pleasure.

President R. H. Livermore of the Produce Exchange, Assemblyman John Stone of Westchester, Richard Newcome of Albany, ex-Congressman Schoonmaker, Boss McLaughin of Brooklyn, ex-Corporation Counset Whitney, August Belmont, Edward Cooper, Hubert O, Thompson, Congressman Stablnecker and Senator Holder of Yonkers, Senator Davis of West Virginia, the father-in-law of Steven B. Elkins, Senators Gorman of Maryland and Jones of Louisiana, John T. Agnew, Congressman Briggs of Delaware, Senator Lamar and N. E. Kernan, son of the United States senator of that name, were also received before noon. At 12 o'clock

Mr. Cleveland Closeted Himself With A. S.

cabinet position. Smith M. Weed said today that Senator Bayard can be secretary of state if he will occupy the position, and that William C. Whitney is likely to be a member of the next cabinet. General Blair made a second call on the president-elect. General Loring of, Egyptian fame also made his bow to the next president. General Roger A. Pryor made a flying visit, and so did District Attorney Randolph Martin, Fitz John Porter and J. H. Kernochan. Colonel Charles P. Button, who is a candidate for sergeant-at-arms of the next House, saw Mr. Cleveland for a moment. Abraham S. Hewitt spent almost an hour with Mr. Cleveland, though his conversation was interrupted continually by auxlous caliers. Another visitor who attracted considerable attention was Charles R. Codman, the leading mugwump of Massachusetts. Mr. Cleveland said at a late hour this evening that he could not say when he would say good-by to New York, but thought that his special car might be pulled out from the Grand Central depot at 9 o'clock tonight.

Daniel Manning arrived at the Victoria Hotel at 7 o'clock this evening from Greystone, where he had been Visiting ex-Governor Tilden.

Visiting ex-Governor Tilden. He was assigned to a room for the night, and soon afterward paid his respects to Mr. Cleveland. Among the other callers during the evening were General Alexander Shaler and Colonel Emmons Clark. A delegation from the Brewers Associa-Clark. A delegation from the Brewers Association, consisting of Jacob Ruppert, George Ehret and James Sparman had a brief interview with Mr. Cleveland, General Grant called and left his card. Among later callers were Hon. J. E. Agnew, Hon. Edwards Pierreport, Jesse Seilgman Stewart and Jacob Vermilye. Colonel Lamont announced this evening that Mr. Cleveland would remaif here over night, starting at 9 in the morning for Greystone, where he will visit Mr. Tilden and go on to Albany Sunday evening. At a late hour the president-elect was in conversation with W. L. Scott of Pennsylvanta, Senator Jonas of Louisiana, Charman W. H. Barnum of the National Democratic Committee, Oswald Ottendorfer of the Staats-Zeitung, Hon Samuel J. Randall, Sentor Gorman of Maryland, Hon. Abraham S. Hewitt and ex-Mayor Edward Cooper. A delegation from Tennessee, consisting of Congressman George G. Dibrell, Benton McMillin and Andrew J. Caldwell called upon Cleveland at 11 o'clock tonight and presented the name of Congressman Wintehorne of Columbus, Tenn., for secretary of the navy.

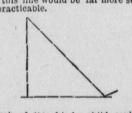
OUR NATIONAL EYESICHT. Mgr. Capel Thinks We are in Danger of Becoming a Nation of Myopes.

[New York World]. "I like your newspapers very much," said Mgr. Capel yesterday to a representative of the World. "They are brightly headed, well edited and arranged, but the small type as a rule distresses me. Your papers are not so well printed as the London newspapers. All the London journals use large type, especially for their ponderous editorial articles, and it is on this account that thousands of people are induced to read what the

thousands of people are induced to read what the editor has to say who might otherwise be repelled. The Sun is very trying to my eyes on account of its effoit to force so much matter into a small space. It is all well enough it you print your papers for young people. But everybody reads the newspapers here. I am struck with that wherever I go. Newspaper reading is universal.

"But," continued the monsignor, "I am afraid that you are going to destroy your national eyesight. Much of the myopla and nearsightedness in Germany is said to be due to the bad style of the old German types used in printing. Many of the German printing houses are now using the Roman letters. You do not pay enough attention to the eyesight of your children here. I have been visiting of late your schools. I find that the common form of the school-desk is something like this:

"Now anybody can see that a child sitting at a desk so flat as this must strain its vision or become round-shouldered. It seems to me that something in this line would be far more sensible



"Upon a desk of this kind a child could read without straining its eyes or bowing its spinal column. This is something to be seriously considered. Print your newspapers in larger type and take care of your eyesight."

AMERICAN SHIPS.

W. G. Gibbons, Shipbuilder, Tells of the Injury Done American Bottoms by Pro-

The fourth lecture in the Massachusetts Tariff Reform League course was given last evening in the Old South Church by W. G. Gibbons of the Mr. Cleveland, with his private secretary, arose Pusey & Jones Company, shipbuilders, Wilmington, Del. The church was two-thirds full. A fair sprinkling of ladies was present. In the absence of William H. Lincoln, Charles Theodore Russell

ton, Del. The church was two-thirds full. A fair sprinkling of ladies was present. In the absence of William H. Lincoln, Charles Theodore Russell introduced the lecturer, who spoke on "The effect of the tariff upon American shipping."

The speaker said in substance: Once it was asked in England, "Who feads an American book?" Now it may be asked, "Who employs an American ship?" Only those who have been in foreign countries can measure the shame and mortification which an American feels to see our merchant marine swept from the seas. The object of this evening's lecture is to trace the decline of the American shipping and point out remedies for its resuscliation. Previous to 1861 the measure of taxes on imports was not excessive, except from the passage of the tariff act of 1842 and of its amendment in 1846. Then commenced a course of wholesale additions to the import rates at that time in existence, notably the acts of 1860-61 and '64. The country was then going through a terrible crisis, sustaining the most sanguinary war of modern times, and whatever may be said in justification of the imposition of the high taxes none exist today for the continuance of the burdensome tariff.

To illustrate the disadvantages an American vessel abors under when compared with an English ship, let us suppose that a vessel of each nation is waiting in Calcutta for a cargo. Both vessels are of the same size and class. The American ship is built of protected materials, supplied with protected compass, anchor, cordage and all the paraphernalia of a vessel and all the instruments used in navigation. All these have contributed their respective shares to augment the burdens of the American, for because of the increased price of his ship he is obliged to ask an increased price for carrying a cargo over that asked by ships which are not built under that rumous system. Nor is this all. Not only is the American at a disadvantage because his ship has been built under the protective system, but because of that system has is asked by English c

on the seas and our countrymen again taking are active part in the commercial business of the

the archdiocese of Boston:

1. All the days of Lent, except Sundays, are fast days of obligation.

2. By dispensation from the holy see the use of flesh meat is allowed once a day only on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, the second and last Saturdays excepted. The use of meat on Sundays is not limited as to the number of times.

3. Beside lard, the fat rendered from any kind of meat may be used in preparing food on any day in Lent. This dispensation is also extended to the days of abstinence and fast days throughout the year.

4. At the evening collation, on account of long existing custom, the church tolerates the use of eggs, butter, cheese and milk.

5. The use of flesh meat and fish at the same meal is not allowed.

6. On Good Friday the use of eggs, butter, cheese and milk is forbidden at any meal.

7. The following persons are exempted from the obligation of fasting: All under 21 years of age and those of advanced age; the sick; those who cannot fast without grave injury to their health; women during pregnancy or while nursing infants, and all those whose duties are of a very laborious or exhausting nature. Those who are excused from fasting are not thereby freed from the obligation of abstaining from fiesh meat, except in cases of sickness and the like.

During the holy season of Lent, which begins this year on February 18. It is the archbishon's to Lamar and N. E. Kernan, son of the United States senator of that name, were also received before noon. At 12 o'clock in the pets was very flattering to Mr. Tilden to clock dinner was served with Mr. Tilden for Peton, Mr. and Mrs. Manning, Mr. and and Secretary Smith at the table. The moder of the afternoon was given up to a confidential nature between Mr. and Mr. Cleveland. They were closeted or river parier, where the two statesmen is for several hours. Men and measures discussed, and the rich treasures of Mr. Tilpolitical experience were heavily

TO THE RESCUE OF BANDITS.

Mexicans Swarming Across the Rio Grande.

Dimmit County's Plucky Sheriff Says He Will Hold His Town Against Them All.

Crying Need of Less Red Tape and More Regulars Along the Border.

EAGLE PASS, Tex., February 7 .- For some days past trouble has been feared by citizens of Dimmit county. Numerous raids have been made from Mexico, and at every incursion numbers of cattle and horses have been driven over the Rio Grande. Four rangers only were allowed by the State to protect from these raids a frontier of

the State to protect from these raids a frontier of over sixty miles, and they have been practically useless. Cattlemen of that section organized vigilance committees, and of late have been nightly patrolling the river front on their own account. Eleven Mexican bandits in the last three weeks have been found in Dimmit county and shot.

Thursday night, Sam Jones, a prominent stockman of this section, arrived here, and after staying long enough to lay in a supply of arms and ammunition, hurried back to Carrizo Springs, the county seat of Dimmit, fifty miles from this place. He reports that on Thursday morning, five miles from the river, William Negley an officer of Medina county, and two stockmen discovered six Mexican thieves driving cattle toward the Rio Grande. Four of the Mexicans hurried the cattle in the direction of the river, and two stayed behind to check the pursuers.

Negley ordered them to throw up their hands and they reached for their Winchesters. The firing began and both Mexicans were riddied with bullets. Negley's breast was grazed, and he would have been killed had not O'Meara, by a snap shot, brought down his adversary in the nick of time. The dead men were from Frovida, Mexico.

Several bandits are now confined at Carrizo

Mexico.
Several bandits are now confined at Carrizo Springs, and their friends and those of the dead men threaten to raid the town. There are some 600 armed men in and near Carrizo Springs, but it is said the Mexicans can bring a superior force in point of numbers.

Sheriff Oglesby of this place has sent armed men to that locality, and Captain Suller's rangers, in camp at Uvalde, have left for the scene of the trouble.

The two Mexicans killed Thursday swell the sum total of bandits siain near Carrizo to thirteen

The two Mexicans killed Thursday swell the sum total of bandits slain near Carrizo to thirteen in the last three weeks, and the Mexicans who are camped at the old Olita ranch, just over the river, are maddened by the loss of their comrades.

Sheriff Tominson of Dimmit county is an old Mexican and Indian fighter, and insists that he can hold his town, but the current opinion is that the more armed Americans thrown into that place for the next three days the better it will be for the helpless women and children confined there.

The niggardly policy of the State in refusing protection is bitterly condemned. The few United States regulars in the county are useless, as thousands of yards of red tape have to be unwound before they can be utilized.

Later information comes that hundreds of Mexicans have crossed the Rio Grande into Dimmit county. Runners have been sent out from here to secure organized help against them.

A FAMOUS CLAIMANT DEAD. George Washington Bowen, the Plaintiff in the Noted Mme. Jumel Litigation, Breathes His Last.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., February 7 .- George Washington Bowen, whose name was once as familiar throughout the country as that of Roger Tichborne in England, died at his home on Hewes street in this city yesterday. Mr. Bowen, it will be remembered, was the claimant in the famous suit to recover the immense property of the late Mme. Jumel, in New York, in 1878. Mr. Bowen claimed to be an illegitimate son of Mme. Jumel, born previous to her marriage with Jumel. The latter was a wealthy Frenchman, who had become infatuated with the young girl, Betsey Bowen, and made her his wife. By a shrewd trick she obtained possession of his entire property, valued at \$3,000,000. After his death she married the notorious Aaron Burr, with whom she lived but a short time. She died in 1867, leaving her immense fortune to Mrs. Nelson Chase, who was alleged to be a niece and adopted daughter of Mme. Jumel. Mr. Bowen, who had for many years been aware of his relationship to Mme. Jumel, made no claim to her estate, supposing that his firegularity of birth forbade his inheritance, until informed in 1878 that such inheritance was lawful. Then followed the famous litigation, which resulted in a decision of the United States Supreme Court adverse to the claimant. suit to recover the immense property of the late

claimant.

Mr. Bowen has always resided in Providence, and has been a conspicuous figure upon the street owing to his striking resemblance to George Washington, which resemblance was noticed and commented upon at the time of the trial. His death was the result of a short illness of pneumonia. He was 91 years of age.

county, has a two-year-old daughter whose ears are bent forward and grown fast to the face. The girl was deformed when born. When she became two months old two doctors separated the ears from the face and tied them back to their proper place, but they retarned to their former position and are there to remain undisturbed. Both ears are without the orifice, but deafness is prevented by the girl hearing every sound, no matter how light, through her nose and mouth. She is a very bright girl, is very fond of music, weighs only twenty pounds, is healthy, and is Mr. Hahn's first and only child, although he has been married fifteen years. county, has a two-year-old daughter whose ears

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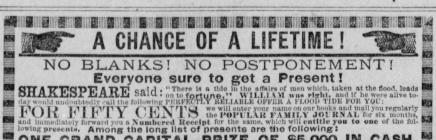
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